SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LVIII NOVEMBER, 1915 NO. 5

THE UNFORGIVEN

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

WHEN he, who is the unforgiven,
Did find her first, he found her fair:
No promise ever dreamt in heaven
Could then have lured him anywhere
That would have been away from there;
And all his wits had lightly striven,
Foiled with her voice, and eyes, and hair.

There's nothing in the saints and sages
To meet the shafts her glances had,
Or such as hers have had for ages,
To blind a man till he be glad,
And humble him till he be mad:
The story would have many pages,
And would be neither good nor bad.

And, having followed, you would find him
Where properly the play begins;
But look for no red light behind him—
No fumes of many-colored sins,
Fanned high by screaming violins.
God knows what good it was to blind him,
Or whether man or woman wins.

And by the same eternal token,
Who knows just how it will all end?—
This drama of hard words unspoken,
This fireside farce, without a friend
Or enemy to comprehend
What augurs when two lives are broken,
And fear finds nothing left to mend.

He stares in vain for what awaits him,
And sees in Love a coin to toss;
He smiles, and her cold hush berates him
Beneath his hard half of the cross;
They wonder why it ever was;
And she, the unforgiving, hates him
More for her lack than for her loss.

Copyright, 1915, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He feeds with pride his indecision,
And shrinks from what will not occur,
Bequeathing with infirm derision
His ashes to the days that were,
Before she made him prisoner;
And labors to retrieve the vision
That he must once have had of her.

He waits, and there awaits an ending,
And he knows neither what nor when;
But no magicians are attending
To make him see as he saw then,
And he will never find again
The face that once had been the rending
Of all his purpose among men.

He blames her not, nor does he chide her,
And she has nothing new to say;
If he were Bluebeard he could hide her,
But that's not written in the play,
And there will be no change to-day;
Although, to the serene outsider,
There still would seem to be a way.

THE RETAKING OF ALSACE

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL

War correspondent of *The New York World*, *The London Daily Mail*, and SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE with the French Armies

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE sergeant in charge of the machine gun, taking advantage of a lull in the rifle-fire which had crackled and roared along the trenches since dawn, was sprawled on his back in the gun-pit, reading a magazine. What attracted my attention was its being an American magazine.

"Where did you learn to read English?" I asked him curiously.

"In America," said he.

"What part?" said I.

"Schenectady," he answered. "Was with the General Electric until the war began."

"I'm from up-State myself," I remarked. "My people live in Syracuse."

"The hell you say!" he exclaimed, scrambling to his feet and grasping my hand cordially. "I took you for an Englishman. From Syracuse, eh? Why, that makes us sort of neighbors, doesn't it? We ought to have a drink on it. I suppose the Bosches have plenty of beer over there," waving his hand in the direction of the German trenches, of which I could catch a glimpse through a port-hole, "but we haven't anything here but water. I've got an idea, though! Back in the States, when they have those Old Home Week reunions, they always fire the town cannon or an anvil. So what's the matter with celebrating this reunion by letting the Bosches have a few rounds from the machine gun?"

Seating himself astride the bicycle saddle on the trail of the machine gun, he swung the lean barrel of the wicked little weapon until it rested on the German trenches a hundred yards away. Then

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he slipped the end of a cartridge-carrier into the breech.

"Three rousing cheers for good old New York State!" said he, and pressed a button. *Rrrr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-rrip* went the machine gun, with the noise of a million mowing-machines. Flame spurted from its muzzle as water spurts from the nozzle of a fire-hose. The racket in the log-roofed gun-pit was ear-shattering. The blast of bullets spattered the German trenches, they *pinged* metallically against the steel plates set in the embrasures, they kicked up countless spurts of yellow earth. The sergeant stood up grinning, and with a grimy handkerchief wiped from his face the powder stains and perspiration.

"If you should happen to be in Schenectady you might drop in at the General Electric plant and tell the boys—" he began, but the sentence was never finished, for just then a shell whined low above our heads and burst somewhere behind the trenches with the roar of an exploding powder-mill. We had disturbed the Germans' afternoon siesta, and their batteries were showing their resentment.

"I think that perhaps I'd better be moving along," said I hastily. "It's getting on toward dinner-time."

"Well, s'long," said he regretfully. "And say," he called after me, "when you get back to little old New York, would you mind dropping into the Knickerbocker and having a drink for me? And be sure and give my regards to Broadway."

"I certainly will," said I.

And that is how a Franco-American whose name I do not know, sergeant in a French-line regiment whose number I may not mention, and I held an Old Home Week celebration of our own in the French trenches in Alsace. For all I know, there may have been some other residents of central New York over in the German trenches. If so, they made no attempt to join our little reunion. Had they done so they would have received a *very* warm reception.

There were several reasons why I welcomed the opportunity offered me by the French General Staff to see the fighting in Alsace. In the first place, a veil of secrecy had been thrown over the operations in that region, and the mysterious is always alluring. Secondly, most of the fighting that I have seen has been either in flat or only moderately hilly countries, and I was curious to see how warfare is conducted in a region as mountainous and as heavily forested as the Adirondacks or Oregon. Again, the Alsace sector is at the extreme southern end of that great battle line, close on six hundred miles long, which stretches its unlovely length across Europe from the North Sea to the Alps, like some monstrous and deadly snake. And lastly, I wanted to see the retaking of that narrow strip of territory lying between the summit of the Vosges and the Rhine which, for four-and-forty years, has been mourned by France as one of her "lost provinces."

This land of Alsace is, in many respects, the most beautiful that I have ever seen. Strung along the horizon, like sentinels wrapped in mantles of green, the peaks of the Vosges loom against the sky. On the slopes of the ridges, massed in their black battalions, stand forests of spruce and pine. Through peaceful valleys silver streams meander leisurely, and in the meadows which border them cattle stand knee-deep amid the lush green grass. The villages, their tortuous, cobble-paved streets lined on either side by dim arcades, and the old, old houses, with their turrets and balconies and steep-pitched pottery roofs, give you the feeling that they are not real, but that they are scenery on a stage, and this illusion is heightened by the men in their jaunty *bérets* and wooden *sabots*, and the women whose huge black silk head-dresses accentuate the freshness of their complexions. It is at once a region of ruggedness and majesty and grandeur, of quaintness and simplicity and charm. As I motored through it, it was hard to make myself believe that death was abroad in so fair a land, and that over there, on the other side of those near-by hills, men were engaged in the business of wholesale slaughter. I was brought to an abrupt realization of it, however, as we were passing through the old gray town of Gérardmer. I heard a sudden outcry, and the streets, which a moment before had been a-bustle with the usual market-day crowd, were all at once deserted. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people dived into their houses as a woodchuck dives into its hole. The sentries on duty in front of the *État-Major* were staring upward. High in the sky, approaching with the speed of an express-train, was what looked like a great white sea-gull, but which, from the silver sheen of its armor-plated body, I knew to be a German *Taube*. "We're in for another bombardment," remarked an officer. "The German airmen have been visiting us every day of late." As the aircraft swooped lower and nearer a field-gun concealed on the wooded hillside above the town spoke sharply, and a moment later there appeared just below the *Taube* a patch of what looked like cotton-wool. From the opposite side of the town another anti-aircraft gun began to bark defiance, until soon the aerial intruder was ringed about by puffs of fleecy smoke. Things were getting too hot for the German and, with a beautiful sweep, he swung about and went sailing down the wind, content to wait until a more favorable opportunity should offer. The inhabitants of these Alsacian towns have become so accustomed to visits from German airmen that they pay scarcely more attention to them than they do to thunder-storms, going indoors to avoid the bombs just as they go indoors to avoid the rain. I remarked, indeed, as I motored through the country, that nearly every town through which we passed showed evidences, either by shattered roofs or shrapnel-spattered walls, of aeroplane bombardment. Thus is the war brought home to those who, dwelling many miles from the line of battle, might naturally suppose themselves safe from harm. In those towns which are within range of the German guns the inhabitants are in double danger, yet the shops and schools are open, and the townspeople go about their business apparently wholly unmindful of the possibility that a shell may drop in on them at any moment. In St. Dié we stopped for lunch at the Hôtel Terminus, which is just opposite the railway station. St. Dié is within easy range of the German guns—or was when I was there early in the summer—and when the Germans have nothing better to do they shell it, centring their fire, as is their custom, upon the railway station, so as to interfere as much as possible with traffic. The station and the adjacent buildings looked like cardboard boxes in which somebody had jabbed many ragged holes with a lead-pencil. The hotel, despite its upper floor having been wrecked by shell-fire only a few days previously, was open and doing business. Ranged upon the mantel of the dining-room was a row of German 77-millimetre shells, polished until they shone like silver. "Where did you get those?" I asked the woman who kept the hotel. "Those are some German shells that fell in the garden during the last bombardment and failed to explode," she answered carelessly. "I had them unloaded—and the man who did it made an awful fuss about it, too—and I use them for hot-water bottles. Sometimes it gets pretty cold here at night, and it's very comforting to have a nice hot shell at your feet."

From St. Dié to Le Rudlin, where the road ends, is in the neighborhood of thirty miles, and we did it in something under thirty minutes. We went so fast that the telegraph poles looked like the palings in a picket-fence, and we took the corners on two wheels so as to save rubber. Of one thing I am quite certain: if I am killed in this war, it is not going to be by a shell or a bullet; it is going to be in a military motor-car. No cars save military ones are permitted on the roads in the zone of operations, and for the military cars no speed-limits exist. As a result the drivers tear through the country as though they were in the Vanderbilt Cup race. Sometimes, of course, a wheel comes off, or they meet another vehicle when going round a corner at full speed—and the next morning there is a military funeral. To be the driver of a military car in the zone of operations is the joy-rider's dream come true. The soldier who drove my car steered with one hand because he had to use the other to illustrate the stories of his exploits in the trenches. Despite the fact that we were on a mountain road, one side of which dropped away into nothingness, when he related the story of how he captured six Germans singlehanded, he took both hands off the wheel to tell about it. It would have made Barney Oldfield's hair permanently pompadour.

At Le Rudlin, where there is an outpost

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Alpine chasseurs, we left the car and mounted mules for the ascent of the *Hauts Chaumes*, or High Moors, which crown the summit of the Vosges. Along this ridge ran the imaginary line which Bismarck made the boundary between Germany and France. Each mule was led by a soldier, whose short blue tunic, scarlet breeches, blue puttees, rakish blue *béret*, and rifle slung hunter-fashion across his back made him look uncommonly like a Spanish brigand, while another soldier hung to the mule's tail to keep him on the path, which is as steep and narrow as the path of virtue. Have you ever ridden the trail which leads from the rim of the Grand Canyon down to the Colorado? Yes? Well, the trail which we took up to the *Hauts Chaumes* was like that, only more so. Yet over that and similar trails has passed an army of invasion, carrying with it, either on the backs of mules or on the backs of men, its guns, food, and ammunition, and sending back in like fashion its wounded. Reaching the summit, the trail debouched from the dense pine forest onto an open, wind-swept moor. Dotting the backbone of the ridge, far as the eye could see, ran a line of low stone boundary posts. On one side of each post was carved the letter F. On the other, the eastern face, was the letter D. Is it necessary to say that F stood for France and D for Deutschland? Squatting beside one of the posts was a French soldier busily engaged with hammer and chisel in cutting away the D.

From a photograph at the front.

Mr. Powell at the boundary-stone which formerly marked the frontier of Germany.

"It will not be needed again," he explained, grinning.

Leaving the mules in the shelter of the wood, we proceeded across the open tableland which crowns the summit of the ridge on foot, for, being now within both sight and range of the German batteries, there seemed no object in attracting more attention to ourselves than was absolutely necessary. Half a mile or so beyond the boundary posts the plateau suddenly fell away in a sheer precipice, the brink of which was bordered by a thin screen of bushes. The topographical officer who had assumed the direction of the expedition at Le Rudlin motioned me to come forward. "Look," said he, "but be careful not to show yourself or to shake the bushes, or we will have some shells bursting about our heads." Cautiously I peered through an opening in the branches. The mountain slope below me, almost at the foot of the cliff on which I stood, was scarred across by two great undulating yellow ridges. In places they were as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From a photograph by Meurisse.

French soldiers in a dugout behind the lines in Alsace.

much as a thousand yards apart, in others barely ten. I did not need to be told what they were. I knew. The ridge higher up the slope marked the line of the French trenches; the lower that of the German. From them came an incessant crackle and splutter which sounded like a forest fire. Sometimes it would die down until only an occasional shot would punctuate the mountain silence, and then, apparently without cause, it would rise into a clatter which sounded like an army of carpenters shingling a roof. In the forests on either side of us batteries were at work steadily, methodically, and, though we could not see the guns, the frequent puffs of yellow smoke and the fountains of earth thrown up along both lines of trenches by bursting shells showed how accurate was both the French and German fire. We were watching what the official *communiqué* described the next day as the fighting on the Fecht very much as one would watch a football game from the upper row of seats in the Harvard stadium. Above the forest at our right swayed a French observation balloon, tugging impatiently at its rope, while the observer, glasses glued to his eyes, telephoned to the commander of the battery in the wood below him where his shells were hitting. Suddenly, from the French position just below me, there rose, high above the duotone of rifle and artillery fire, the shrill clatter of a quick-firer. *Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat* it went, for all the world like one of those machines which they use for riveting steel girders. And, when you come to think of it, that is what it was doing: riveting the bonds which bind Alsace to France.

"Look over there," said the little French captain who was acting as our guide, and he pointed to where, far beyond the trench-slashed hillsides, a great, broad valley was swimming in the twilight mists. There were green squares which I knew for meadow-lands, and yellow squares which were fields of ripening grain; here and there were clusters of white-walled, red-roofed houses, with ancient church spires rising above them, like fingers pointing toward heaven; and winding down the middle of the plain was a broad gray ribbon which turned to silver when the sun struck upon it. "Look," said the little captain again, and there was a break in his voice, "that is what we are fighting for. That is Alsace." Then I knew that I was looking upon what is, to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

every man of Gallic birth, the Promised Land; I knew that the great dim bulk which loomed against the distant sky-line was the Black Forest; I knew that somewhere up that mysterious, alluring valley, Strasburg sat on her hilltop, like an Andromeda waiting to be freed; and that the broad, silent-flowing river which I saw below me was none other than the Rhine.

And as I looked I recalled another scene, on another continent, and beside another river, two years before. I was standing beside a colored cavalry sergeant of the border patrol on the banks of the Rio Grande, and we were looking southward to where the mountains of Chihuahua rose, purple, mysterious, and forbidding, against the evening sky. On the Mexican side of the river a battle was in progress.

"I suppose," I remarked to my companion, "that you'll be mighty glad when the orders come to cross the border and clean things up over there in Mexico."

"Mistah," he answered earnestly, "we ain't never gwine tuh *cross* dat bodah, but one of dese yere days we's a gwine tuh pick dat bodah up an' carry it right down tuh Panama."

And that is what the French are doing in Alsace. They have not crossed the border, but they have picked the border up and are carrying it right down to the banks of the Rhine.

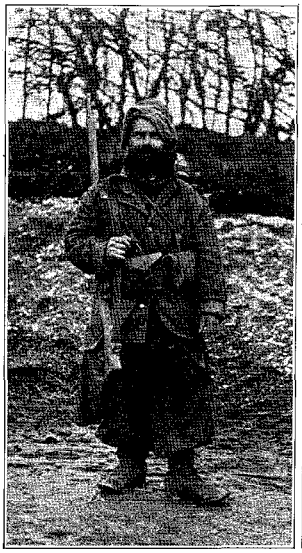
I have heard it said that the French army has been opposed and in many instances betrayed by the people whom they thought they were liberating from the German yoke, and that consequently the feeling of the French soldiers for the Alsacians is very bitter. This assertion is not true. I talked with a great many people during my stay in Alsace—with the *maires* of towns, with shopkeepers, with peasant farmers, and with village priests—and I found that they welcomed the French as wholeheartedly as a citizen who hears a burglar in his house welcomes a policeman. I saw old men and women who had dwelt in Alsace before the Germans came, and who had given up all hope of seeing the beloved tricolor flying again above Alsacian soil, standing at the doors of their cottages, with tears cours-

From a photograph by Meurisse.

French soldiers attending an open-air mass behind the firing-line.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing down their cheeks, cheering with cracked voices as the endless columns of soldiery in the familiar uniform tramped by. In the schoolhouses of Alsace I saw French soldiers patiently teaching children of French blood who have been born under German rule and educated under German schoolmasters the meaning of "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*," and that *p-a-t-r-i-e* spells France.



From a photograph by Meurisse.

A "poilu" in the Vosges.

From a photograph by E. A. Powell.

French soldier on duty in trenches in Alsace, wearing mask as protection against gas.

The change from Teutonic to Gallic rule is, however, by no means welcomed by all Alsacians. The Alsacians of to-day, remember, are not the Alsacians of 1870. It has been the consistent policy of the German Government to encourage and where necessary to assist German farmers to settle in Alsace, and, as the years passed and the old hatred died down, these newcomers intermarried with the old French stock, so that to-day there are thousands of the younger generation in whose veins flow both French and German blood and who scarcely know themselves to whom their allegiance belongs. As a result of this peculiar condition both the French and German military authorities have to be constantly on their guard against treachery, for a woman bearing a French name may well be of German birth, while a man who speaks nothing but German may, nevertheless, be of pure French extraction. Hence spies, both French and German, abound. If the French Intelligence Department is well served, so is that of Germany. Peasants working in the fields, petty tradesmen in the towns, women of social standing, Germans dressed as priests, as hospital attendants, as sisters of charity, as Red Cross nurses, sometimes in French uniforms and travelling in motor-cars with all the necessary papers, all help to keep the German military authorities informed of what is going on behind the French lines. Some-

From a photograph by E. A. Powell.

In the French trenches in Alsace.

Each soldier was protected by a steel shield, in the centre of which is cut an opening slightly larger than a playing-card.—Page 530.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

times they signal by means of lamps, or by raising and lowering the shade of a lighted room of some lonely farmhouse; sometimes by means of cunningly concealed telephone wires; occasionally by the fashion in which the family washing is arranged upon a line within range of German telescopes, innocent-looking red flannel petticoats, blue linen blouses, and white undergarments taking the place of signal flags. They are no cowards who do this sort of work. They know perfectly well what it means if they are detected: sunrise, a wall, and a firing party. They shot a woman for espionage when I was in Alsace. An officer who was present at her execution told me about it. She was young and very beautiful, it seems, and came from an excellent family. It was shown at her trial that she was at the head of a remarkably efficient and extensive system of espionage. "It was a horrible business shooting a woman," said the officer, "but it had to be done, for she was endangering the safety of the whole army. She behaved splendidly, too. I wish to God that I could forget about it."

From a photograph by Meurisse.

In Alsace: a 105-mm. gun firing at a German position eight miles away.

From the *Hauts Chaumes* we descended by a very steep and perilous path to the Lac Noir, where a battalion of Alpine chasseurs had built a cantonment at which we spent the night. The Lac Noir, or Black Lake, occupies the crater of an extinct volcano, whose rocky sides are so smooth and steep that it looks like a gigantic washtub, in which a weary Hercules might wash the clothing of the world. There were in the neighborhood of a thousand chasseurs in camp on the shores of the Lac Noir when I was there, the *chef de brigade* having been, until the beginning of the war, military adviser to the President of China. The amazing democracy of the French army was illustrated by the fact that his second in command, Lieutenant-Colonel Messimy, was, until the change of cabinet which took place after the battle of the Marne, French minister of war. The cantonment—"Black Lake City," Colonel Messimy jokingly called it—looked far more like a summer camp in the Adirondacks than a soldiers' camp in Alsace. All the buildings were of logs, their roofs being covered with masses of green boughs to conceal them from inquisitive aeroplanes, and at the back of each hut, hollowed from the mountainside, was an underground shelter in which the men could take refuge in case of bombardment. Gravelled paths, sometimes bordered with flowers, wound amid the trees; the officers' quarters had broad verandas with ingeniously made rustic furniture upon them; the mess tables were set under leafy arbors; there was a swimming raft and a diving-board, and a sort of rustic pavilion known as the "Casino," where the men passed their spare hours in playing cards or danced to the music of a really excellent band. Though the Lac Noir is within the French lines, it is within range of the German batteries, which shell it almost daily. The slopes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the crater, on which the cantonment is built, are so steep, however, that the shells miss the barracks altogether and drop harmlessly in the middle of the little lake. The ensuing explosion stuns hundreds of fish, which float upon the surface, whereupon the soldiers paddle out in a rickety flatboat and gather them in. A German bombardment has come to mean, therefore, that the chasseurs will have fish for dinner. This daily bombardment, which begins just before sunset, the French call "the Evening Prayer." The first shot is the signal for the band to take position on that shore of the lake which cannot be reached by the German shells and play the *Marseillaise*, a bit of irony which affords huge amusement to the French and excessive irritation to the Germans.

From a photograph by Meurisse.

What the Germans did to the church at Ribécourt.

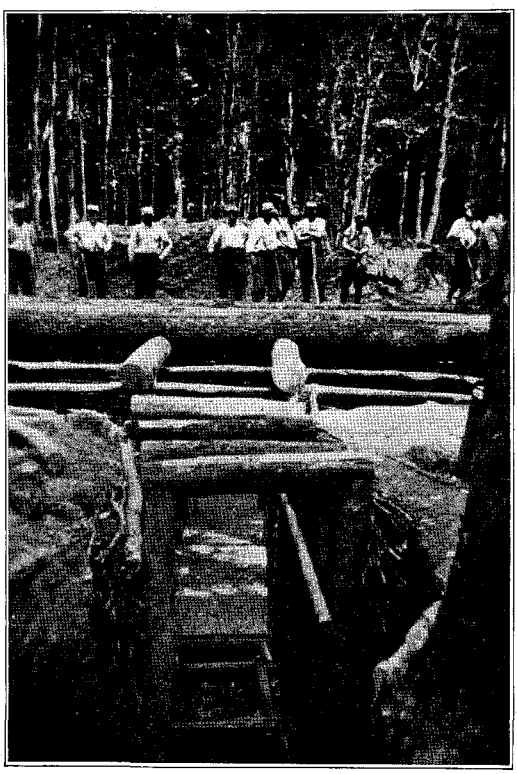
When the history of the campaign in the Vosges comes to be written, a great many pages will have to be devoted to recounting the exploits of the *chasseurs alpins*. The "Blue Devils," as the Germans have dubbed them, are the Highlanders of the French army, being recruited from the French slopes of the Alps and the Pyrenees. Tough as rawhide, hard as nails, keen as razors, they are the ideal troops for mountain warfare. They wear a distinctive dark-blue uniform, and the *bêret* or cap of the French Alps, a flat-topped, jaunty head-dress which is brother to the tam-o'-shanter. The frontier of Alsace, from a point opposite Strasburg to a point opposite Mülhausen, follows the summit of the Vosges, and over this range, which in places is nearly a mile in height, have poured the French armies of invasion. In the van of those armies have marched the *chasseurs alpins*, dragging their guns by hand up the almost sheer precipices, and dragging the gun-mules up after them; advancing through forests so dense that they had to chop paths for the line regiments which followed them; carrying by storm the apparently impregnable positions held by the Germans; sleeping on the heights which they had captured often without blankets, with the mercury hovering near zero; taking their batteries into positions where it was believed that no batteries could go; raining shells from those batteries upon the wooded slopes ahead, and, under cover of that fire, advancing, always advancing. Think of what it meant to get a great army over such a mountain range in the face of desperate opposition; think of the labor involved in transporting the enormous supplies of food, clothing, and ammunition required by that army; think of the sufferings of the wounded who had to be taken back across those mountains, many of them in the depths of winter, sometimes in litters, sometimes lashed to the backs of mules. The mule, whether from the Alps, the Pyrenees, or from Missouri, is playing a brave part in this mountain warfare, and whenever I saw one I felt like the motorist who, after his automobile had been hauled out of an appar-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ently bottomless Southern bog by a negro who happened to be passing with a mule, said to his son: "My boy, from now on always raise your hat to a mule."

When I asked the general commanding the armies operating in Alsace for permission to visit the fire-trenches, I did it merely as a matter of form. I was quite prepared to be met with a polite but firm refusal, for it is as difficult to get into the French trenches as it is to get behind the scenes of a Broadway theatre on the first night of a big production. This, understand, is not from any solicitude for your safety, but because a fire-trench is usually a very busy place indeed, and a visitor is apt to get in the way and make himself a nuisance generally. Imagine my astonishment, then, when the general said, "Certainly, if you wish," just as though he were giving me permission to visit his stables or his gardens. I might add that almost every correspondent who has succeeded in getting to the French front has been taken, with a vast deal of ceremony and precaution, into a trench of some sort, thus giving him an experience to tell about all the rest of his life, but those who have been permitted to visit the actual fire-trenches might almost be numbered on the fingers of one hand. The fire, or first-line, trench, is the one nearest the enemy, and both from it and against it there is almost constant firing. The difference between a second-line, or reserve, trench and a fire-trench is the difference between sitting in a comfortable orchestra stall and in being on the stage and a part of the show.

Before they took me out to the trenches we had lunch in Dannemarie, or, as it used to be known under German rule, Dammerkirch. Though the town is within easy range of the German guns, and is shelled by them on occasion, the motto of the townsfolk seemed to be "business as usual." I had lunch at the local inn; it began with fresh lobster, followed by spring lamb and asparagus, and ended with strawberries, and it cost me sixty cents, wine included. From which you will gather that the people behind the French lines are not exactly starving. Just outside Dannemarie the railway crosses the river Ill by three tremendous viaducts eighty feet in height. When, early in the war, the Germans fell back before the impetuous French advance, they effectually stopped railway traffic by blowing up one of these viaducts behind them. Urged by the railway company, who preferred to have the government foot the bill, the viaduct was rebuilt by the French military authorities, and a picture of the ceremony which marked its inauguration by the minister of war was published in one of the Paris illustrated papers. The jubilation of the French was a trifle premature, however, for a few days later the Germans moved one of their monster siege-guns into position and, at a range of eighteen miles, sent over a shell which again put the viaduct out of business.



From a photograph by E. A. Powell.

Preparing for a winter campaign.
French soldiers building subterranean quarters in the Vosges.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That explains why the French don't like to have pictures taken in the zone of operations.

Dannemarie is barely ten miles from that point where the French and German trenches, after zigzagging across nearly six hundred miles of European soil, come to an abrupt end against the frontier of Switzerland. The Swiss, who are taking no chances of having the violation of Belgium repeated with their own country for the victim, have at this point massed a heavy force of extremely businesslike-looking troops, the frontier is marked by a line of wire entanglements, and a military zone has been established, civilians not being permitted to approach within a mile or more of the border. Taking advantage of a sharp angle in the contour of the Swiss frontier, the French have posted one of their batteries in such a position that it commands the German trenches, but it is so close to the border that whenever the German guns reply their shells fall on Swiss soil, and an international incident is created.

From a photograph by Meurisse.

The taking of Neuville St. Vaast.
French infantry engaged in house-to-house fighting.

The trenches in front of Altkirch, and indeed throughout Alsace, are flanked by patches of dense woods, and it is in these woods that the cantonments for the men are built, and amid their leafy recesses that they spend their time when off duty in sleeping, smoking, and playing cards. Though the German batteries periodically rake the woods with shell-fire, it is an almost total waste of ammunition, for the men simply retreat to the remarkable underground cities which they have constructed during the past year and stay there until the shell-storm is over. These troglodyte habitations, which have come into existence along the entire length of the western battle-front, are perhaps the most curious products of this siege warfare. A dozen feet below the surface of the ground, and so strongly roofed over with logs and earth as to render their occupants safe from the most torrential rain of high-explosive, I was shown rooms with sleeping-quarters for a hundred men apiece, blacksmith and carpenter shops, store-rooms, a post-office, a telegraph station, a telephone exchange, a bathing-establishment, a barber-shop, and stables

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the horses—all with board floors, free from dampness and immaculately clean.

As a matter of fact, the French soldier is admirably taken care of. He is well fed, well clothed, and, following the policy of economizing in human lives, he is afforded every protection that human ingenuity can devise. Nearly every French soldier is now provided with a light steel helmet which can be worn without discomfort under his cap and which, it is asserted, has already saved thousands of lives, and experiments are now being made with various forms of body armor. I am convinced that it is this policy of conserving the lives of her fighting men which is going to win the war for France. If necessity demands that a position be taken with the bayonet, no soldiers in the world sacrifice themselves more freely than the French, but the military authorities have realized that men, unlike shells, cannot be replaced. "The duration and the outcome of the war," the general commanding the armies in Alsace remarked to me, "depend upon how fast we can kill off the Germans. Their army has reached and passed its maximum strength, and every day sees it slowly but surely weakening. Our game, therefore, is to kill as many as possible of the enemy while at the same time saving our own men. It is, after all, a purely mathematical proposition."

I believe that the losses incidental to trench warfare, at least as it is being conducted in the Vosges, have been greatly exaggerated. The officer in command of the French positions in front of Altkirch told me that, during the construction of some of the trenches, the Germans rained twelve thousand shells upon the working parties, yet not a man was killed and only ten were wounded. The modern trench is so ingeniously constructed that, even in the comparatively rare event of a shell dropping squarely into it, only the soldiers in the immediate vicinity, seldom more than half a dozen at the most, are injured. The trenches of to-day would, before this war, have been classed as permanent fortifications, and these fortifications have been rendered so nearly im-

From a photograph by Meurisse.

"*Chevaux-de-frise* and movable entanglements are constructed in the shelter of the trenches and pushed over the parapet with poles so that the men do not have to expose themselves."—Page 533.

(This photograph was taken within ninety feet of the enemy.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From a photograph by Meurisse.

Convoy of German prisoners guarded by Moroccan Spahis.

pregnable by applied science that the armies are, for a time at least, in a state of deadlock, remaining hidden and almost stationary in subterranean caves and labyrinths. The Germans can no longer afford the appalling losses which would be entailed in storming the French trenches, and though, if necessity required it, the French could doubtless spare the men who would be lost in taking the German positions, it is felt that such wholesale sacrifices would be unjustified when shells and patience will eventually achieve the same result.

So cleverly have the French engineers taken advantage of the configuration of the country in front of Altkirch, that we were able to enter the *boyaux*, or communication trenches, without leaving the shelter of the wood. Half an hour's brisk walking through what would, in times of peace, be called a ditch, perhaps three feet wide and seven deep, its earthen walls kept in place by fascines of woven willows, and with as many twists and turns as the famous maze at Hampton Court, brought us into the fire-trenches. These were considerably roomier than the *boyaux*, a sort of raised step or earthern platform, on which the men stood to fire, running along the side nearest the enemy. Each soldier was protected by a steel shield, about eighteen inches square and painted a lead-gray. In the centre of the shield is cut an opening slightly larger than a playing-card, through which the soldier pokes his rifle when he wishes to fire, and which, when not in use, is screened by a wooden shutter or a cloth curtain so that the riflemen in the German trench cannot see any one who may happen to pass behind it. At intervals of five or six yards men were on watch with their rifles laid. Their instructions are never to take their eyes off the enemy's trenches, a shout from them bringing their comrades tumbling out of their dugouts just as firemen respond to the clang of the fire-gong. When the men come rushing out of the shelters they have, in the earthen platform, a good steady footing which will bring their heads level with the parapet, where their rifles, leaning against the steel shields, await them. It is planned always to keep a sufficient force in the trenches so that, roughly speaking, there will be a man to every yard, which is about as close as they can fight to advantage. Every thirty yards or so, in a log-roofed shelter known as a gun-pit, was a machine gun, though I was told that in the German trenches opposite us they had a machine gun to every fifteen men.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Look through here," said the officer who was acting as my guide, indicating the port-hole in one of the steel shields, "but don't stay too long or a German sharpshooter may spot you." Cautiously applying my eye to the embrasure I saw, perhaps a hundred yards away, a long, low mound of earth, such as would be thrown up from a sewer excavation, and dotting it at intervals of a yard darker patches which I knew to be just such steel shields as the one behind which I was sheltered. And I knew that behind each one of those steel shields was standing a keen-eyed rifleman searching for something suspicious at which to fire. Immediately in front of the German trench, just as in front of the trench in which I stood, a forest of stout stakes had been driven deep into the ground and draped between these stakes were countless strands of barbed wire, so snarled and tangled and interlaced and woven that not a cat could have gotten through unscratched. Between the two lines of entanglements stretched a field of ripening wheat, streaked here and there with patches of scarlet poppies. There were doubtless other things besides poppies amid that wheat, but, thank God, it was high enough to hide them. Rising from the wheat-field, almost midway between the French and German lines, was a solitary apple-tree. "Behind that tree," whispered the officer standing beside me—for some reason they always speak in hushed tones in the trenches—"is a German outpost. He crawls out every morning before sunrise, and is relieved at dark. Though some of our men keep their rifles constantly laid on the tree we've never been able to get him. Still, he's not a very good life-insurance risk, eh?" And I agreed that he certainly was not.

I must have stayed at my loophole a little too long, or some movement of mine must have attracted the attention of a German sharpshooter, for *pang* came a bullet against the shield behind which I was standing, with the same ringing,

From a photograph by Meurisse.

The straggling columns of unkempt, unshaven, undersized men in their soiled and tattered gray-green uniforms were in striking contrast to the helmeted giants on gigantic horses who guarded them.—Page 533.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

metallic sound which a bullet makes when it hits the iron target in a shooting-gallery. In this case, however, *I* was the bullseye. Had that bullet been two inches nearer the centre there would have been, in the words of the poet, "more work for the undertaker, another little job for the casket-maker."

"Lucky for you that wasn't one of the new armor-piercing bullets," remarked the officer as I stepped down hastily. "After the Germans introduced the steel shields we went them one better by introducing a jacketed bullet which will go through a sheet of armor-plate as though it were made of cheese. We've had lots of fun with them. Sometimes one of our men will fire half a dozen rounds of ordinary ammunition at a shield behind which he hears some Bosches talking, and they laugh and jeer at him. Then he slips in one of the jacketed bullets and—*whang!!!*—we hear a wounded Bosche yelping like a dog that has been run over by a motor-car. Funny things about the Germans. They're brave enough ordinarily, but they scream like animals when they're wounded."

From all that I could gather, the French do not have a particularly high opinion of the quality of the troops opposed to them in Alsace, most of whom are from Bavaria and Baden. An officer who was in the trenches on the Hartmannswillerkopf, where the French and German positions are in places very close together, told me that whenever the Germans attempted an attack the French trenches burst into so fierce a blast of rifle and machine-gun fire that the men in the spiked helmets refused to face it. "Vorwärts! vorwärts!" the German officers would scream, exposing themselves recklessly as they ordered their men forward. "Nein! nein!" the fear-maddened men would answer, as they broke and ran for the shelter of their trenches. Then the French would hear the angry bark of automatics as the officers pistolled their men. When the French, in one of the most desperate and bloody assaults of the entire war, carried the summit of the Hartmannswillerkopf by storm, they found the German machine-gun crews chained to their guns as galley-slaves were chained to their oars. French artillery-officers have repeatedly told me, moreover, that when German infantry advances to take a position by assault the men are frequently urged forward by their own batteries raking them from the rear. As the German gunners gradually advance their fire as the infantry moves forward, it is as dangerous for the men to retreat as to go on. Hence it is by no means uncommon for the German troops to arrive pell-mell at the French trenches, breathless, terrified, hands above their heads, seeking not a fight but a chance to surrender.

A grim comedy was enacted in Alsace while I was there. A company of German infantry was defending a stone-walled farmstead on the Fecht. So murderous was the fire of the French batteries that soon a white sheet was seen waving frantically from one of the farmhouse windows. The French fire ceased, and through the gateway came a group of Germans holding their hands above their heads and shouting, "Kamerad! Kamerad!" which has become the euphemism for "I surrender." But when a detachment of chasseurs went forward to take them prisoners, the Germans suddenly dropped to the ground, while from a window a hidden machine gun poured a stream of lead into the advancing Frenchmen, most of whom were killed or wounded. In payment for this act of treachery the French batteries proceeded to transform that farmhouse into a sieve. In a quarter of an hour the tablecloth was again seen waving, the French fire again died down, and again the Germans came crowding out with their hands above their heads. But this time they were stark naked. Every man had stripped to the skin to prove that he had no weapons concealed on his person. It is scarcely necessary to add, however, that, under the circumstances, those Germans were *not* taken prisoners.

I was, indeed, particularly struck by the fact that, notwithstanding the heavy fighting which was in progress all along the Alsacian front, I saw remarkably few prisoners. Those that I did see looked as though they were not at all averse to being captured. All the fight seemed to have gone out of them. I had, of course, heard many stories of the German ranks being filled with boys and old men, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the convoys of prisoners which I saw in Alsace led me to believe that the assertion contained a considerable element of truth. Many of the prisoners whom I saw looked as though they should have been in high school, and others as though they had been recruited from old soldiers' homes, and all of them looked dirty and hungry and dispirited and very, very tired. The straggling columns of unkempt, unshaven, undersized men in their soiled and tattered gray-green uniforms were in striking contrast to the helmeted giants on gigantic horses who guarded them.

Though in the comparatively level country between Dannemarie and Altkirch the French and German positions are rarely less than a hundred yards apart, and usually very much more, I was taken into trenches on the slopes of the Vosges where the German earthworks were barely thirty feet distant, while at La Fontenelle the opposing forces are separated by a wall of rock *only six feet thick*. The only reason one side does not blow up the other by means of mines is because the rock is too hard to tunnel through. It being certain death, under such circumstances, for working parties to attempt to erect the usual entanglements outside the trenches, a sort of movable entangelment, as well as various forms of *chevaux-de-frise*, is constructed in the shelter of the trenches and pushed over the parapet with poles. In cases where the trenches are so close together the men have the comfort of knowing that they are at least safe from shell-fire, for as the battery-commander is perfectly aware that the slightest error in calculating the range, or the least deterioration in the rifling of his guns, would result in his shells landing among his own men, he usually plays safe and concentrates his fire on the reserve trenches instead of the fire-trenches of the enemy. The fighting in these close-up positions has, consequently, degenerated into a warfare of bombs, hand-grenades, poison-gas, burning oil, and other methods reminiscent of the Dark Ages. Some of the trenches which I visited had ten-foot-high screens of wire netting, looking for all the world like the back-nets of tennis-courts, strung along the tops of the parapets as a protection against bombs and hand-grenades. The grenade commonly used by the French is of the "bracelet" type, consisting of a cast-iron ball filled with explosive, and a leathern loop or bracelet which slips over the wrist, and which is prolonged by a piece of cord about a foot long with an iron hook at the end. Just before the grenade is thrown the hook is passed into the ring of a friction-pin inside the firing-plug which closes the iron ball. By a sharp backward turn of the wrist when the grenade is thrown, the ring, with the friction-pin, held back by the hook, is torn off, the grenade itself continuing on its brief journey of destruction. The troops also use a primed grenade attached to a sort of wooden racket, which can be quickly improvised on the spot.

Hollowed at frequent intervals from the earthen back-walls of the trenches were niches, in each of which was set a bottle of hyposulphate of soda and a pail of water. When the yellow cloud which denotes that the Germans have turned loose their poison-gas comes rolling down upon the trenches, the soldiers hastily empty the hyposulphate into the water, saturate in the solution thus formed a pad of gauze which they always carry with them, fasten it over the mouth and nostrils by means of an elastic, and, as an additional precaution, draw over the head a sort of bag of blue linen with a piece of mica set in front and a draw-string to pull it tight about the neck. Thus protected, they are able to remain at their posts without fear of asphyxiation. The burning oil, which has now been adopted by the French as well as by the Germans, is squirted by a hose in much the same fashion as a nurseryman sprays his trees with Paris green, the work being assigned to a corps of former firemen who have been specially trained for the purpose. Such is warfare in this year of grace one thousand nine hundred and fifteen.

But poison-gas and flaming oil are by no means the most devilish of the devices introduced by the Germans. The soldiers of the Kaiser have now adopted the weapon of the jealous prostitute, and are throwing vitriol. The vitriol is contained in fragile globes or vials which break upon contact, scattering the liquid fire upon everything in the immediate vicinity. I might add that I do not make this asser-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion except after the fullest investigation and confirmation. I have not only talked with scores of officers and men who have been in the trenches into which these vitriol bombs were thrown, but American ambulance-drivers working in the Vosges told me that they had carried to the hospitals French soldiers whose faces had been burned almost beyond recognition.

"But we captured one of the vitriol-throwers," said an officer who was telling me about the hellish business. "He was pretty badly burned himself."

"I hope that you shot him then and there," said I.

"Oh, no," was the answer, "we sent him along with the other prisoners."

"You don't mean to say," I exclaimed, indignation in my voice, "that you captured a man who had been throwing vitriol at your soldiers and let him live!"

"Naturally," said the officer quietly. "There was nothing else to do. You see, monsieur, we French are civilized."

BACK TO THE TOWN;

OR, THE RETURN TO HUMAN NATURE

By Jesse Lynch Williams

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

I MET Ernest Thompson Seton one day crossing Fifth Avenue. "How are you?" I asked.

"Oh, pretty well," he replied, "for a man who has been in New York for two months. How are you?"

"Oh, pretty well," said I, "for a man who has *not* been in New York for two months," and gaining the sidewalk in safety we parted, still friends.

It is all in the point of view. There is much to be said for his feeling in the matter. Indeed, I, for one, will gladly admit that entirely too much has been said, of late, about the "love of nature" and not enough about the love of cities. The cry of "Back to the farm!" reverberates from all strata of society. "The return to nature" is celebrated in hundreds of books. Dozens of magazines are devoted to every conceivable phase of country life from "Chickens I Have Chased and Cherished," to "How I Built My Formal Garden for Fourteen-Fifty," "Bungling the Bungalow," "Sleeping-Bags and How to Get Out of Them," and other fascinating advice in publications edited by city men in tall office buildings.

It is, of course, a wholesome movement—when it doesn't move too far. But we are running the country into the ground, as we do most of our enthusiasms in America. Even a love of nature can become an unnatural love. It is now a fashionable fad to manifest passionate interest in "The Flirtations of the Chippy-Bird," "The Domestic Worries of the Woodchuck," "The Characteristic Poses of the Screech-Owl," and "The Left-hind-foot Print of the Skunk"—to quote a few wild titles I have known.

So far as I can make out, it is right and proper to be keen about a city, provided it is built by the dear little beaver, but to be interested in one constructed by your own species indicates that you are a cockney with no soul for "the real things of life." To be of the elect you must look down on the sky-scraper and look up at the ant-hill. In short, love nature only so far as it does not include human nature.

Well, of course, every one has a right to his own tastes, and if you prefer the haunts and habits of birdies and bunnies to the haunts and habits of men and women, you can snub your own genus all you like and nobody will object. But why take on so about it? Some of these

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nature rhapsodists are as bad as the commuters who sleep out on the porch all night and talk about it all day, or those individuals who can't sleep well anywhere and then assume a virtuous air because they get up early—and arouse the whole household.

Cultivate intimacies with the cunning little squirrels on the tree-tops, if you enjoy it.

Cultivate intimacies with the cunning little squirrels on the tree-tops, if you enjoy it. Toady to the tree-toad, if you really like him. Call them all familiarly by their Latin names, if it makes you feel good; only don't look down on us humble members of your own family simply because we are not climbers too. It's so snobbish. Besides, it is a pity to make the nice, innocent tenderfoot discontented with his lot, city or suburban. I have been in the woods with nature-climbers. Most of them are as awkward and out of place there as a woodsman in a drawing-room.

The joke of it is that what most of us really like about "our furred and feathered friends" is their resemblance to ourselves. The beaver city, for example, or the subway of the field-mouse, is thrilling because it reminds us of similar goings-on of our own. The wild animals known by Ernest Thompson Seton and introduced by him to a large circle of admirers—including myself—have proved such universally acceptable acquaintances simply because they are just regular fellows. Whether true naturalists, like him, or near-naturalists, like his imitators, indignantly resent the imputation or not, the popular interest in nature is simply an interest in human nature after all! Such being the case, why not go higher up and satisfy it at first hand?

Now, in sheer self-defense, lest I be cast out at this point as a human-nature fakir, I make haste to insert that I have no personal animus against "God's great outdoors." I am not in the least prejudiced against the furred and feathered crowd. I gladly agree that "nature is wonderful." I have frequently sat upon the hardest rocks in order to commune with her, and have been known to "look up at the stars" until I got a crick in my neck. I love the brooklets, I love the treelets, I love the flowerlets so long as I don't have to weed them, and I am extremely fond of birds, preferably ducks done not over eleven minutes. I shoot as many as luck and the law allow once or twice every fall.

Indeed, I spend more time in the country than do certain of my sentimental friends who tell me about it; over half the year, in fact, and the greater portion of that period in "the real country," "the heart of nature," "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife"—or, in more natural language, ten miles from the railroad and five from the nearest telephone, a remote spot where there are few marks of the beast, meaning man, and many signs of our four-footed friends, the beasts.

But for the other half of the year I am not only willing but anxious to be hemmed in by brick and stone walls in the heart of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the city; to get in close touch with the crowd's ignoble strife, to follow the human trail, to catch the scent of gasolene, to hear telephones ringing, taxis tooting, and all the rattle, rush, crash, bang that is different from the Simple Life and the Silent Places. The more different, the better.

I enjoy ordering a dinner at a restaurant with the orchestra playing as well as cooking one in camp with the mosquitoes singing. I don't like to boast, but I deem some of my two-footed friends fully as worthy of me as the misunderstood skunk. I like to observe the annual migration of the dear little furred and feathered creatures to Fifth Avenue. It does my soul good to gaze at the opera stars. I am entranced by the characteristic poses of the actress. I take a keen interest in the mating habits and nesting haunts of the genus *homo*, and similar nature-studies.

I have frequently sat upon the hardest rocks in order to commune with her.—Page 535.

In short, I'm not above mingling with the human flock and beholding vanities, vulgarities, kindness, cruelty, capitalism, climbing, goodness, grafting, posing, piety, and the rest of our own wild life. For I make bold to affirm, without fear of successful contradiction, that, among others, ours is also quite an interesting little species, even though we do say so ourselves.

Therefore, go ahead and glorify God's great outdoors to your heart's content, only do not bar off what is still generally rated as God's noblest work, made in His own image. It seems so blasphemous.

II

It is not of the city as a siren I would sing. Why extol the ancient and obvious fascinations of the mad metropolitan whirl, as it is called? Its advantages in the way of "art, music, and the drama," or the fox trot, are too well known already, especially to people out of town who are given to discovering that "New York is a great place to visit, but I'd hate to live there."

No. My song of the city is pitched in a lower key, tuned for those who do live in cities—and perhaps wish they did not. For the delectation and, peradventure, edification of many who are dreaming of retiring permanently to the idyllic joys of a little place in the country "beyond the commuter's zone" (as I once dreamed until I tried it and woke up), I would here set down in plain terms some of the less appreciated advantages of a little flat in the city; the peace, the quiet, the simplicity, the solid comfort; the benefit to the children; the freedom from interruption during the hours dedicated to work, the infinite opportunities for variety in your hours of play. And, most welcome surprise of all, the great saving in expense.

Of course, to live grandly while "in town for the opera season," as so many of my friends' characters do in their novels of New York life, must be, I should think, almost as costly to them as it is impressive to me, and at best rather noisy withal. For example, to sleep with all the windows open, as I do, must be difficult when they open on Fifth Avenue where the motors shriek all night and the buses come up like thunder. No wonder so many palaces and chateaux along the avenue are boarded up this winter, while the municipal lodging-houses are crowded to overflowing. Comparatively few persons, however, are compelled to have homes on the avenue, and to the vast ma-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

jority, apparently, neither of these great extremes is typical of "New York life."

But to be tucked away in a snug little flat near the towering top of a tall apartment house on a quiet cross street, looking serenely down upon the teeming town with its towers, steeples, domes, and bridges melting in the distant haze, its noise and turmoil reaching your eerie retreat only as a muffled hum, a throbbing stimulant to work by day, a sweet soporific for rest by night—this is to know the joys of true privacy and the luxury of deep sleep. Out in the country, one is usually awakened at dawn by one's bird neighbors saying "Cheap, cheap," though it is not, or by the bark of our intelligent four-footed friends devouring the morning paper.

It is not continuous sound but sudden noises that crash through one's dreams and one's nerves. Nor is utter silence the most soothing thing in the world. We merely assume that it is. Like most traditional beliefs it unfortunately is not so. Any child knows better; our earliest and dearest memories, like those of the billions now asleep forever, are of a lullaby.

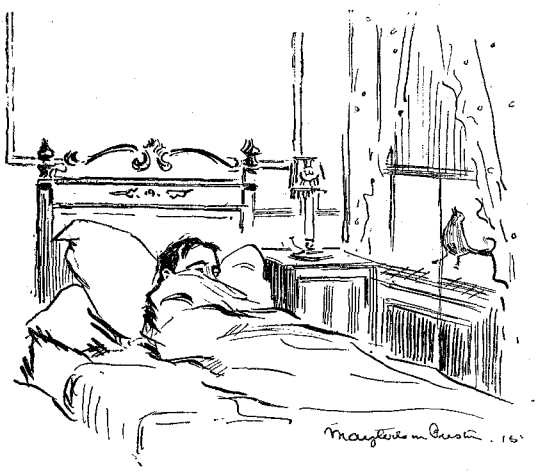
Nor is the writer the only one who can sleep better in cities than anywhere else, save at sea. Ask your neurologist. Not from the noisy town but from the silent farm comes the greater relative proportion of our insane.

I emphasize this first and all-important advantage of city life, because whatever else a home may become it should ever be a sweet haven of rest. Much can be said for the artificial excitements and extravagant gratifications of country life, but it cannot be denied that plain, old-fashioned health is one of "the real things of life," and to cultivate good habits of sleep is a primal necessity, whereas to cultivate hardy perennials is a highly evolved luxury. It is in beds, not in flower-beds, that we spend a third of our existence.

Of course, for the other basic needs—food, shelter, and warmth—no one who has ever tried a winter in the country can question the superiority of the city. Food is not only of a finer quality and far greater variety at the metropolitan markets, but considerably lower in price than out in the country where it comes from. For, owing to our modern improvements in production and distribution, nearly all products are first sent in to the city centres and then distributed among the rural districts, and the ultimate consumer pays the double freight.

I remember a place I once rented on Long Island for the summer. Near at hand were the market-gardens which had made Long Island famous. My mouth watered as I beheld luscious berries, delicious melons, fat lima beans, succulent salads, and potential shortcakes, all so accessible that I could have stolen them. But I soon found that I could not even buy them until they had first taken a trip to the hot, dusty city and back again—what was left of them. By that time the only thing that had not drooped was the price.

Yes, I admit, in all fairness to Nature, that one should grow such things oneself;



Out in the country, one is usually awakened at dawn by one's bird neighbors saying "Cheap, cheap," *though it is not.*

and I have done so since I acquired my own "little place in the country." But in my own little flat in the city I can enjoy, even in winter, fresh vegetables, salads, and fruits which in the country are either prohibitive in price, or, like sea-food if your country place is inland, not quite

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fresh enough at any price. Thanks to the recently established municipal markets —to which the old-fashioned middle-man naturally objects—not a few but many may now secure that wholesome variety in

Now, as for warmth, I am not of those who maintain that it is impossible to heat a country house. I myself have been warm in the country frequently; on both sides at once. All that is necessary dur-

Food is not only of a finer quality and far greater variety at the metropolitan markets, but considerably lower in price than out in the country where it comes from.—Page 537.

diet and that real pleasure in eating which modern science has happily demonstrated to be a duty to our well-meaning metabolic process.

I classify food with sleep as one of "the real things of life," and heartily believe in appreciating both natural privileges to the full. But if by any chance you have a puritanic objection to enjoying your meals and consider eating beneath you, the matter may be regarded in this light: In the city, so much less time, attention, and money need be devoted to this necessary concession to the carnal nature of man, that one is enabled to double one's energy and opportunities for church work, charity, culture, and uplift. Catering and housekeeping can be reduced to their simplest terms with a *rôtisserie* right around the corner, a *pâtisserie* on the next block, and a delicatessen shop in between. French and Vienna bakeries supply crisp rolls and bread of every shape, size, and flavor fresh every morning with the newspaper. And incidentally, in the city one need never endure that tragedy so common to country life—breakfast without the morning paper.

ing a cold snap is to have plenty of heating plants in the cellar, plenty of fireplaces in the rooms above, keep them all well stoked, and run when you cross the hall.

Similarly, by having plenty of windows and keeping them all open one can keep cool enough in a steam-heated apartment house. I have no odious urban comparison to make here, and generously neglect to mention the difficulty of getting and keeping good servants in the country in winter. I will merely say that such problems as furnaces, gardens, garages, snow-shovelling, taking down screens and putting up storm-windows, erecting glass inclosures and laying plank walks, do not enter into the truly simple life of the modern apartment house, where the water-pipes never freeze and you have no roof to leak.

III

So much for man's improvements on Nature, which is the proper task of civilization and true culture. But what of God's free gifts of sunlight, air, and water?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of the pleasantest advantages of wintering in New York, in my humble opinion, is not the bright lights of Broadway, but God's pure sunshine. The average city house, squeezed in between similar houses, does not, I admit, get much more of this free gift than a tent pitched in a canyon. But why camp in a canyon?

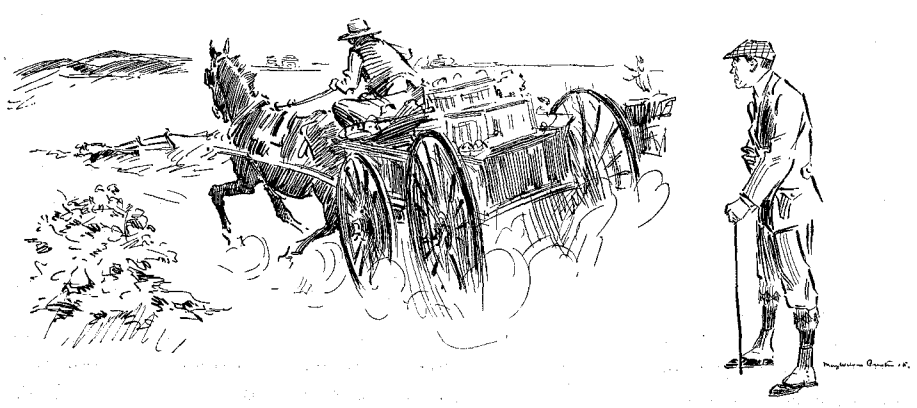
If your home sweet home is a flat sweet flat, perched well above adjacent roofs and turned broadside to the south, it will be flooded with more sunshine than any country place I have yet seen—not in half the rooms at a time, but in nearly all of them all the time, from sunrise to sunset, without even the bare branches of trees to interfere in the least with this glorious germ-destroying element so important to health in winter. One cannot have too much sunshine in the home, and, as intimated above, to live in a house is not compulsory in the city as in the country. Even persons of enormous wealth can afford flats, for they now run as high as twenty thousand dollars a year; perfectly good places to rough it in during the hardship of war-time in winter when Mediterranean cruises must be sacrificed.

As for the all-important element of water, I am glad to say that sometimes it is just as good in the country as in the city. For example, in each of the two places I have been comparing it is perfect, and requires no filtering even for drinking purposes. The only difference I can detect is this: In my apartment, water, like heat, is included in the rent, while down in the quaint, old-fashioned village on the rural edge of which I enjoy the privilege of paying an immodest tax-rate, this prime necessity of life is owned and controlled by a quaint, old-fashioned private monopoly. Water is meted and metered out to the helpless victims at so much per thousand gallons, the board of health having placed a ban on wells. A mathematical friend of mine in the seat of learning there has estimated that the price of a bath equals the price of a beer, thus putting a premium on uncleanliness, if not on inebriety.

But let us be just. Air is as free in the country as in the city, and when, as sometimes happens, you can get your township to oil the near-by highway where tireless touring-cars stir up picturesque and permeating clouds of dust, I should say that the air in the country is much purer than the atmosphere of cities; yes, even in the bright and clean up-town districts around the Park in New York. The city hasn't all the advantages nor all the real things of the simple life. Let us avoid a partisan spirit.

If you happen to be one of those cranks who require regular outdoor exercise in order to keep well and happy, there is, of course, no comparison. The outdoor life is one of the chief advantages of the city in winter.

I happen to be one of those cranks myself. I cannot maintain my self-respect throughout the winter unless I get in a good long walk every day. But mid the pastoral scenes of God's gray country, when night approaches and your work is done, you sally forth into mud-puddles or stumble over frozen ruts in the quaint but by this hour quite dark highways and



I could not even buy them until they had first taken a trip to the hot, dusty city and back again.—Page 537.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hedges; or else you flounder into snow-drifts, beautiful snow-drifts. The view may be wonderful but you cannot even watch your step.

Now, in man's great outdoors of the city they manage these things better for us. Close at hand lies the beautiful Avenue, stretching in undulating grace for miles in both directions; always interesting, never dark, and invariably cleared for action within twenty-four hours of the hardest blizzard. Sparkling in the sun or glistening in the rain, brilliant and crowded at noonday, or opalescent and mysterious at night, it is ever a refreshment to the weary spirit and a stimulation to a dull mind. From early in the day when rosy-cheeked children march sedately off to school, till earlier the next morning when their deserving parents come skidding gayly home from supper-parties, it presents a thousand varied moods to him who in the love of human nature seeks communion with her visible forms:

The difficulty of getting and keeping good servants in the country in winter.—Page 538.

Con men, clergymen; heiresses, actresses; fast people, slow people; good people, bad people; people you know, people you'd like to know, and people you don't want to know—but all of them interesting to look at, to think about.

Here you can even walk alone without being bored. No long, uneventful stretches of bleak, wintry landscape, where nothing moves, not even the train of thought. No benumbed and self-centred trees holding out pathetic frozen branches for sympathy. Impossible to be introspective here. Fall into a brown or blue study and you are likely to be run over. Thought is brought to the surface by mental massage. No time to dwell upon your beloved self. So many more interesting things to think about. And the changing scenes unfold more rapidly than a moving-picture reel.

Here, facing the park, are the palaces of the doges, the invisible rulers of our democracy, it is said—until recently, it is also said. In either case, their monuments remain, marble ones, pink in the sunset glow, or soft stone, pleasantly gray white. So very good, some of them are too, as well as sumptuous, especially certain of the more recent ones. Whether they make comfortable sleeping quarters for those within or not, they make glad the heart of those without. The passer-by can enjoy, free of charge, the thrill born of beauty, whether it be in nature, like the sunset through the trees across the park, or in art, like a cornice in perfect scale.

Let us be grateful to our distinguished American architects for giving Wealth the opportunity for self-expression in such charming forms. If the exquisite refinement and noble serenity of certain of the newer homes of our newer aristocracy of riches suggest the personalities of the owners, as domestic architecture is supposed to do, then all I have to say is that the muck-rakers did not know what they were talking about and ought to have been sued for criminal libel.

Here and there are very different houses, belonging to the stogy period of brownstone and curlicues, looking as much out of place now as mud splatters on a white satin evening gown. Still others are not distinguished at all, even for ugliness. But they all look assured, as if saying: "At any rate, we're on the Avenue."

Down by Saint-Gaudens's superb equestrian statue of Sherman at the main en-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trance to the park, where grooms are waiting for living riders who to them are of more importance, we suddenly enter a more vivid atmosphere, a more populous zone. The region of great hotels, with tennis-courts are ready and the putting-greens are rolled. Or else they take to dancing. The bane of country life in America is dancing and gambling. It is the effete fondness for indoor sports like

The truly simple life of the modern apartment house, where the water-pipes never freeze and you have no roof to leak.—Page 538.

laughing youth scudding in for tea and dancing. Of clubs with men dropping in for cocktails and a bit of gossip. A suffrage shop with women dropping in for speeches and a bit of work. Art stores with windows that make you stop and look. Smart shops with windows that make you stop again.

And so on down, past Madison Square, and through the crowded loft district to that peaceful island of the blessed in the stormy sea of commerce, the historic Washington Square quarter. Here we find houses that are really homes, old enough to be mellow, lived in enough to have character, and architecturally unconscious enough to have charm. "This is the part of town I love the best of all." And here stands the noble arch from which the Avenue springs.

I am well aware that there are many who do not enjoy a walk of this sort, and some who wish they never had to look at such things at all. They, however, are usually of that small segment of the city born here and their ancestors before them. The country-bred convert is likely to be the most ardent zealot of all.

Mind you, I do not say that one cannot pound over frozen roads or splash through mud lurking in the shadow for your unwary feet. I did it for years. And years. Excellent exercise. I merely say that most people in the country don't do it. They prefer to hibernate till the the tango and auction bridge that is driving many of us back to the homely virtues of Fifth Avenue. So few of my men friends would walk with me and still fewer of my women friends would dance with me, except as a gracious sacrifice. And I believe in the emancipation of woman.

True, in a city of this size there are plenty to trot with them that trot, but also—and here is the point—plenty to walk with them that walk. Not a few but plenty of all sorts, including even your own! Plenty, if you prefer, to play squash with you, and indoor tennis and basketball and handball, to name a few vigorous forms of exercise for the most part unobtainable in the country. But I shall not dwell on this. There are advantages in being able to swim every day during a blizzard, in gymnasium swimming-pools; to skate every day during a February thaw, in the ice-rinks, instead of only when it suits the whim of nature out in the country. But I would emphasize only the normal, natural means of keeping fit, "the real things" of outdoor life within the reach of all who own two legs—except those who must hibernate or dance.

IV

So much for a few of the simple, wholesome diversions of the pioneers in this back-to-the-town movement—the return

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to human nature. But life, as has been well said, is not all pleasure. A man's first duty is to his family.

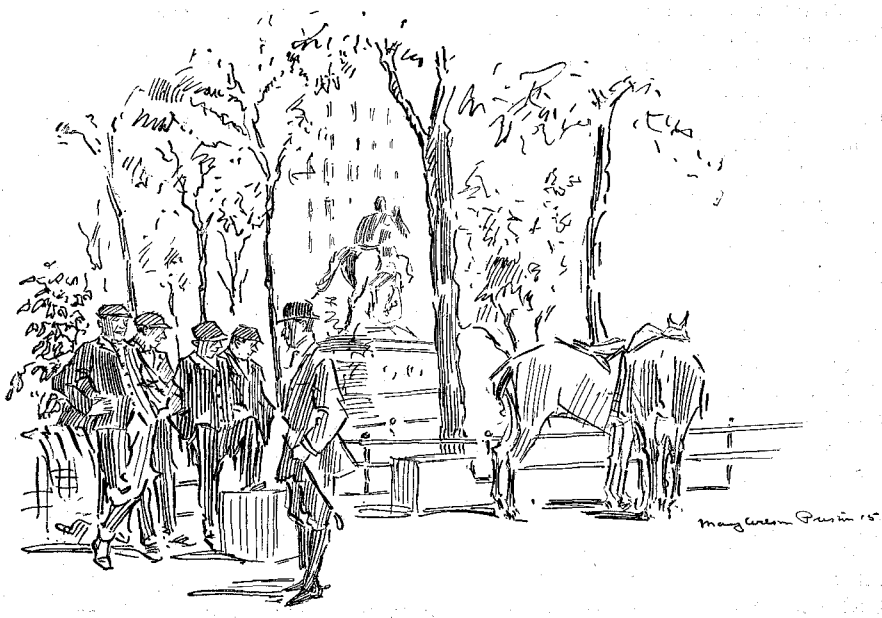
In my case, I went to the country chiefly for my children's sake, and now largely for the same reason I have sought the quiet retreat of the city.

The business of childhood is education and growing. The country is the best place in the world for these two infant industries as long as they need protection. But when children are developed enough to be fit for competition, it is well to remove them from the contaminating influences of a small town. Gentle reader, have you ever lived in a small town? If so, you know what I mean. True, big towns include wickedness also, worse wickedness and more of it. Great cities have greater extremes of everything, including unworldliness. But in great cities it is not so inevitable to be confronted with everything as in the concentrated life of small towns.

Whatever may be said of primary instruction in the country, certainly of secondary education one can find in large cities the best there is for children not yet old enough to go away to boarding-school. Your boys can be placed under the care of the greatest boy experts in the world all day long from breakfast until nightfall. The parents can then have a chance at them, but not to the extent of undermining the good influences of the day. Mental experts in the morning who teach them how to work; physical experts in the afternoon who teach them how to play.

"Humph!" said a satirical bachelor friend of mine whom I had taken to the athletic field to see a group of healthy youngsters enjoy themselves at basket-ball under the eagle eye of their physical instructors, "I didn't need any one to teach me how to play when I was young." He heartily approved of devoting thousands of dollars for college football coaching in order to develop a winning team for his alma mater—eleven sturdy athletes who are developed enough already—but to employ skilled experts for the all-important plastic period of boyhood, and for training all of them, not just a picked few, in nerve, skill, and clean sportsmanship, seemed to him a modern fad.

I let him have his little joke, because bachelors are always incorrigibly reactionary in regard to women and children. Meanwhile, instead of playing when and where, or if, they please, "after school"



Down by Saint-Gaudens's superb equestrian statue of Sherman at the main entrance to the park.—Page 540.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—with indiscriminate food and fights in various back yards—these boys were competing in a field equipped expressly for

compact as life on a steam-yacht, yet without any motion, except that of the elevator, which makes it easy to get out,

Art stores with windows that make you stop and look.—Page 541.

that purpose, and in charge of men who have made a life-study of such work. When angry passions arise, too high to be called down, the belligerents are made to put on the gloves and fight it out fairly, with a master to act as referee. From personal experience with the old hit-or-miss method of physical education, and from personal observation of the new, I prefer the latter.

For family life there is still, I know, a lingering prejudice against a flat because it is flat, or on the ground that it is not on the ground. To choose your home on high where the air is pure is supposed to hurt the sacred atmosphere of home, and rooms distributed horizontally, it seems, lack the virtue of those placed vertically.

Personally I'd rather take my exercise out of doors than by climbing stairs; though if you do not want to live on the level, there are plenty of apartments that are duplex. In any case, it must be admitted that the home unites the family closer when it's in an apartment. It is as a desirable thing at times, though utterly impossible when cruising.

Another cherished tradition about apartment-house life is its alleged lack of privacy. If anything, I should say, there is too much. I met an old friend of mine down-town the other day, a man I'm very fond of but had not seen for a long time. "Where are you living this winter?" I asked. For answer he gave me my own address. We had been sleeping under the same roof for two months but neither of us suspected it. Entirely too private. Imagine living within a square mile of a friend in the country for half the winter without discovering it!

Soon after I arrived in town, a child was born not far from here; about thirty feet away, to be exact. I never should have known it if I had not by chance seen it mentioned in the paper. Who could ask for better or more proper privacy than that? I have never seen the happy parents, so far as I know. I cannot even remember their name. The chances are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

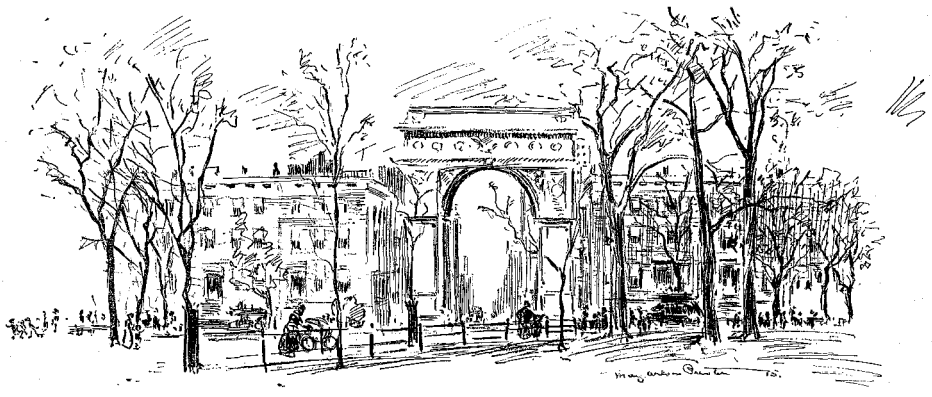
that I shall never meet them. But I do not care very much—neither do they.

Is that bad? Not at all. In the country one might pretend to care, but in the city flowers come from your friends, not your neighbors. You have no neighbors in the city, and that is one of its great advantages. No neighbors, no gossip.

And yet, should sudden disaster reach me from fire or a motor accident, those same stony-faced individuals who pass me in the vestibule without a sign of recognition would, I believe, rush to my aid. But your friendships, your intimacies, are more likely to be on the true basis of mutual liking and common interests, not on the accidental circumstance of propinquity and a common postman. So there can be more naturalness in the city, less artificiality than in the country, where you answer for your conduct not to your conscience or your God, but to your neighbor.

And so, for work, for play, for privacy, and the great blessings of happy home life, there is no place like the simple city—until you get too much of it, like the country. When spring comes and the notes of the pianola are wafted in through the open window all day, the plaintive call of the tom-cat all night, then it is conceivable that one may look at the matter in a very different light.

As a matter of fact and scientific seriousness, the return-to-nature movement is the human expression of the immemorial migratory instinct, which man has by no means lived down. But in the revulsion from too much city life we should not forget that migration works both ways. It is just as natural for birds to fly south in the fall as north in the spring. And consider the dear animals, the non-hibernating animals. A friend writes from Wyoming that there was a band of twenty thousand elk last winter down in Jackson's Hole, south of the Yellowstone Park; fifteen hundred of them are shown in one photograph. During the warm season they all scatter out among the timbered ridges of the mountains. But remember, oh, remember, faithful lovers of nature, that in the winter months the gregarious instinct brings them down from the mountain fastnesses to the closely crowded stamping-grounds of the flats.



"This is the part of town I love the best of all."—Page 541.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HARLEQUIN TO THE RESCUE

By Hugh Johnson

Illustrations by Frank Tenney Johnson

MIMES, dancers, jongleurs, tumblers—Squeezles was of the immemorial ilk of the minstrel people. The moment of rapt attention, the laughing clatter of applause, were the heavens of his ambition. If the ten years' apprenticeship to Agamemnon Jones, soap-merchant, had distorted it, the raw talent was still there striving for expression always.

The strategy of surprise served the turn of Agamemnon Jones, whose field of endeavor was limited to such little towns as boasted an incoming and an outgoing express train within one hour. "An hour—you can hypnotize a crowd for just sixty minutes and no longer," said Squeezles, and he should have known.

A scurry to a livery-stable, a galloping dash to the public square, the tantivy of a coach-horn, a rush of rustics to the excitement, and Agamemnon, lank and erect on the wagon-seat, tossed back his oily locks and launched:

"Ladies and jomplemen: Between the t'umb and forefinger of my right hand, I hold a cryptic cube of the marvellous, mystic, saponiferous, healing soap, ma-ade from the sacred Spinfogaric, Yucca, or Bear Grass Root, that grows in the wild waste of Patagonia, the jungle of Yucatan, and the highland of subtropical Mexico. The price is a dollar a morsel, but in each and every package I wrap a te-wenty dollar bill" (and with a lightning twist he did). "If you see me take it out, you get it: if you don't, I do: If you do, I don't, and if I don't, you do—could anything be fairer?"

It was no more than the venerable shell-and-pea game, but it was obscured by the shrieking patter of Agamemnon, the kaleidoscopic change of attack, the whiz and rush of new things said and done, that contrived to keep the rustic mind so dazed that there was no time for deduction, and almost none for the knowledge that Agamemnon was reaping a plethoric harvest. It was Squeezles's function to watch the gaping crowd with the eye of an expert, to know the precise time for his services with song, break-down, or interjected gag, and at last to recognize the approach of disaster, and to drive away with the wild-west rush of their arrival; for Agamemnon knew, and well he knew, that coup, capture, and escape must all occur within an hour.

II

Agamemnon Jones is dead, and his pupil, at an out-of-pocket moment, enlisted in the army and was assigned to S Troop. As a trim, trig soldier he simply did not exist. It was impossible for him to do the same thing twice in the same way, and the staid formality of the relation that discipline requires between officers and men, was beyond his comprehension. But our captain, Gramp Fuller of the Old Army, understood all about men. He used to hale Squeezles in on the carpet, but I think he did it for his own amusement.

Then one day a lieutenant named Raynbred was assigned to the troop. He was the primness of prissiness incarnate, and Squeezles was to his eyes as the sight of a scarlet rebosa to an Andalusian bull. One Sunday, on the cavalry flats at the Presidio, the lieutenant rode his titupping little polo-pony over a sand-dune and there discovered Squeezles, at the height of his glory, with a chance audience of holiday-making domestics and their beaux, "cake-walking" his dapper little sorrel gelding to the music of his harmonica. What Raynbred called his "sense of military propriety" fainted. Squeezles, who had been brought up under the comfortable discipline of our old captain, winked at him, and:

"Givin' the girls a treat, lieutenant."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But Raynbred's heart had turned to ice. *A private soldier had winked at him.*

"Go to your quarters in arrest," was all that he could articulate.

"Smarty!" said a voice in the audience, and Squeezles, utterly uncomprehending, rode sadly away.

Our Old Man was going on detached service after a third of a lifetime with us, and that would leave Raynbred commanding. The captain loved his men, and he thought to ease their berth in leaving; he talked to Raynbred long and earnestly on the manners and customs of the private soldier, and the upshot was this reply:

"I shall try to carry out your policies, but I can't stand Squeezles. His rifle's the filthiest in his squad; he goes to reveille when he feels like it—and *he winked at me.*"

The Old Man sat sizing up the boy for a long time. He had played a wonderful game of poker in his youth, and he knew all about starched shavetails.

"Lad, let an old man tell you something that'll save you sorrow. The world is full of gun-cleaners, but the good Lord, in his infinite compassion, vouchsafes a Squeezles only once in a blue moon. You're not living in that cheerless barrack-room. It's not the highest station in life, and when a man lays down ambition, he takes up a heavier burden. If a soldier thinks about himself, it's like to hurt. If he feels sorry for himself—he's gone. Squeezles is the antidote. He can't clean a gun—but *he can make you laugh.* He forgets to come to reveille, but he doesn't forget to grin. Why, that boy's a human vaudeville show. *He can play the harmonica.* I'd rather have him at a funeral than a regiment of chaplains."

But it all passed over, or glanced off. Raynbred said:

"Yes, sir."

III

THE captain left us; the Mexican trouble boiled, and S Troop, Raynbred commanding, took station at Coyote Wells, Ariz., less Squeezles, mercifully invalided with a broken ankle.

If you want to change from the human disciplinary system (treating men according to their measure) to the book plan (jamming them into a cast-iron mould—broken pieces to the waste, and devil take the discard), Coyote Wells isn't the place to do it. It's a dead spring of the Rio Seco, thirty miles east of Yuma. The river is the baked memory of some grim palæozoic joke, a twisty furrow meandering off among the sand-hills, with the dust-devils skimming down its bed in the blazing afternoons. From the Gila to the Baboquievari Hills, it's a country, according to Squeezles, that the Lord forgot to put the skin on—*sand*, a heaving sea of dead waves, tawny-yellow, with a line of low hills on the edge of it like the rim of a griddle. The sun pops from the crest as a seed is squeezed from a lemon, and it's like turning on the gas under an oven—the heat waves begin to shimmer on the dune-crests, and all you can do is to lie under canvas and pant.

And when you have to sit hopelessly, with nothing to do—for it's too hot to drill—you get to wondering what you're good for, and wishing no joy to your neighbor. It's like taking a long ocean trip with a small company. Pretty soon it seems as though you'd known the rest for eternity. Every time a fellow starts to tell a story, you know you could shut your eyes and tell it yourself, word for word from the beginning, except some little lie he puts in to make it different. He can't tell you anything new because he's told everything that ever happened to him before, and you've seen everything that's happened since. Maybe you don't begin to hate him, but you get precious weary of seeing him around.

It was that way at Coyote. Old friends avoided each other, and there weren't any close-harmony choruses in the evenings, or horseplay after stables. A man named Walters borrowed Corporal Bloede's horse brush without asking. In barracks, they would have stepped out behind stables and settled it. Here, each went away growling something about the world being too small for him and the other fellow. Bloede was a swarthy, surly sort of chap—the men used to say he had Indian blood. Taken altogether, it was a situation for a first sergeant to think about.

The lieutenant had a book theory that men must be amused. But you can't do it by the fiat: "Be amused." The Field

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Frank Tenney Johnson.

"I—I was too hasty, Bloede," he stammered.—Page 551.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Day he planned was a pale fizzle. He conceived a notion that the men were bucking him, and he made the colossal blunder of telling them so.

Then there was a Pole named Knudson, who used to go down and listen to the agitators on Grant Avenue, come back loaded with their literature, and lie on his bunk raving about Emma Goldman till somebody heaved a boot at him. In barracks they called him Knud the Nut, but the revolution in Lower California was headed by I. W. W. propagandists from the States, and it wasn't comforting to see the men sitting about listening docilely to Knudson, and the sun so hot and all.

There was a lot to say for the lieutenant. If it was bad for us, it was worse for him, there cut off from every human soul by his view of what military discipline meant—not a smile or a nod or a word of human sympathy from one week's end to the other, and with the thought rankling that every man's hand was against him. I could see a change in him, in the things he said to the men he had on the carpet to nag for little derelictions. It was the cue of his sort to be coldly impersonal. He was forgetting that. I began to hear studiedly nasty little phrases that bit down through their toughened skins to the raw quick, and to see their jaw muscles tighten. I had just hunch enough to write a long letter to the captain. It followed him first to Washington, waited there, and then junketed to Honolulu, and that took a long time.

"So long," he told me afterward, "that I cabled for leave, packed my grip, and caught the *Manchuria* all in the same day." There hasn't been a mutiny in the American army in living memory, but I couldn't have written to anybody else. There was no idea of a mutiny then, but things were ripe for trouble. It was like a cage of Kilkenny cats, and in the midst of it, the mail buckboard drove in from Yuma, and out of it hopped a dumpy little body that I didn't recognize, by reason of the desert dust that lay white upon him, like the fuzz on a green peach. Somebody whooped out:

"Will you look who's here?" There hadn't been a cry like that in camp for six weeks. Squeezles made a bow like a ringmaster, and broke into a jumbling ballyhoo:

"Once again, through kind Providence, we are permitted to visit your most hospitable city, with a troop of trained horses."

Well, it was exactly like injecting ginger-juice into the foreleg of a jaded race-horse. It was like a clean, cool breeze in a murky day. In three minutes there was a grinning crowd at the mess-tables. Squeezles was bringing home everything that had happened in the dance-halls and the Orpheum since the troop left San Francisco. He could do the stunts as well as most of the people he had seen, and his audience was starving. He sang "Tipperary," not just as a song, but just as Alice Lloyd. He spied Knudson and was minded of something he said had happened on Grant Avenue the night he left, when an orator had been hauled down from a soap-box by his wife—Squeezles, with flattering success, playing every part from the wife to the audience—and our propagandist prophet was without honor in a breath, and then—Raynbred sent word to stop that unmilitary hilarity, and for Squeezles to report to him at once.

"—and you're going to catch it for not doing it sooner."

There was an audible groan, but Squeezles twisted his mouth wryly, like a Prussian field marshal.

"Gif der Herr Lieutenant Machor Squeezles's gomblimends, und ask him, Vas he gommanding mit an advance guard of a army corps, could he track a herd of elephantses in ten feet of snow?" which was howling humor in a soldier camp, and made them forget that anything martinetish had been done. He came back limping, and that brought forth another guffaw that I instantly suppressed for politic reasons, but I went to sleep that night with an easy mind. Squeezles had simply changed the whole sinister current of events.

IV

THERE was a respite for everybody but Squeezles. Raynbred should have known what had happened and perhaps he did, but Squeezles was an obsession that he could not control. If bawlings-out could

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have made a man miserable, Squeezles would have gone crazy, but admonition was to his back as water to a duck's. Then the lieutenant took his horse away from him, and there is an unwritten canon in the cavalry against that. It produced another bad effect on the troop. And then Raynbred began to try Squeezles by summary court-martial, and to find him guilty.

"When you get five of these convictions," he said, "you'll go to Yuma for a General, and that means Alcatraz, a dishonorable discharge, and the rock-pile. You don't want to be a convict, do you, Squeezles?"

After the fourth trial, I respectfully interceded and lost the confidence of my troop commander. But he sent Squeezles to Sassabe, and that was the Botany Bay of all our water-hole outposts. It took him away from camp and immediate danger, but it also took him away from the troop that needed him. There wasn't such a thing as resentment in that boy's soul; his only comment was:

"You know, I feel sorry for poor Raynbred; d'you ever think how he must hate himself?"

V

THE cool breeze was gone from our muggy day. One afternoon a pinto Indian pony came stumbling into camp from the direction of the Papago country, thirty miles across the desert. He was half dead with thirst, and the white dust was caked in the quirt-welts that streaked his sides. The Papagoes are left pretty much to their own affairs and this seemed to have been one of them. Lashed by rawhide thongs to that pony's tail was what had been first a live and then a dead Indian. I looked from that pony to the blazing waste across which he had staggered, and the studied cruelty of the thing made me fairly faint. We reported the occurrence and tied the pony to the picket line, where he grew fat as a sausage on government oats. No one ever claimed him. Corporal Bloede took those green thongs—to make shoe-laces, he said.

It seemed to me that that was the signal for the occurrence of one devilish thing after another. There were plenty of good men in the half-troop we had left in camp, but they had fallen into the general habit of complaining. Raynbred ordered a drill, but drilling was impossible. Two men had to be carried back from it, and the horses returned stiff with sweat-caked dust. There was some loud talk on the line that he overheard, and, of course, it was one of the good men that was doing it. I found Raynbred in his tent in a black fury.

"I'll have discipline," he snarled, "if I have to break every man in the troop to get it. If they can't drill, they can ride patrol. I'm going to double the outposts. Sit down there and make out a list of the men who ought to go."

Well, I felt like shaking his hand. It was a chance to separate the goats from the sheep and scatter them out among ten outposts where they could do no harm. I wrote out the list of Bloede's coterie and handed it to the lieutenant. He stood tapping it with his pencil, his mouth curled in an ugly little smile. He thought I was trying to put something over on him.

"Just as I thought," he said. "This seems to be the only way I can get the truth. Some of the sergeant's pets can do a bit of work. Leave *these* men in camp and send every other soul to the water-holes."

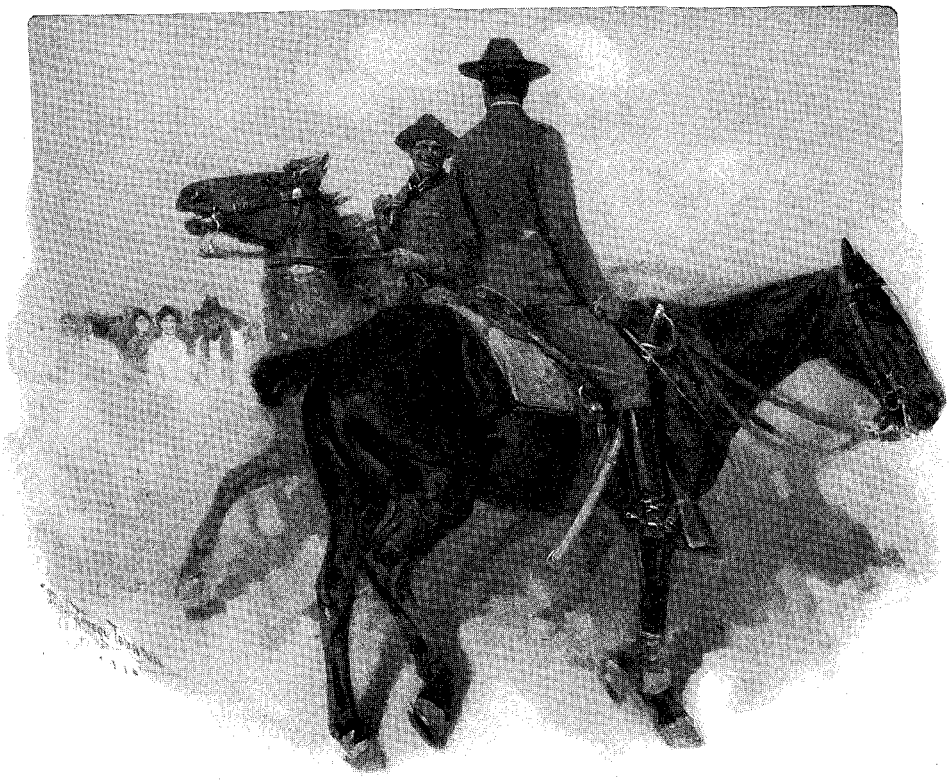
I opened my mouth to speak, but he gave me no chance.

"Not a word—not a word. If I can't get loyalty from you, I can make you give me obedience. They'll start at reveille." We were left with the scum of the troop—Bloede's pals and Knudson's converts.

After that the crisis at Coyote came quickly. One day a ragged derelict from the tatterdemalion anarchist army across the line was caught by one of the patrols trying to sneak across the border. We put him in the guard-tent. There was too much low-voiced conversation with him by the sentinels, and before the buckboard came in on its tri-weekly trip, he escaped—Bloede corporal of the guard.

When it was reported to the lieutenant he walked over to the guard and, standing there in full hearing of the squad, proceeded to lift the metaphorical hide from Bloede's shoulders, and the corporal stood

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Givin' the girls a treat, lieutenant."—Page 545.

sullenly with his lower jaw thrust forth, taking it in bad grace. He failed to reply to a question for an insolent moment, and then answered without the required "sir"—just shortly, "No."

Raynbred lost temper and control. I don't know whether he knew what was said about Bloede's forebears; his remark sounded studied. He was standing, legs apart, swinging a riding-whip that he always carried at a thong on his wrist.

"You know better than that, Corporal Bloede," he yelled. "Where were you brought up? Who *was* your father, anyway?"

I moved close to Bloede. There was a tension in the air that you could fairly feel. He raised his eyes.

"That's none of your damned business."

Raynbred raised his whip, his face white with passion. It was over in a flash. I saw Bloede recoil and crouch as though to spring, and I caught his arms from behind in both of mine, and held him struggling against my breast. Across his cheek was a red slash from Raynbred's riding-whip. The officer realized his mistake instantly.

"I—I was too hasty, Bloede," he stammered. "I can only offer you whatever satisfaction you desire." He was offering to fight Bloede with the straps off his coat, but he was talking to the wrong man. The corporal turned his head aside and spat.

"When I get my satisfaction from *you*," he said, "there won't be enough left for *your* father to recognize."

I walked with Bloede to his tent. He didn't say a word to me, but the lieutenant thought he did. He sent for me at once.

"I'm disappointed in you. You haven't supported me. I have always doubted what you said about Private Squeezles. To-morrow, at reveille, you will proceed to Sassabe, and bring him back here in arrest. I am beginning where I should never have left off, and I'm going to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have discipline." And he jammed his fist down into his open palm in a petulant gesture.

I came out to find the camp in a furore. There was a lot of open boasting about a wholesale desertion. I felt sure that nothing like that would happen before pay-day, and something might turn up in a week, but I wasted little time in worry about it. The mail orderly handed me a telegram that had been brought over in the buckboard from Yuma. It was dated at San Francisco the day before and it said:

"*Arrive Yuma Thursday night. Expect me at Coyote noon Friday.*

"FULLER, *Capt.*"

My first impulse was to wave it and yell, and then caution came. If those devils had planned anything, it might stop them, but then it might not—it might hurry them. I never thought of taking it to Raynbred; my old captain knows his own business, and if he had meant that message for the lieutenant he would have sent it to him. There was some drinking in camp that night, but I didn't interfere; I was too busy chuckling to myself over my projected dramatic entry with Squeezles from the east at the very moment the captain should trek in from Yuma—like the arrival of Pythias with Damon at the block.

It was a bleary-eyed driver, none too certain on his seat, that drove me clanking out over the sand road toward Sassabe next morning. He had something on his mind that was hard to keep there, he kept giggling and clucking and winking, but I was too jubilant over my own scheme to pay any attention to his, and it wasn't till we had started back with Squeezles that he let loose all he had.

"Boys'll sure be glad to see you, Squeezles, old chicken," was the way it began. "They're waitin' for you to pull it off. Couldn't go off to Sonora and leave ol' Squeezles back in the desert. We remembered you, old son. Bloede's foreign legion wouldn't march without the joker."

I nudged Squeezles, but it wasn't necessary.

"I should say not," he said. "When are we going? Who's the main guy?—Knudson, I'll bet."

"Knudson nawthin'—Knudson's only adjutant-general. Bloede's first chief. Horses, wagon, and rations. Why, son, it wouldn't s'prise me to see that Bloede President of Mexico."

"How about Raynbred? What's he?—field marshal?—or ain't he been asked?"

The silly fool leaned close to Squeezles and said in a maudlin whisper:

"That ——'s goin' to take a ride *at the heels of a pinto pony.*"

Squeezles gave me a quizzical look over his shoulder. He hadn't quite made out that it wasn't a joke. I suppose my face settled that. I was sick—just sick at the pit of my stomach for a full five minutes, while the buckboard and that chucklehead rattled on. Once his secret was out and the sky didn't fall, he let us have the whole of it. They would be all ready, Miller said, as soon as we got there. They'd packed the wagon the night before, and could saddle and ride across the line in fifteen minutes. I couldn't seem to raise an idea, but one thing was certain—we mustn't get there. I stood up in the buckboard and put the muzzle of my automatic against Miller's ear.

"Whoa," I said, and we tied him up with the lash rope and sat on the sand to talk it over. We could have stayed where we were long enough to give the captain time to arrive, but we were due back by ten—Miller had his orders from Bloede. If we didn't get there at least by eleven, they might send some one for us, or they might go without us, and the captain wasn't due till twelve. I did most of the talking and all I could suggest was difficulties. It never occurred to me to doubt that the captain's coming would quiet everything, and there was no room for doubt about it. The men regarded him as a sort of father, and I knew that Bloede and Knudson would be prophets without honor from the second the Old Man's twinkling grey eyes were on the troop. Once I said:

"Just for the sake of one little hour," and that seemed to remind Squeezles of something.

"Sixty minutes," he mumbled; and then: "Have you got any money?"

I had six months' pay in my old buck-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

skin belt—four hundred dollars in bills. When I pulled it out, Squeezles got up from the sand and did a saraband. I had to catch him to stop him. He was like a boy going to a circus, but I couldn't share his mirth. He rushed over to the jockey-box of the buckboard and tumbled out its contents—axle grease, harness soap, spare nuts, and leather.

"It'll be like taking candy away from a child," he chuckled. "It'll be a cinch. Why, sarge, why didn't we think of it before," and he bubbled on with his preparations with the enthusiasm of a starved child for an ice-cream orgy. The only other thing he asked of me was my field notebook with its tissue and carbon sheets. Then Squeezles took charge. We halted the buckboard four hundred yards from camp, where the road twists out of the dry bed of the Seco, and an arroyo runs off toward the lieutenant's tent.

I crawled to the top of the rise. The saddles were gone from the rack and the horses were fidgeting with their nosebags, though it was an hour early for the noon feed. Some of the men were sitting in the shade of the haystack. The troop was packed and ready to march in all save the most obvious things—tents and "boots and saddles." But tied apart from his head stake, and backed against the skyline where I could see every whisk he made with his tail, was that fat little Papago pony, nibbling at the wisps that were left of his hay. It made the gooseflesh prickle across my shoulders, but I didn't have time to ruminate. I wormed up to the back flap of the lieutenant's tent and dived under. He was sitting at his field desk and he reached for his gun, but it was clear across the tent and I had mine against him before he could rise.

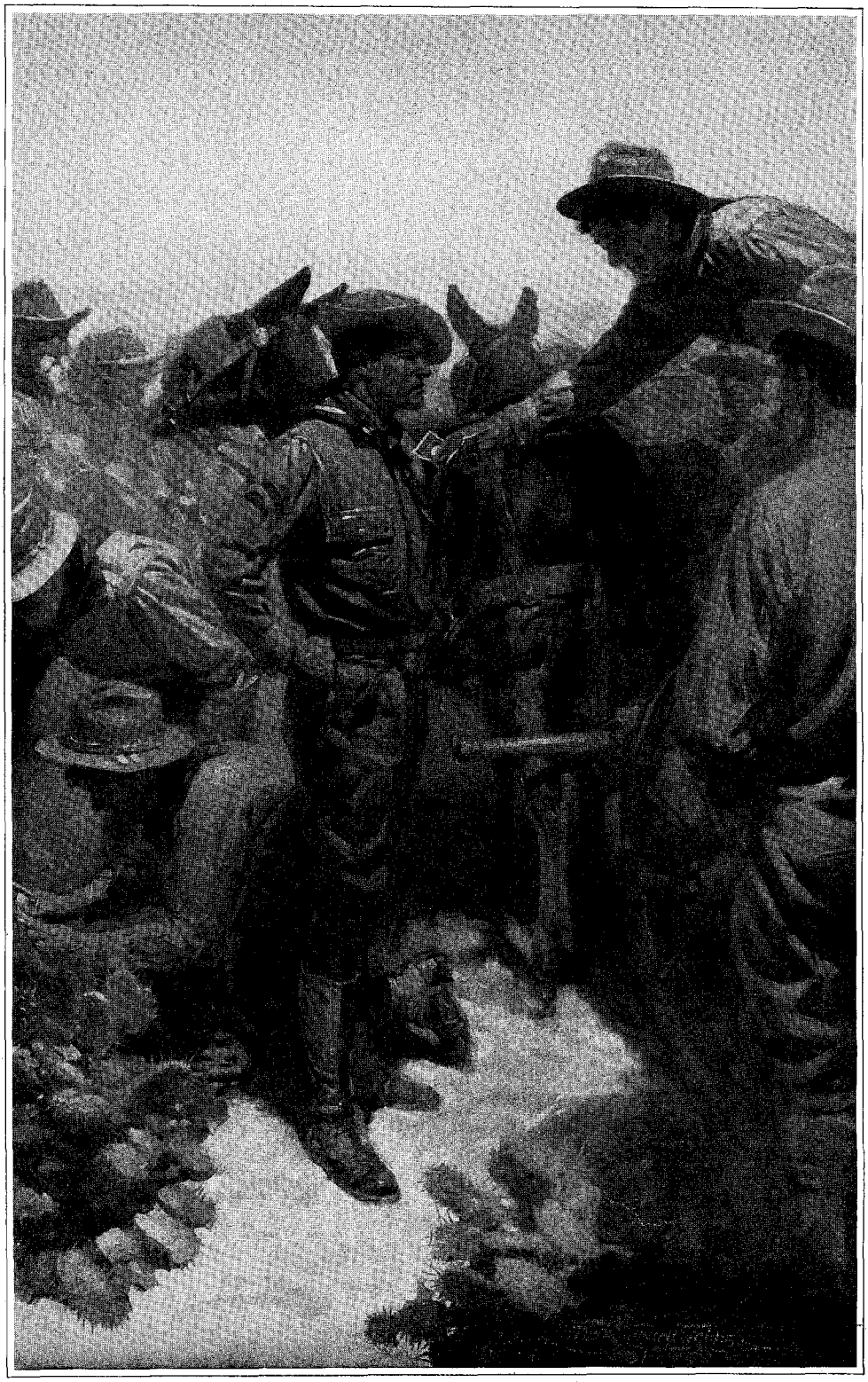
It made the gooseflesh prickle across my shoulders, but I didn't have time to ruminate.

"Don't move, lieutenant, and don't speak."

He settled back in his camp-chair, cool enough in all conscience.

"I suspected you a month ago," he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Frank Tenney Johnson.

"Take-a-chance-take-a-chance-take-a-chance, corporal."—Page 555.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said. "What business has a man of your education in the ranks?—penitentiary, or broken in the English army?"

I had intended to tell him what I meant when I came in, but the excitement had gotten into my blood, and I was too intent on straining my ears for the rattle of that old buckboard. I didn't have to wait for that.

"It's the first minute that counts," Squeezles had said, and he entered on that plan—like a stage-coach in a Wild West show, laying the whip into those two old mules and unlimbering his side-arm. He pulled up with a flurry of sand about ten yards from the lieutenant's tent, and the mutineers came rushing out of their cubby-holes with the fog of last night's indiscretions not helping them to solve the hilarious mystery. There was a moment of hypnotizing silence while Squeezles stood frozen in the opening gesture of Agamemnon Jones—long arms high above his head like a man crucified, then the words came tumbling in a high-pitched, brazen voice:

"Cumrades and gentlemen. Don't crowd about me. Gimme-air-gimme-air-gimme-air. I hold in my mitt a morsel of the marvellous medicinal mystery, wretched from the untootered breast of the monarch of the Papago or blood-sucking indeeans, busting loose with the long-sought secret that drew Punchey-dee-leeon from the bosom of his beloved family in the Seenyoritic langur of Old Spain."

It took with all but Bloede. The rest of them didn't know what Squeezles was talking about, but they stood beneath him with open mouths. Bloede growled:

"Cut it out, Squeezles. We've got no time for that."

But Squeezles was prepared; his voice never faltered.

"I've got the goods—I've got the goods—I've got the goods. Smell of it, bite it, tell it to your brother," and with a sweep of his arm, he scattered a small handful of one-dollar bills, and held aloft a roll with a yellow twenty on the outside. A silver certificate floated fortuitously into Bloede's hand, and by that time Squeezles had reached the "If-you-don't, I-do: If-you-do, I-don't," of Agamemnon's patter. He reached far forward and underneath the nose of Corporal Bloede, deliberately twisted that yellowback in with the wrapping of a piece of harness soap, and shook it tantalizingly in the man's face.

"Take-a-chance-take-a-chance-take-a-chance, corporal. Your money ain't like a turnip. It won't grow in a garden."

A soldier is never prone to take a dare on a twenty-to-one shot in a gambling game. Bloede snatched at a soap cube. Squeezles made a clumsy go of untwisting the wrapper and a guffaw went up, for Bloede peeled the paper and pocketed the bill.

Well, they simply rushed to it like sheep in a chute. The man who *could* tell how Squeezles did it would be wasting his talent; *he* should be selling soap. It was the art of a flame of genius and hard years of training—the art of taking people from their thoughts (when they don't want to be taken) and casting them under a spell of words. It was Squeezles's master moment, and I am not sure that it was not the master moment of his ilk. It went on for I don't know how long, and I found myself standing in the tent door with my hands clenched like a college rooter in the last period of a tied game. I had dropped my pistol on the camp-chair and the lieutenant was scrouging me over to get a better view. Two men had broken away from the crowd and stood to one side whispering. Squeezles didn't seem to observe that. He had the bulk of the squad's pay in his nose-bag and that was a lure that would have held most of them as long as there was a cent to stake, but the soap was running low, and Squeezles's eye was on Bloede and Knudson. Suddenly his voice dropped to a confidential whisper, and he was talking of, and doing something, as alien to his subject as night to day—but it was something startling. It was a shock.

"Never play with fire, lads. I did, and now look at me"—he threw back his head, and out of his mouth jetted a yellowish-blue flame. That brought Bloede back again, and before he had quite recovered Squeezles was selling soap. But the rest of the time for me was like turning thirty Damocles swords up the other way and sitting on them. The whole crowd seemed to be getting restless, and Bloede wasn't to be held. He backed away a pace and dragged two men with him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Attention, men. There's something wrong about this business. Where's Miller? Where's Sergeant French?"

Squeezles threw back his head and roared; he had reached down and pulled a gawky young recruit up into the buckboard beside him. He was tensing for his master stroke.

"I've attended to old French, and I'll tell you about Miller in a minute. But first, for the delicitation of my cumrades, I'm going to cut off the head of o r young friend here, and put it back again, without pain, without blood, and without harm—and then, we'll *all* go."

That was too much for them. I think some of them thought Squeezles could do it, and I wasn't so sure myself, though I seemed to dimly remember having seen that stunt before, ending in the precipitate flight of the intended subject. The rooky shifted uneasily.

"Aw, Squeezles, y'ain't goin' to do it honest?"

Squeezles's only reply was a laugh, rather metallic and not too reassuring. He was deliberately whetting his hunting-knife on shoe-leather, and while the flow of words never ceased, some of them were new words, never heard on the tongue of man before. He unbuttoned the recruit's shirt-collar and precisely traced a fine line about the bare neck with a lead pencil. He was panting deeply, and now and then his voice seemed to lose its steadiness and his sentences would end in a hysterical little gasp. I felt the lieutenant's hand on my arm. He was behind me and he could have brained me for all the care I took.

"Sergeant," his voice came in a scared whisper, "are you sure that's all right—out there bareheaded in that hot sun and everything?"

I didn't answer him. I was by no means sure. Squeezles seemed to be swaying a trifle on his feet, and I never saw such a look on a human face. My heart was going like a trip-hammer, and I filled my lungs to yell, but I never spoke. With a shriek of horror, that recruit made a bound from the buckboard and landed running in any general direction toward the far horizon. Squeezles sat himself down with an air of triumph, fanning himself with his hat. Sometime during the diversion, a team had driven up all unnoticed, and standing on the edge of that audience, hands deep in his trousers pockets, thin old shoulders shaking with his silent laughter, was Gramp Fuller in the flesh, and *he'd been there a half an hour*.

In Raynbred's tent, when the story had been told, the lieutenant sat with his chin in his hands, limp as a dish-rag—I hadn't spared a word. The lines were deep in the captain's face, he was getting to be an old man, and he had no family but that troop.

"If we air it, with a lot of trials, it will raise a stench that will be remembered in America for a century," he said finally, more to himself than us, but I knew what he meant.

"And they're just a lot of kids," I made bold to say, "as good as any—it's that pup Bloede, and this devilish place." The old man's eye with the twinkle behind it was full on my face.

"I've known you to have a talent for er—well—sort of *arranging* things. I wonder if you couldn't sort of arrange this." I knew what he meant.

"I know blame well I can."

Raynbred raised his head. The tin and tucker had passed from him.

"But how about me, sir? It's all my fault." The captain was kind. He walked over and laid a hand on the boy's shoulder.

"That's all right, son. You've learned your lesson—" I slipped out to the picket line and found Bloede. He expected to be put in arrest, I suppose, but I said:

"Would you rather swing or ride for it, Bloede?" I asked, and there were no two answers to that question.

"All very well—there's your pinto pony. Watch sharp, there's nobody looking now, and it's ten yards to the line, and never let me see your face or hear your voice again."

And so, bareback, and at a devil's clip, he made his mad race for Mexico.

But there wasn't the murmur of a hue and cry.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEMPACH

A BALLAD OF PATRIOTISM

By James Arthur Muller

THE lake was a mirror of glory under the golden sun,
The Alps were turrets of fire before the noon was done,
The song of the maidens echoed sweetly over the plain,
And sickles gleamed in the sunshine,
Gleamed in the golden sunshine,
Glistered bright in the sunshine, as they swung through the ripened grain.

Stayed were the hands of the reapers, the song was turned to a sigh,
For a fiercer red than the burning sun had painted the western sky;
Straight to the tangled woodland a messenger sped in haste,
For Leopold came marching,
Marching, Marching,
Four thousand Knights came marching over the burning waste.

Bright were their helms and lances, bright were their banners gay,
Light were the hearts of the cavaliers who rode with the Prince that day,
Rode with him over the mountain, singing a song of love,
And little they dreamed of the Switzers,
The faithful band of Switzers,
Who knelt below in the woodland and prayed to the Lord above.

Red were the rays of the sinking sun, red were the blazing fields,
Red were the plumes of the Austrian helms, blood red were their burnished shields,
And they laughed with scorn at the handful who waited them there in the pit,
And marched in a phalanx of lances,
A wall of blood-tipped lances,
And pierced them there with the lances, like roasted swine on a spit.

Then one of the mountain peasants, with a word of cheer to the rest,
Rushed full on the bloody spear-heads and gathered them unto his breast,
Down with his body he bore them, and his head sank low and he died,
Making a gap for victory,—
Over his body lay victory,
Over him there in the dust and the blood with a score of spears in his side.

The sun went down and the summer stars looked over the field of red,
Where Leopold the Handsome with a thousand Knights lay dead.
Noble and prince and peasant,—they laid them under the sod,
Noble and prince in the Abbey,
Ages ago in the Abbey,
But the grave of the hero peasant looks up to the stars of God.

. . . . . .

When the lake is a molten mirror under the golden sun,
And the Alps are turrets of fire before the noon is done,
And the songs of the maidens echo sweetly over the plain,
And sickles gleam in the sunshine,
Gleam in the golden sunshine,
Glister bright in the sunshine as they swing through the ripened grain,

The reapers cease for an hour, their song is a song of praise,
And hearts are bowed in the memory of the deeds of the olden days,
And they offer a prayer for courage like his who fought and died,
Clearing a way for victory,
Over his body to victory,
Over him there in the dust and the blood with a score of spears in his side.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WITH THE GODS ON MOUNT OLYMPUS

By Aristides E. Phoutrides and Francis P. Farquhar

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS

Olympus—hark!—and Kissavos, the brother mountains quarrel.
Which of the two shall throw the rain, and which shall throw the snow;
And Kissavos does throw the rain; the snow, that throws Olympus.

To Kissavos Olympus turns and speaks to him with anger:
"Chide me not, Kissavos, Turk-trodden, shameless mountain!
On thee a faithless breed, Larissa's Turks are trampling;
Olympus am I! Great of yore, and in the world renowned!
My peaks are forty-two, my fountains two and sixty;
On every peak there flies a flag, 'neath every branch rest Klephtes;
And yearly, when the springtime comes, and when the young twigs blossom,
My warring Klephtes climb my peaks—the slaves may fill my valleys.
Mine is the golden eagle, too, the bird of golden pinions,—
Look!—perched on the cliff he stands and with the sun converses:
'Sun mine, why from the early morn sendest thou not thy sunbeams?
Strike with thy light! Why must I wait till noon to warm my talons?'"

—*Translation of a folk-song known all over Greece, and sung in every country district, whether in Thessaly or Macedonia, or in Central Hellas or the Peloponnesus.*

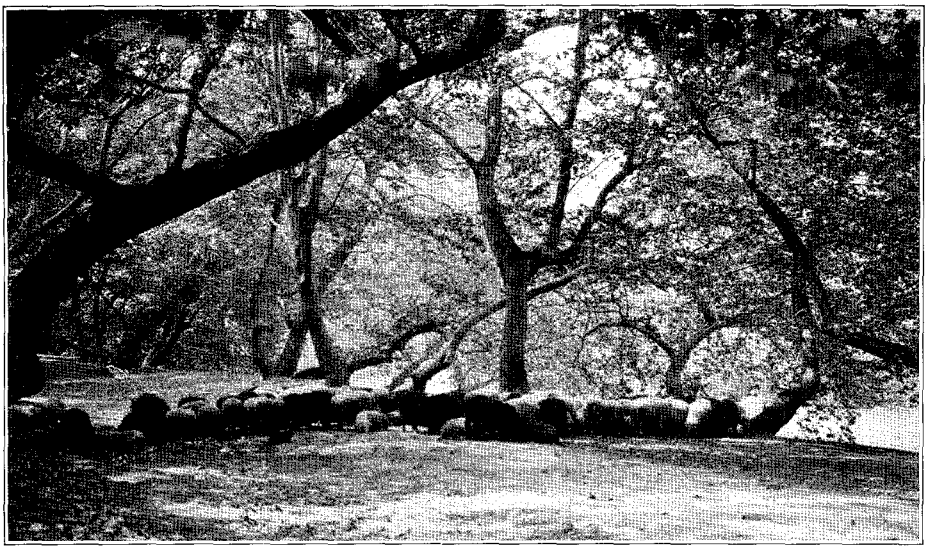
ANY one travelling across the plain of Thessaly in the vicinity of Larissa cannot help being impressed with the sharp contrast between the two mountains that rise in the northeast. To the left the majestic range of Olympus flings its huge buttresses far out from glittering snowy crests that tower to a height of almost 10,000 feet. (The height of Mount Olympus, the loftiest peak of the Balkan peninsula, is generally given as 2,985 metres, or 9,794 feet. Mount Ossa is 1,953 metres, or 6,407 feet, in altitude.) To the right, beyond the depression that marks the Vale of Tempe, rises the graceful pyramid of Ossa, untouched by snow, and lacking the splendor of its northern neighbor. One might well liken them to two kings: Olympus, a warlike sovereign surrounded by puissant lords; Ossa, an elegant monarch of a more peaceful country, reigning supreme over humble subjects.

When the storm-clouds gather over the mountains and their forests pipe to the fury of the reckless winds, and when the lightning snakes dart about them and the thunder shakes their aged summits, it is no wonder that the peaceful dwellers of the plain are led to believe that the two mountain kings battle against each other. It was this spectacle that suggested to the ancient Greeks the world-war between the Olympian gods and the Titans of Ossa; and to their modern descendants the strife of an animate Olympus with an animate Kissavos, as they have now called Ossa.

In the spring of 1914 we had come north from Athens and Central Greece to behold with our own eyes these famous mountains. We had scaled the heights of Parnassus, and had seen the splendid peaks of Helicon, Korax, Erymanthus, and others of classic fame. We hardly dared hope to climb the peaks of great Olympus, but were nevertheless eager to see them and perhaps go a little way. We first saw Olympus one afternoon as we were returning to Larissa from a visit to the Vale of Tempe. The clouds that had hidden it from us in the morning had lifted, and the sun now glistened upon the snowy arches that seemed to span the horizon. It surpassed even our greatest expectations. We were filled with enthusiasm and a determination to explore the summits, which promised sights truly fit for the gods.

In Larissa that evening we eagerly discussed the project. We had little to guide

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Photograph by Francis P. Farquhar, 1914.

The wide-spreading plane-trees are among the most delightful features of the Vale of Tempe. Their branches overhang the waters of the silvery Peneius.

us, for in Athens we had made no inquiries about the mountain, and in Larissa we could find no one who knew anything about it. All that we could learn was that it would be very dangerous: there were bandits in the ravines, there were many wolves, and the snow was deep and impassable. No one had heard of any one climbing the mountain, and no one had any idea as to how to approach it. Our only aid was a fairly accurate map published by the Royal Military-Geographic Institute of Vienna. A careful study of this map seemed to indicate two possible routes: one by the Vale of Tempe and along the coast of the Gulf of Salonica to the village of Litochorons; the other by way of Melouna Pass and the village of Elassona on the westerly side of the mountain. We determined upon the latter as seemingly the more direct. The remainder of the evening we spent in negotiating for a carriage and in purchasing some dates and bread and cheese. This was the full extent of our preparations for what proved to be a formidable and arduous undertaking.

Early the next morning we left Larissa in a dilapidated open carriage drawn by two stringy horses that were scarcely a credit to a region once famous as the home of the centaurs. Passing out of the town, we headed for the long range of hills that form the northern barrier of the Thessalian plain. It was a beautiful day, and a splendid scene lay before us. In the foreground were green fields of newly sprung grain, splashed with bright purple and yellow flowers, with here and there a group of dark-red poppies. Beyond were the hills, and above them towered Ossa and Olympus, splendid in the morning light. Toward noon we passed through the little village of Turnavos, and emerging from its narrow streets we encountered a motley caravan of Turks, their women's faces carefully swathed against the glance of the stranger. Shortly afterward we began the long, winding ascent of Melouna Pass.

We were now on the threshold of new Greece. Until the recent Balkan War these hills marked the boundary between Greece and Turkey. Once before, in 1897, Greece had endeavored to push this boundary northward, but had met with dismal failure in battles fought on the very fields through which we had just passed. But in the war of 1912 Greece was more successful. In the latter part of October, during the first week of that war, the Greek army stormed over Melouna Pass from Larissa, driving the Turks from their frontier outposts. The Turks made

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a brief stand at Elassona, but, seeing that they were about to be surrounded, they fled to the Pass of Sarantapouro, twenty miles to the northward. Here the Greek army, under Crown Prince Constantine, advanced upon them and a pitched battle ensued. Sarantapouro has been reputed from ancient times to be an impregnable defensive position; so when the report was sent out that the Greeks had captured it in two days it was received with incredulity. But confirmation followed almost immediately, with the undeniable news that the Greek army had occupied the village of Servia on the north side of the pass, had crossed the Vistritza River, and was on its way to Verria and Salonica.

Thus in one week was set free an integral part of Greece which for many centuries had been under the domination of alien races; and with this district there was restored to the Greek dominions one of the most illustrious landmarks of antiquity—the majestic Olympus.

Unvexed now by the formalities of a Turkish custom-house, we crossed freely into this newly liberated territory. We rapidly descended the northern slope of the pass and, passing through the village of Tsaritsane, soon came to Elassona. As we alighted before an inn in the middle of the town a curious throng gathered about us. Bakers left their ovens and cobblers their lasts to ask us the old Homeric questions:

"Whence came you?"

"Whither are you bound?"

"What may be your names?"

"And what land claims you for its own?"

Presently came two young men who surprised us by addressing us in English. They had been in America—one in Florida, the other in Manchester, New Hampshire—and had come back to Greece to serve in the war. They welcomed us to their native town, and cordially offered to show us its points of interest. Leaving our knapsacks—our only baggage—at the inn, we accepted their offer and strolled down through the steep streets of the picturesque little town to a quaint, humpbacked bridge that spanned a lively stream. Our friends told us of the battle that had been fought here a year and a half before, and pointed out the positions occupied by the contending armies. Here fell the first victims of the war, and here they rest now in the little graveyard just outside of the town. On a simple wooden cross marking the grave of the first officer killed we read four verses. No known poet has written them: they are a fragment from the lore of a people who live close to the very sources of the Fountain of Pieria:

> "Light be the earth on thee:
> Light like the leaf of the olive-tree,
> Like the tear on a virgin's cheek;
> Yea, light like a dew-drop in spring."

In the approaching twilight we ascended to the ancient monastery of Panaghia, or the Most Holy Virgin, that overlooks the town. Mounting the well-worn steps, we had a beautiful view of the surrounding country. Below us lay the plain, inevitably suggesting the dry bed of some prehistoric lake—now green with fields of grain and groves of mulberry-trees. Beyond, to the west and north, stretched the long line of the Pindus and Cambunian Mountains. And as we reached the monastery there came into view in the opposite direction great Olympus himself, near at hand now, so that we could see the deep ravines that penetrate to the very heart of the range. Ages have looked upon the mountain from this point. For the hill on which now stands the monastery of the Holy Virgin was once the citadel of a very ancient city, adorned with temples of other gods. Through more than three thousand years this spot has not even changed its name. In the time of Homer it was known as the "White City Oloosson," inhabited by Lapiths and ruled over by their famous king, Polypetes (*Iliad*, II, 739). Yet, ever young and ever beautiful, the mountain on which were born the gods of ancient Greece stands through the centuries, still a king among mountains, sending forth its songs and myths, its legends and its heroes.

Returning to the village, we continued our inquiries about how to reach the mountain. We now first learned of a small monastery, known as Hagia Trias, (or Hagia Triada), which means Holy Trinity, situated at Sparmos, close to its very base. There, we were told, we might find a lodging for the night. One of our Greek-American friends was able

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photograph by Francis P. Farquhar, 1914.

In the heart of the Vale of Tempe.

Steep cliffs of the Lower Olympus form its northern wall. A railroad has lately been opened through the gorge, giving access from Larissa to the Ægean Sea. During the past year this road has been extended to Salonica.

to direct us to this spot, as he had often hunted game on the slopes near by. From him we received our first encouragement. He had never attempted to go to the top of the mountain, but he believed that it might be done from Hagia Trias. Our chief difficulty, in his opinion, would be the snow. Wolves were very scarce, he said, and not to be greatly feared, except perhaps at night. He knew of no bandits or robbers now that the Greek Government was in control. Before the war there might have been danger from that source.

Early the next morning we left Elassona on foot. From the brow of the hill that overlooks the village our path led through many little ravines and over many ridges, until it descended to the banks of a stream which takes its source from the foot of the great mountain and, under the name of Diava, flows into the river of Elassona, the ancient Titaresios. Here we encountered a flock of goats scattered among thickets of prickly holy-oak and mastich bushes along the steep banks of the stream. Down below a shepherd boy watched us approaching. We called to him in the language of Athens, "Chairete!" which means "Rejoice!"

Seeing that he was puzzled, we addressed him with a greeting more familiar to the peasants: "Health be to thee!"

"Health to you, too!" he cried; and then wanted to know what our first word had meant. When he heard that it was just another manner of greeting he answered:

"We can't learn such good manners all at once. The Turks frightened us so around here that we hardly dared talk."

"You must be happy now," we replied.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Ah, yes, thank God, we can now breathe without fear. It was another thing when the Turk was here—you lived, and you hated every day you lived."

He expressed his regret that he was not anywhere near his fold that he might "befriend us" with milk.

Not long afterward we came to a primitive flour-mill, where we found an old man of whom we inquired the way. His voice was very weak, and sounded as if it came from far away—from another age almost. Evidently he had little opportunity to speak in the beautiful but deserted land where he lived. He knew neither reading nor writing, but he astonished us when, after the introductory questions, he sat by us and candidly asked:

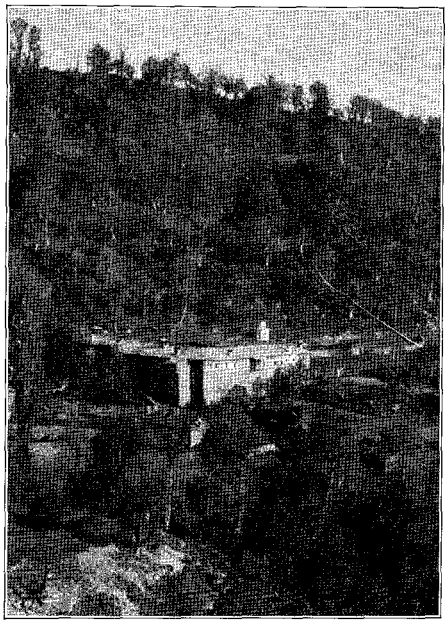
"You are people of the cities and you may know more about the world than we out here. They say there is war now in America. Whom do they fight, and what for?"

Yet it was only a few days since the episode had occurred that led to the occupation of Vera Cruz by United States troops. The old man was anxious to know how this war would affect the Greeks in America.

"For war is a bad thing," he concluded, "in spite of all the blessings that it has brought us here."

Then he showed us the direction we should take in order to reach the monastery.

Continuing our way across the valley, we came to a group of rough stone huts and a square, high-walled sheepfold, and presently began to enter the forest and at the same time to ascend. We were entering the great gorge that we had seen from Elassona, splitting the mountain to its heart. We now began to feel something of the mystery of the place—a spot which even before the dawn of history was renowned as a holy shrine. For on these very slopes must have been celebrated the rites of Pelasgian Zeus, introduced into this region by the Perhebians, who, according to Homer, "cultivated the fields by the lovely Titaresios" (*Iliad*, II, 751). This was in a period so remote that it seemed a legendary age even to those whom we are accustomed to call the ancients. Here, then, in old times came pilgrims to worship at the shrine of their highest divinity; and here again in a more modern age have come pilgrims to worship at the shrine of the Holy Trinity of the Christian religion.



Photograph by Francis P. Farquhar, 1914.

The monastery of Hagia Trias, or Holy Trinity, at Sparmos, situated on the lower slopes of Olympus.

Mounting upward through the open forest of oaks, we came at length to a winding path paved with large, flat stones. We followed this, and in a few minutes were before the gate of the monastery. The entrance was through an arch in the high wall that everywhere else ran around the enclosure, unbroken save by small, barred windows high above the reach of man or beast. We knocked, and in a few moments there came to receive us a tall, brown-bearded monk with kindly brown eyes.

"Thy blessing, father," we asked.

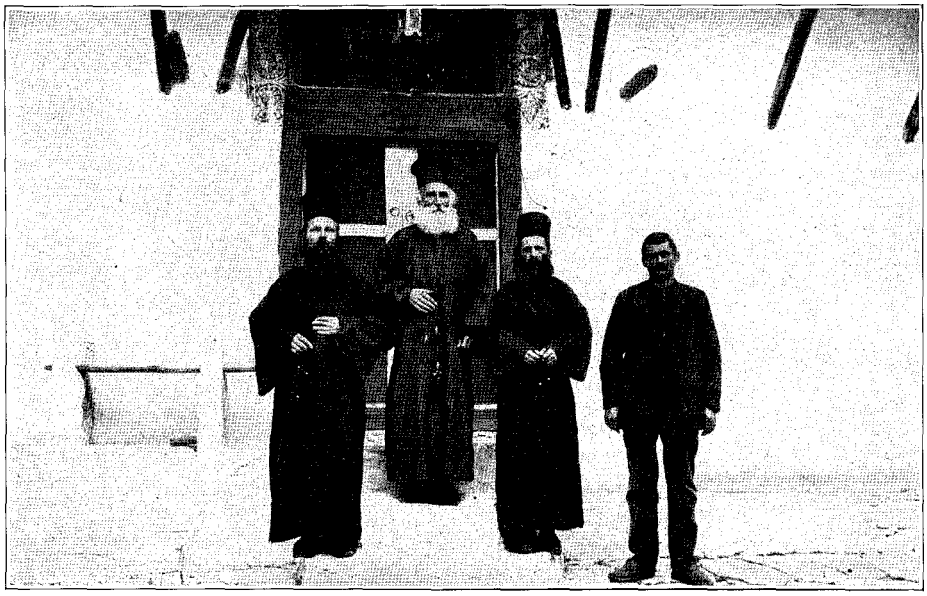
"The blessing of the Lord be upon you."

"We have come to visit the country round about, and ask for your hospitality."

"You are welcome. Command us."

He led us into the courtyard and up a flight of stairs into the "xenon," or strangers' room, large and bare, with two windows closed by iron bars, suggesting

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Photograph by Francis P. Farquhar, 1914.

The monks of the monastery of Hagia Trias at Sparmos.

Father Auxentius, Father Nicephorus the abbot, Father Cyril, and the lay reader, standing before the chapel entrance. The slab of wood at the left is the chapel "bell."

rather a prison cell than a guest-chamber. Our host, whose name was Father Auxentius, left us for a moment and returned with two other monks—the abbot, Father Nicephorus, a fine old man with white hair and beard, and Father Cyril, a small man, black of beard, but kind of heart: as we soon found.

The abbot repeated the welcome to the monastery, and then called a boy, who presently brought in a tray with coffee and masticha, a light cordial used everywhere in Greece. We drank and conversed for a few minutes, and then the monks excused themselves, as the hour for the Angelus had arrived. They seemed much pleased when we asked to be present at the service, and led the way to the little chapel which stood in the middle of the courtyard. The rough, whitewashed exterior was without ornament, save over the door, where was painted a rude fresco with a lantern hanging before it. At one side of the entrance a rounded slab of hardwood rested on a stone support. As we came into the courtyard, Father Auxentius, who had preceded us, took a wooden mallet and struck rhythmically on this slab for a minute. It was the chapel bell.

The three monks entered the chapel and took their places. Father Auxentius led the service, standing before the altar, a stole of red brocade about his neck, with silken tassels and gold ornaments. The abbot sat upon his throne by the right choristers' stand, and by his side stood Father Cyril. The left choristry was taken by a layman who served in the monastery. Small tapers shed a soft light over the frescos and paintings: everything seemed old, very old, as if time had stood still in this ancient place of worship. And indeed the years have brought but few changes here. The psalm-books from which we read were a century old; the paintings upon the walls dated from the seventeenth century; the abbot's throne, inlaid with mother-of-pearl in Byzantine designs, was much older; the building itself must have been almost contemporary with the founding of the monastery a thousand years ago.

The service was that of the Orthodox Greek Church, dignified and simple. The dim light of the tapers, the smoke from the censers, the fragrance of the offering —all conduced to heighten the Old World

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

atmosphere of the place. We were profoundly impressed with the sincerity of the monks and the devout spirit of the three or four shepherds who attended the service. Reverently we joined in their psalms and in their prayers.

At the end of the service Father Auxentius led us to a terrace outside of the monboys," he said, "and my eyes have seen many things. We are ignorant in other things, but we know what suffering is. Every white hair that I have can tell you a story. Thirty years! how many months and weeks and days do they make? Every day came with cares; every day went with cares. Bandits ran wild all over

Photograph by Francis P. Farquhar, 1914.

As we mounted higher and higher other peaks began to come into view, springing from the ground full-grown, like the armed men of Cadmus.—Page 573.

astery commanding a beautiful view of the valley of Sparmos and the mountains beyond. We watched the shadows deepen in the ravine as all things bowed before the "reigning" god of the day. Among the Greeks the sun does not "set" when he reaches the western horizon; he "reigns."

Supper was served soon after sunset. Black bread, cheese, yaourt (a universal Greek dish made from sour milk), warm goats' milk, and wine comprised our fare. We ate alone in our little room, but when we had finished the abbot came to visit us, with Father Auxentius and Father Cyril, and the chief herdsman of the monastery, John Phteriotes. The subject of the conversation was mainly the change in the régime since the last Balkan War. The abbot told us of the sufferings that he and the people of the neighborhood had to go through under the Turks.

"I have lived here thirty years, my the mountains. Often they would knock at the gate at night. What could we do? Refuse shelter? They had guns and cruel hearts, too. They might burn the monastery and burn us alive. So we gave them shelter. They drank and ate and went away. Then the Turks came to punish us. They bound me and my men; they flogged us and dragged us to prison, with bound hands like criminals. Flogged us! If I should bare my back you would still see the marks. There you have thirty years. Wouldn't your hair grow white, too?"

"But now, at last . . ."

"Now, glory be to God! It is good for those who will live after us. The Lord has heard our prayers. With all our sufferings we shall at least die happy."

A boy brought in two comforters and laid them on the straw mattresses that were stretched upon some wooden benches

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photograph by Francis P. Farquhar, 1914.

The rounded southerly peaks of Olympus.—View to our right as we neared the top of our first peak.

White mists gathered from every quarter, now gently drifting across the sky, now silently sweeping down upon the snow-fields.—Page 573.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photograph by Francis P. Farquhar, 1914.

The southerly peaks from the summit of our first peak.

Some of the peaks glistening with snow, others thrusting up black crags of rock into the swirling clouds that on all sides threatened to overwhelm the mountain.—Page 573.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photograph by Francis P. Farquhar, 1914.

The northerly peaks of Olympus, as seen from our first observation peak.

The more rugged and spectacular peaks to the north decided us. We climbed the peak to the left.—Page 574.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photograph by Francis P. Farquhar, 1914.

These towers, the most spectacular of the peaks that we saw, we named the "Thrones of Zeus and Hera."

Two great towers of black rock closed the view to the east; while in the vast abyss between, misty clouds rose and fell like vapor from some huge caldron. Just behind them to the left is barely seen another peak which is probably the one known as Hagios Ilias and for a long time considered the highest summit.—Page 574.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photograph by Francis P. Farquhar, 1914.

We were upon the very brink of a terrific precipice. For a thousand feet or more it fell.—Page 574.

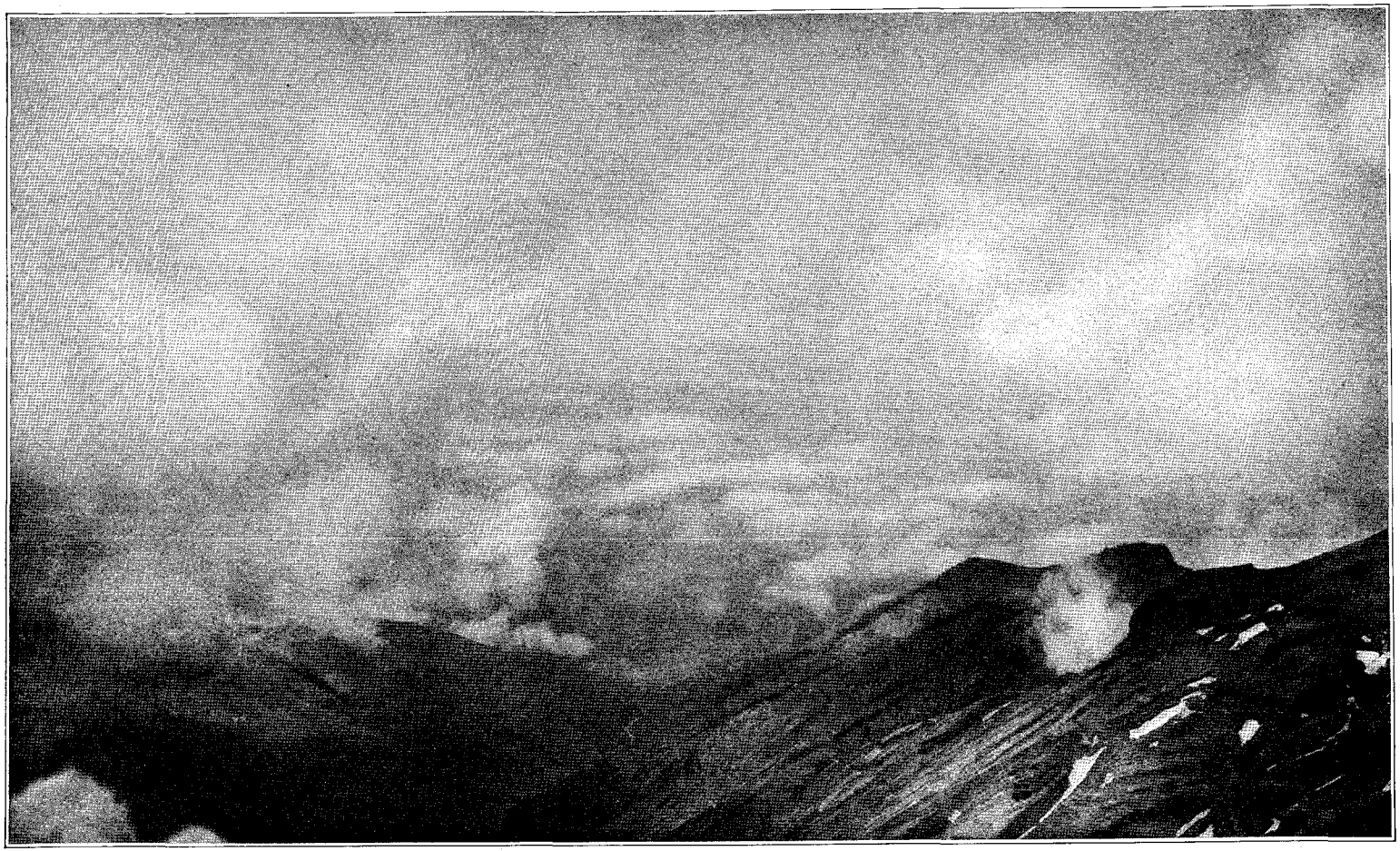
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photograph by Francis P. Farquhar, 1914.

Our highest peak, as seen from near the foot of the black towers looking west.

There is some doubt whether this peak, or one just behind it, or one of the black towers, is the supreme summit of Olympus.—Where a short time before there had been great masses of cloud there now remained only a few torn shreds, clinging to the jagged ridges or hanging like pale ghosts in limbo.—Page 576.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Photograph by Francis P. Farquhar, 1914.

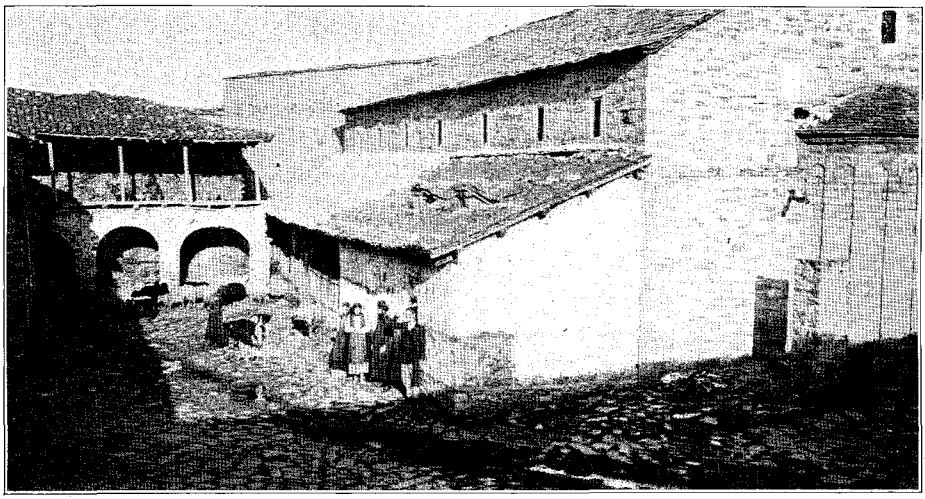
Northerly view from our highest peak.

Farther away, at a lower level, there floated over the region of ancient Pieria a flock of fluffy white cloudlets driving along before the breeze like sheep on the way to pasture.—Page 576.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beside the walls. The abbot rose and the others with him.

We lay down to sleep, and it might have been a fine sleep had not a whole company of ill-mannered rats chosen to carry on



Photograph by Francis P. Farquhar, 1914.

In the courtyard of the monastery of Hagios Antonios at Demirades.

This monastery is in the village and is on the main highway from Thessaly into Macedonia. It has been badly treated through the centuries and is much run down. In this picture the monks are superintending the shearing of the sheep.

some active exercises behind the partitions. Such is the price of antiquity.

On the following day, April 30, 1914, we climbed Mount Olympus. We rose before daylight and nibbled a little bit of bread and cheese for our breakfast. We had no mountaineering equipment other than stout shoes and light hearts. One of us carried a small rücksack containing a camera and some bread, cheese, and dates.

It was four-thirty o'clock as we left the gate of the monastery and descended the paved path to the bed of the ravine. We stumbled along in the semidarkness, cautiously following a wood path leading northward toward the massive mountain. As the light gave sureness to our steps we advanced more rapidly, and after about an hour and a half came to a place where the ravine split in two. Taking the branch to our right, we followed it for a little way, and then began to climb out onto the ridge at our left. For some time now we had not been on the path, but we had no difficulty in making our way. The climb up the wall of the ravine was an arduous one, as the ground was very steep and slippery. As we neared the crest of the ridge we came upon a multitude of flowers that retarded us even more than the steepness, for it was impossible to pass by the most beautiful violets we had ever seen without pausing to delight in their color and fragrance.

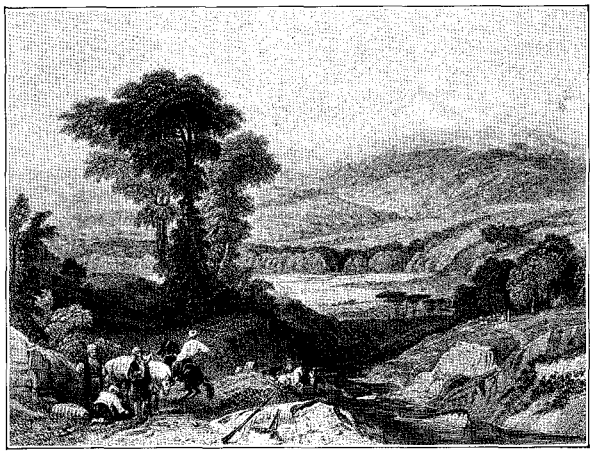
A morning breeze rolled down from the snowy summits above us; sunbeams glanced upon the heights and flooded the hills and plains below: the glories of the day had begun. We were now on the crest of a long ridge that mounted by easy grades toward the higher parts of the mountain. About half past seven we came to a fountain, where a stream of pure water gushed forth from a wall of masonry into a long trough. An inscription chiselled in the stone recorded the date of its erection, which, surprising enough in this land of antiquity, was no longer ago than the previous year. Near by were some circular walls, evidently sheepfolds, well protected against the winds—or possibly the wolves. Not long afterward we encountered a patch of snow, and soon were at the highest line of vegetation.

The way now became steeper and the rocks and snow made progress more difficult than it had been over the open pasture-lands below. As we pressed onward we eagerly watched the sky for signs of cloud. During the past few days the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

summits had been cloud-capped for most of the day, clearing only toward evening. This morning, however, had begun with such a clear sky that we hoped that the weather might have changed. Yet even as we watched there suddenly developed out of the blue air a puff of white, floating like a downy feather over the heights to our right.

It was the beginning. During the next hour white mists gathered from every quarter, now gently drifting across the sky, now silently sweeping down upon the snow-fields. Steadily we plodded on and up, seldom resting, eager to gain the summit ere the threatening clouds became too dense. We could already see rounded peaks towering on either side of us, while directly ahead rose a cone-like crest that we believed must surely be one of the loftiest of the range. And now as we then summoned our strength for the last thousand feet of our climb. We had decided to ascend the peak immediately in front of us, as it seemed to occupy a central position and was apparently connected with the other parts of the range by high ridges, or cols.



Mount Olympus. Drawn by W. Purser and engraved by E. Finden. Published, 1833, by J. Murray, London.

A sixteenth-century conception of the Vale of Tempe and Mount Olympus and Mount Ossa.

It is by the celebrated Flemish geographer, Abraham Ortelius, who was born and died in Antwerp, 1527 to 1598. It is dated 1590. The view is supposed to be from the Ægean Sea looking westward through the Vale of Tempe, with Ossa on the left and Olympus on the right.

It was ten o'clock when, at last, with a shout of triumph, we stood upon the summit and looked off at the superb panorama before us. It was the first of the magnificent scenes that we were to behold that day. We were indeed at the very centre of the range. And now we knew why in the old folk-song Olympus boasts of two and forty peaks. There they were, rank on rank: some glistening with snow, others thrusting up black crags of rock into the swirling clouds that on all sides threatened to overwhelm the mountain.

In front of us, below a snowy amphitheatre, there yawned a tremendous gulf, splitting the range into two distinct parts. We now perceived that the peak upon which we stood was but a slightly more elevated portion of a broad ridge that connected

mounted higher and higher other peaks began to come into view, springing from the ground full-grown, like the armed men of Cadmus.

We paused for a few photographs, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photograph by Francis P. Farquhar, 1914.

Mount Olympus, as seen from the Pass of Sarantapouro—looking southeast.
The highest snow-clad peaks are scarcely visible.

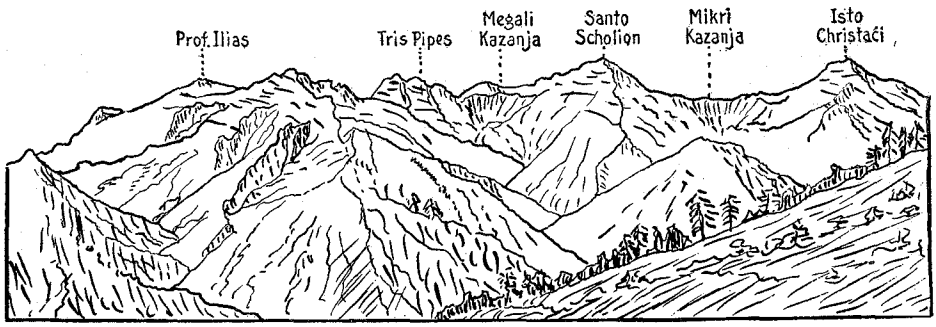
the two parts of the range, welding them into a great horseshoe. Moreover, it was apparent that we were not upon the very highest point; for near by, both to the right and left, stood peaks that were unquestionably higher—not much higher, to be sure, but enough to place the matter beyond doubt. We were eager to push on, but whither should we turn? Anxiously we watched the summits, snatching glimpses as the clouds rolled and shifted. At one time we felt sure that among the group to the south lay the supreme point, but as we were about to set out in that direction a clearer view of the more rugged and spectacular peaks to the north decided us, and without further hesitation we turned and hastened toward them. From our observation peak we glissaded down on the snow to the lower part of the col, and then began slowly to mount again over a series of rounded crests that led us in a semicircular course to the westerly or left-hand end of the ridge, shown in the illustration on page 567, which we reached in about an hour and a half.

As we toiled up the last hundred feet over the rough shale and softening snow, we little realized what a surprise was in store for us. So far this peak had seemed, like the others over which we had passed, a rounded crest with only slightly steeper sides. But when at the very last we put foot upon firm rock there burst upon us with the final step a scene that made us cry out in amazement. We were upon the very brink of a terrific precipice. For a thousand feet or more it fell; then dropped down, down, in steep terraces to the distant plain far below. To our right the ridge now appeared as a sharp knife-edge extending in a curve to two great towers of black rock that closed the view to the east; while in the vast abyss between, misty clouds rose and fell like vapor from some huge caldron.

For a while we watched this awesome scene, but we were still not satisfied that we were on the highest peak. Yet in the swirling clouds we could discern nothing higher, unless it might be the black towers before us. At all events they were the most spectacular points we had seen, and we resolved to have a closer look at them. Accordingly, we pushed on along the knife-edge to a point where it turned sharply to the right and began to descend. Here a narrower and slightly lower ridge ran over to the nearer of the two towers, ending abruptly at its base. We examined it minutely, estimating the difficulties of traversing it and climbing the rocks beyond. We felt sure that with care it could be accomplished; but for several reasons we hesitated. In the first place, it was getting late. The clouds were shutting in more and more, and already a con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

siderable portion of our return journey was shrouded in drifting mist. This meant a long and perhaps difficult task ahead of us ere we could reach shelter. Then, too, we were beginning to tire from our exertions; for we had been going almost constantly for eight hours, and in that time had ascended some eight thou-



The northerly side of Olympus.

From a tracing of a sketch in "Grundlinien der Geographie und Geologie von Mazedonien und Altserbien." Von Doctor J. Cvijić, Professor an der Universität Belgrad. Gotha, 1908.

sand feet, and this with but scant nourishment. It would require full strength and nerve to cross the narrow pass, which we could see was treacherous with loose rock and brittle snow-combings. But what finally determined us to abandon the attempt was the doubt in our minds whether these rocks were, after all, any higher than the peak we had just left. A doubtful summit was hardly worth the risk. So we looked wistfully across the few feet that intervened and at length reluctantly turned back.

[Two days later, as we looked back toward the mountain from the Pass of Sarantapouro, it seemed to us that this peak of ours was, after all, a trifle higher than either of the black towers. Doctor Cvijić, of the University of Belgrade, Serbia, with whose work on the geology of Macedonia we subsequently became familiar, had a nearer view of the northern side of the mountain from across the defile of Petra. From his point of view the two black towers appeared as three, which he calls the "Tris Pipes." The peak that we ascended is shown on his sketch as Santo Scholion, and apparently seemed higher to him than the "Tris Pipes." Farther to the southwest on this same sketch is shown another peak, "Isto Christaći," named, says Doctor Cvijić, for a Klepht who was killed in battle. This peak he calls the highest summit of Olympus. We saw this peak and passed within a few hundred feet of the top of it on our way to "Santo Scholion," and could easily have reached its summit had we suspected that it was the supreme crest. We are inclined to agree with Doctor Cvijić, although, as far as we know, the summits have never been accurately measured.

Subsequent investigation has also disclosed the fact that very few attempts at an ascent of Mount Olympus are on record. The first attempt of which we have been able to find any record was by the English diplomatist, David Urquhart, in 1830. He started from Hagia Trias, but evidently kept too far to the east, as he admits seeing higher peaks beyond, across a great chasm. In 1856 the French archæologist, Léon Heuzey, ascended the peak called Hagios Ilias from the eastern side of the mountain. He called this the highest point, and his error has persisted in a few guide-books and books of reference up to the present time. Heuzey made valuable contributions to the archæological knowledge of the region, but his inaccurate account of the summits of Olympus has been misleading to subsequent climbers. Doctor Heinrich Barth, the German explorer, attempted an ascent in 1862 from the village of Kokkinoplo. He proved that the peak of Hagios Ilias was not the highest, but was unable to reach the higher peaks. In 1856 the Reverend Henry Fanshawe Tozer, an Englishman, following Heuzey, ascended Hagios Ilias, and from there plainly saw several higher summits to the southwest. These were unquestionably the ones described by Doctor Cvijić. Doctor Cvijić himself did not ascend the mountain, nor have we been able to discover any record of an ascent since the time of Tozer, although it is not impossible that others may have made the attempt. A French guide-book mentions an ascent by a M. Gorceix in 1869, but we have not been able to find any further account of it. In 1911 Engineer Edwart Richter, of Jena, Germany, was preparing to make the ascent from Kokkinoplo when he was captured by bandits. For over three months he was held in captivity, during which time the Turkish Government made strenuous efforts to effect his release. The bandits accepted several large sums of money in ransom, but each time craftily managed to retain their prisoner. The story reads more like a tale of a hundred years ago than an event of the present day, but its truth is fully attested.—See Urquhart, David, "The Spirit of the East." London,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1838; Heuzey, Léon, "Le Mont Olympe et l'Acarnanie." Paris, 1860; Barth, Doctor Heinrich, "Reise durch das Innere der Europäischen Türkie." Berlin, 1864; Tozer, Reverend Henry Fanshawe, "Researches in the Highlands of Turkey." 2 volumes. London, 1869; Cvijić, Doctor J., "Grundlinien der Geographie und Geologie von Mazedonien und Altserbien." Gotha, 1908; Richter, Ingenieur Edwart, "Meine Erlebnisse in der Gefangenschaft am Olymp." Leipzig, 1911.]

And now new glories began to unfold before us, as if in compensation for what we had foregone. A change was taking place all over the mountain top. The wind was beginning to tear apart the enveloping clouds and to lift them high in air. Already, toward the south, peaks were coming into clearer view that hitherto had been but dimly seen. And here for a moment we had a glimpse of Ossa, far away, just raising its pointed cap above the massive southern wall of Olympus. It was a welcome sight, for it gave us an unmistakable landmark and at the same time a standard of comparison by which we knew that we were well above the opposite part of the range and unquestionably on one of the very highest parts of the mountain. The greatest changes, however, were taking place close about us, and in the region to the north. Where a short time before there had been great masses of cloud, there now remained only a few torn shreds, clinging to the jagged ridges or hanging like pale ghosts in limbo. Farther away, at a lower level, there floated over the region of ancient Pieria a flock of fluffy white cloudlets, driving along before the breeze like sheep on the way to pasture. Now and then they would separate enough to disclose here and there the wooded hills and valleys beneath. Encouraged by these glimpses, we peered eagerly through the clouds farther to the east, hoping to see the waves of the blue Ægean. On a clear day we would have been able to see across the Gulf of Salonica to the trident-like Chalcidice, with Mount Athos tipping its easternmost prong. But for us the whole world in that direction was screened off by an unbroken sea of cloud far too dense to give any hope of vanishing. But toward the west the view was rapidly improving. We could now catch glimpses of far-away mountain ranges, extending off into the north to the borders of Serbia and Albania. It was a wild, rugged scene, easily suggesting to the mind the scenes of blood and strife that were being enacted even at that very moment in the region just beyond, where Greeks and Albanians were striving for possession of the villages of northern Epirus.

For a long time we had been so absorbed in watching the ever-changing splendors of the cloud formations, and in the physical exertion of the ascent, that we had almost forgotten the significance of the noble mountain upon whose crest we stood. But there now occurred an event so strikingly appropriate, so perfectly symbolic, that we could scarcely believe our eyes. As we leaned over the brink of the precipice and gazed into the vast amphitheatre beneath, there suddenly flew out from the cliff two eagles. Off over the great void they sailed, then plunged into a bank of cloud and were lost to view. What else could it mean but that Zeus himself, with Hera, his regal consort, had come forth to see what mortals dared intrude upon their heavenly abode! And as we looked upon this sign all thoughts of highest peaks and precise locations vanished from our minds and all weariness and hunger left our bodies. We were in the very sanctuary of the immortal gods and we seemed to become immortal ourselves. Beautiful Hebe poured nectar even for us, and the drink was so sweet and so strong that the tears came to our eyes—tears of pure happiness; for it was given to us to behold sights that few if any among mortal men have ever beheld. Indeed, the only one who ever truly saw these glories was the blind poet of the ancient epics, a poet whose eyes were blind to all transitory shadows, but wide open to the radiance of all eternal things. With the aid of his undying words we tried now to conjure up before us the heroic episodes enacted on these broad summits. We beheld the banquets of the gods and attended their councils. Out of the clouds to the east we saw Thetis, mother of the mighty Achilles, rising from the Ægean Sea:

"Out from the deep . . . she came
And climbed Olympus to wide heaven, and there
Found wide-seeing Zeus, who from the others far

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On many-ridged Olympus' topmost peak
Was throned. . . ."

Before him she knelt and made her prayer to the son of Kronos, and

". . . with his dark brows
He nodded; down the locks ambrosial streamed
From that undying head; while all the peaks
Of high Olympus shook with awful sound. . . .
Then Thetis sprang from the resplendent crest
Olympian to the deep sea. . . ."
—*Iliad*, Book I (Lewis's translation).

Other scenes were then enacted. We saw the "ox-eyed" Hera, the radiant Aphrodite, Phœbus Apollo and his sister, the wise Athena, and Ares, god of war. We beheld them under many aspects: now quarrelling among themselves over the fates of men, now laughing with Olympian laughter. But at length there came the inevitable twilight of the gods. They lost their heroic character, and we seemed to see them more as pictured by Epicurus, living eternally among themselves a life of unceasing bliss and everlasting tranquillity far from all shadow of care and unconcerned with the surging waves of human woe.

Gladly would we have remained for many hours beholding these sights and dreaming these dreams, but we were mortal after all, and at length we were compelled to take thought for our descent. It was half past one, and we had far to go. Stern necessity prevailed upon us, and slowly and reluctantly we began our journey back to the world of mankind far below. It was half past five when at last we reached the monastery of Hagia Trias. The kind monks welcomed us back, and provided what refreshment they could. We talked for a little while, telling them of the wonders we had seen on their mountain—wonders so near them, yet which they had never thought to go and see for themselves. Then we rolled up in our comforters, and slept a sleep that not ten thousand rats could have disturbed.

In the morning we bade good-by to our hospitable hosts. They urged us to remain for a few days and rest, but we felt that we must be on our way. That night we spent at another monastery, called Hagios Antonios, at the little village of Demirades, close to the main road running north from Elassona into Macedonia; and on the following day we continued our journey over the mountainous Pass of Sarantapouro. During the day we saw many signs of the battle of the preceding year: torn shreds of clothing and broken equipment, and on either side of the road long mounds of earth marked the fiercely contested passage of the "iron gates" that guard the entrance into Macedonia. It was evening as we wearily trudged into the half-wrecked village of Servia and sought out the xenodocheion, or inn. The next morning we secured horses and rode for thirteen hours over a wild mountain road that afforded superb views of the deep canyon of the Vistritza, or Haliacmon, River. Many strange sights we saw that day: villages perched high on the tops of mountains and nestled far down in deep ravines; streams of water harnessed in sluices to turn a dozen mills; and a road-bed made of pure white marble for several miles. And late in the afternoon a long descent brought us to the town of Verria, at the edge of the great plain of southern Macedonia, a town perhaps better known by its ancient name of Berea, whither Saint Paul fled when the Jews drove him from Thessalonica (Acts 17: 10). At Verria we came again to a railroad, and on the following day took the train to this same Thessalonica, or Salonica, now as in ancient times a great centre of commerce.

And from the Gulf of Salonica a few days later we had a last view of the mighty Olympus as we steamed out into the Ægean on our way to Mount Athos and Constantinople. We beheld it from across the water, looming majestically against a cloudless sky, a mountain truly ὀλόλαμπος, or "all-resplendent," as the Greeks love to explain the origin of the name. For a long time we watched it, till at length the evening shadows crept into the deep ravines and the golden beams of the setting sun kindled the crystal summits. Then, indeed, did we behold it transfigured into that blissful place praised by the god-inspired Homer, "where, as they say, is the seat of the gods that standeth fast forever. Nor by winds is it shaken, nor ever wet with rain, nor doth the snow come nigh thereto, but most clear air is spread about it cloudless, and the white light floats over it. Therein the blessed gods are glad for all their days."
—*Odyssey*, VI (Butcher & Lang).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PAIR OF LOVERS

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

THE first shadows from the western mountains fell upon the little farm at their foot. Often they seemed to chase James down the road. He had gone for the cows alone since he was six years old, but he had never grown accustomed to the queer shapes of the alder bushes in the evenings and to the dark masses which filled the fence corners. Even familiar Mooley and Daisy and Bess took on vast and unfamiliar proportions. James did not often run, and having safely crossed the bridge over the stream which made his mother's land such fine pasture he grew bold. He could see from there the kitchen light, darkened sometimes as his mother passed before it, or he could hear the great tin pails rattling on her arm as she swung open the barnyard gate.

This evening James could not see the kitchen light or hear the pleasant clink of his mother's pails. Already the loud "Gee, Mooley! Haw, Bess!" with which he expressed his return to confidence in himself and in the reasonable structure of the world, was on his lips. But the shout died soundlessly away.

The light of his mother's lamp was lost in a brilliant glare. At first James was certain that the dreaded fire was at last consuming their dwelling and he began to run, crying frantically, "Oh, mother! mother!"

Then he stood still. The light was not in the house, but in the road; it was not the leaping red flame with which fire devours wooden walls and roof. It was a round, still, white light, or, rather, two round, still, white lights which illuminated the road to the bridge. James could count every nail in the railing, every knot in the floor. He could see also, as he looked down to gauge the astonishing power of the fiery eyes, his own bare feet, released to-day from their winter bondage of shoes. He could see the smooth, beautifully colored bodies of the Alderneys, moving placidly up the road in the face of the great light as though they were indifferent to the strange phenomenon.

James stopped so long in amazed contemplation that the cows were half-way to the barn. Then he ran at furious speed.

"It is one of *them!*" he cried, divided between fright and rapture.

At the gate of the house yard he stopped, breathless. The automobile lights were now behind him; he could see that the kitchen lamp was burning and that his mother stood in the doorway, her pails, one inside the other, in one hand, her lantern in the other. Facing her on the step was a stranger, a tall young man with an eager, commanding voice.

"The dairyman told me about you. He said that you loved animals and were kind to them. Robin should be on a farm while we are away. I wouldn't have bought him if I had known we were going so soon. He won't be any trouble, and I will pay you well."

Mrs. Schelling set the lantern on the sill beside her. She was a Pennsylvania German and spoke English with difficulty. She braced herself by putting her hand against the door.

"I could not say his name, to call him."

"Robin! Call him Bob, Bobby; anything you like!"

"I could not talk to him in English."

The young man laughed. "Then talk to him in German!"

Mrs. Schelling answered with a slow "Well." Two dollars a week would be a desirable addition to her income. Suddenly her face brightened. "The little one can talk to him!"

At this mention of himself, James withdrew to the shadows. But it was not at him that the stranger turned to look. The stranger gave a signal, a sharp stroke of middle finger against palm. In answer,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a creature leaped in a single, startling curve through the air. It hurled itself from the seat of the automobile and landed on the step between the stranger

Then was the gate of Paradise opened.—Page 580.

and James's mother. It was a collie dog, brown as a chestnut.

"Isn't he a beauty?" The young man did not wait for an answer. While James's mother gasped at the suddenness with which the dog had hurled himself at her, his master put him through a series of tricks. He said one word and the collie sat up on his hind legs, another and he leaped higher than his master's head.

"You will keep him?" said he, like one who is accustomed to obedience. "Robin, you are to stay here till I come."

Without another word, the young man stepped into his car. There was a whirring noise, a jolt of wheels, and the car moved. The ribbon of light rolled itself up until it vanished like the gloves of a magician. Loneliness and darkness descended once more upon the little farm; the spring evening seemed like a dark winter night.

"James!" called Mrs. Schelling.

James came out of his hiding-place into the pale light by the door. His blue eyes almost popped from his head. He looked up at his mother and she looked down at him. Between them, the collie turned warm brown eyes from one to the other. Neither mother nor son was given to speech, not because their minds travelled with especial slowness, but because their thoughts were alike.

"It is a dog!" said James's mother slowly in German, as though she could not believe in his presence.

"Will he stay all the time here?" asked James in the English which his mother required.

"Till winter. This was young Harmon from town."

"Will he bite?" asked James in dread.

"No, he is kind." Mrs. Schelling started with pails and lantern toward the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

barn. "You are to sit with him till I come back."

"He might run away for me!" objected James.

"Then call him! He will come if you call him. His name is Amshel in English. You can say it."

James sat on the door-sill and the dog lay on the step. James was in an ecstasy compounded of delight and terror. If he had ever desired a dog, he had not asked for one. He was a person who accepted the existent as the inevitable. Now he was afraid, not so much that the dog would bite him, as that the beautiful creature would scorn him. This was a rich dog, a proud dog. The Harmons lived in a great and wonderful house. James looked down embarrassed at his soiled bare feet, then solemnly back at the brown eyes.

For a long time he did not move. He could hear the sound of the milk streaming between his mother's strong fingers into the pails; he could hear an owl hoot in the distance and a whippoorwill call near at hand. At the latter dismal sound, accustomed as he was to it, he moved a little on the step, as though, under pressure of loneliness, he dared seek acquaintance with his proud companion.

"Robin!" said little James. "You—you doggy!"

Then the dog did a strange thing. James recounted it shyly to his mother when she came from the barn. Though speech was difficult, this pleasant experience must be imparted.

"Mother," said he. "I spoke to him by name and he licked me!"

James's mother looked down at the pair. The collie sat with his head on the little boy's knee, and James's arm was round his neck. The tears gathered in her eyes as she carried her heavy pails into the kitchen. Perhaps she thought of the human playmates whom James might have had if life had been different.

For a week the collie was not allowed to leave the yard. When James started for the cows, the dog accompanied him to the gate and waited there till he came back. He did not seem to miss his master, to whom he had belonged only a short time. When James came in sight, he barked like mad.

One evening James started later than usual. The shadow of the mountain lay already on the farm; to go toward it was like entering a darkening cave. Mrs. Schelling came twice to the door to bid him go.

"Take him with you!" She never ventured upon the dog's name. The collie had become "him" as all masters of Pennsylvania German households are "him."

The little boy leaped and shouted.

"Dare I?"

"Why, yes. He knows enough now to come back."

Then was the gate of Paradise opened. The two went down the lane with the speed of greyhounds, but with the erratic course of June-bugs. They advanced and they receded, retracing their steps from pure joy. They screamed and barked together. The little boy was transformed; he behaved as though he had become insane. His mother called to him to drive the cows carefully, and, as though to make up for the soberness of the return, the two behaved all the more crazily. The collie sprang over fences; he sprang over the little boy's head. The little boy, a week ago so sober and quiet, danced like a Mænad or like a fakir of India. He drowned out the cry of the whippoorwill with his wild clamor, his shrieks and song. The stories which his mother had told him were strange, superstitious tales brought almost two centuries ago from Germany; he shouted out the names of their heroes in foolish reiteration, "Old Till Eulenspiegel, Old Sir Devil! Old Sir Devil, Old Till Eulenspiegel!"

The cows walked home slowly, but behind them were strange doings. The little boy danced into the shadows, apostrophizing them scornfully.

"Oh, you nix nutz under the tree! Oh, you black man by the wall! Oh, you fat pig in the corner!" He shrieked with laughter as though his sentiments were the wittiest in the world. He beat at the shadows and kicked them. There was nothing in the universe which he feared.

All the summer Paradise continued. The little boy explored the mountain upon which he had hitherto never dared to set foot. He went far from home along the country roads. When a man spoke to him roughly, the collie leaped at the

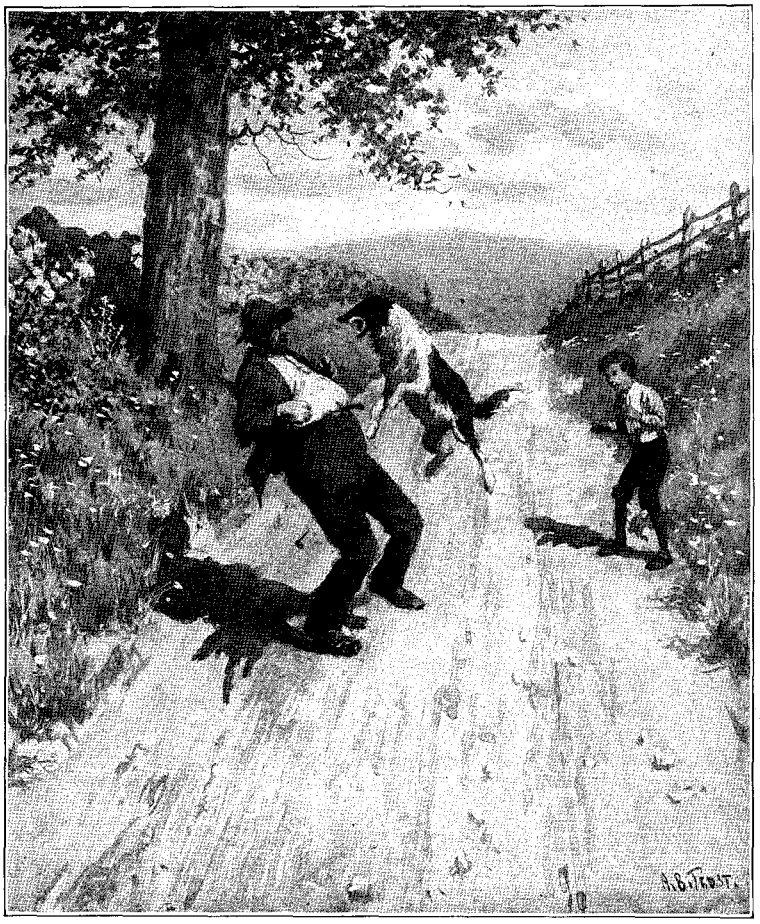
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stranger with the same curving swiftness with which he had leaped from his master's automobile.

When school opened, the dog went with the little boy to the schoolhouse and lay in the corner of the room, being often used as an example by the teacher. The teacher regarded James with astonishment. From the most quiet of her pupils he had become the noisiest.

When September changed to October, the cows were once more fetched at twilight. The progress to the pasture was still as wild as a June-bug's flight. The evenings were cool; the two would have moved swiftly even if life had not danced within them.

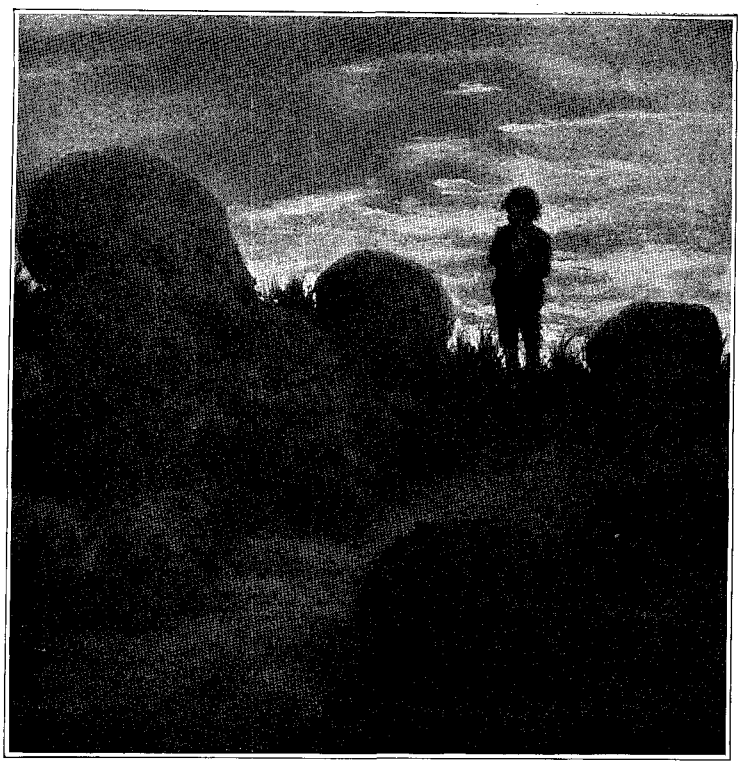
The little boy had for some time crossed the bridge by walking on the hand-rail, with the dog barking in admiration or fright below him. The night of the first frost, his foot slipped and he plunged head first into the dark pool. He could swim, but the icy water bound him with fetters. He sank and rose and sank again in spite of all his frantic efforts to strike out with feet and hands. Then, beside him, he felt a support at which he could clutch, his fingers sank into a shaggy coat, and in an instant his feet touched the rising bank.



The collie leaped at the stranger. — Page 580.

Foolishly, he went on for the cows, not dashing about and shaking himself as the collie did, but walking slowly, trying to choke back his sobs. He could scarcely pull the pasture bars out of their sockets or follow the slow pace of the cows. They

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



He had to encircle a pile of huge boulders.—Page 583.

had crossed the bridge before he had left the shadows of the alders.

When he reached the bridge he gave a sharp cry. Again the light in his mother's kitchen was invisible; again there stretched to his feet a broad, shining ribbon up which Daisy and Mooley and Bess were making their placid way. He called the dog in terror, but he did not come. Already four flying feet had carried the collie up the lane to the side of the young man on the step. Mrs. Schelling faced him, her lantern in one hand, a roll of money in the other.

"I do not like to take it," said she. "He was like a person to us." She could see the little boy creeping along the edge of the lighted road.

"I'm much obliged to you," said the young man. "There is something there for your little boy, too." He gave a brisk command and the dog hurled himself into the car. There was a whir, a jolt of wheels, and the ribbon of light rolled itself up once more.

Mrs. Schelling waited for the little boy on the doorstep.

"Come in, little James." She laid her hand on his shoulder. "My child, you are wet!"

The little boy could make no answer, but stood with contorted face, trembling. His mother felt of him, questioning him wildly.

"What has happened? You were in the water! What ails you?"

At last the little boy found his voice.

"I fell in the creek. He pulled me to the bank! Oh, mother, mother, mother!"

Mrs. Schelling stripped off his clothes and began to rub the shivering body. Then she wrapped him in a blanket and took him in her arms. Daisy and Mooley and Bess waited long to be milked.

In the frosty morning the little boy went for the cows. His icy plunge had not hurt him, but he moved slowly. In the evening he cried softly all the way to the pasture and all the way home, too smitten with grief to observe the threatening shadows.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the next evening the shadows were in their places, darker, more terrible than ever. They seemed like sentient beings who would remember that he had mocked this one, had thrust that one with a sword of wood. They had grown larger; he could scarcely find a path between them and the fence. When he came to the house his face was so white that his mother was frightened.

"I could get you a dog," said she.

"Oh, no!" cried James. "Oh, no, mother!"

By November, darkness had fallen completely when the little boy came home with the cows. There was still green pasturage in sheltered places, but it was far away. The little boy had to go round the enormous, rustling crown of a fallen tree; he had to encircle a pile of huge boulders. The autumn wind made crackling noises in the underbrush; the shadows thrust out arms to seize him. He dared not run and he was afraid to walk slowly. He tried to keep between the cows, but they wandered uncertainly from side to side, stupidly unaware of his human need.

One evening the cows were restless. James was late, having postponed his journey as long as he dared. The sky was black and the air was full of threatening sounds. When James thought he heard padding feet and panting breath he stood still and screamed. Then his cry changed to a shout.

"Is it thou!" laughed he. "Thou! Thou!"

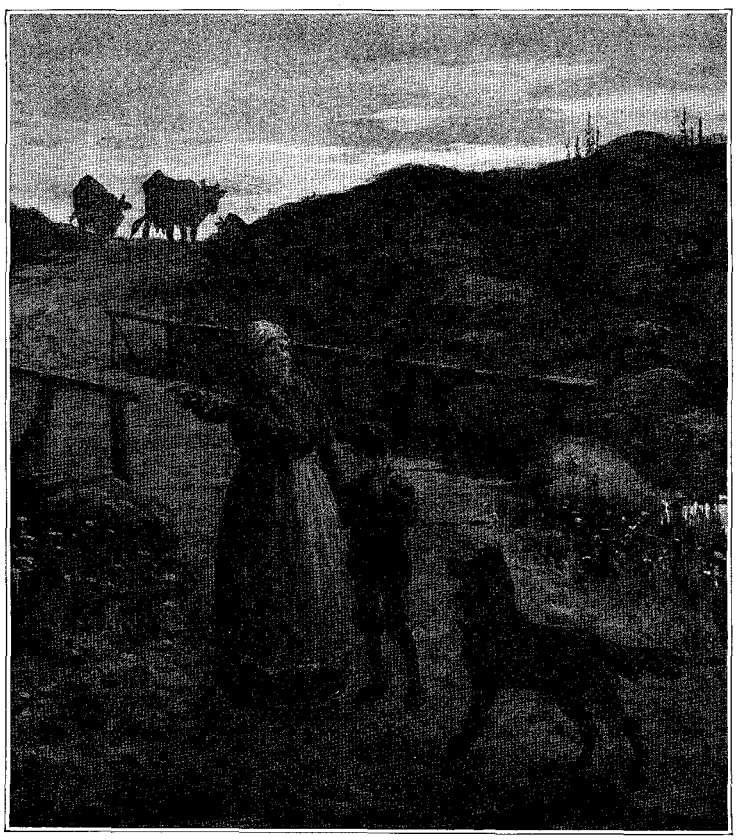
His mother waited for him at the barn gate and did not see his shining eyes till she came into the kitchen.

"What ails you?" she asked.

"He was here," answered the little boy.

"He? Who?"

"*He*, mother! He brought me till over the bridge, then he went home."



"Oh, *please* go home!" she cried.—Page 584.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It cannot be!"

"He was here," insisted the little boy.

The next evening James came home again with shining eyes. His mother looked at him in terror.

"He was here again," said James quietly. "He was here with me till the bridge. He remembers about the bridge."

In the morning, Mrs. Schelling went out in the starlight to talk to the dairyman who fetched her milk cans.

"Do you think I could buy this dog?" she asked. "My little one is—is—" she could not say the dreadful thing she feared.

The dairyman shook his head.

"That dog cost two hundred dollars. If that young fellow wanted the moon he could have it. All his life he has had everything."

Mrs. Schelling was now terrified because she had had in her house so valuable a creature. She wished that she had never seen the young man and his dog.

That afternoon the young man himself rode up the lane and beckoned Mrs. Schelling to the gate.

"My dog runs away every day. Does he come here?"

"The little one says he does." Mrs. Schelling drew a deep breath of relief.

"Where is the little boy?"

"At school."

"Tell him to drive the dog home." The young man spoke angrily. It was easy to see that he had always had everything. "Tell him to throw a stick at him. He's cunning as a fox about getting off."

Having issued his commands, the young man pulled a lever and the car slid down the hill.

Mrs. Schelling gave James the young man's order.

"You are to throw him with a stick and drive him off."

James laughed. "He would only fetch the stick!"

"I will drive him off. The man talked as if we would steal him!"

The next evening Mrs. Schelling crossed the bridge to meet the returning procession. The cows moved placidly along, behind them the little boy laughed and waved his arms, beside him leaped the collie. The little boy did not see his mother until he was almost upon her.

"Mother!" he screamed. "Do not hurt him!"

The collie ran forward and took Mrs. Schelling by her apron and skirt. When he could release her for an instant, he barked for joy.

"You lump!" cried Mrs. Schelling in a furious tone. "You bad dog!" Mrs. Schelling's voice weakened a little. "You rascal! You scoundrel! Go home!" The last words were as weak as the chirp of a sparrow. Mrs. Schelling had seen suddenly over her shoulder the black pool beside the bridge. "Oh, *please* go home!" she cried.

At the end of another week the young man came again. This time he waited until James came from school.

"You must drive him home," he commanded sternly. "I can't keep him penned up night and day. He's getting to be a tramp dog. Do you feed him?"

"No," answered Mrs. Schelling.

"I save him sometimes a little something from dinner," confessed James.

"You're ruining him. He'll have to be beaten if he doesn't stay at home. Remember! I'm determined to conquer him."

That evening the collie waited at the bars.

"To-morrow I will chase him," said the little boy. The next day he said again "to-morrow," and the next. When six days had passed he still had done nothing. Then the collie came panting, walking heavily, with welts from a whip on his back.

"Oh, you must stay home!" wailed the little boy.

To his terror the collie would not leave him at the bridge. But if he did not go home he might be killed. James picked up the end of a fence rail and threw it with all his strength and the collie dropped as though he had been shot.

Somehow the little boy and his mother got the dog to the kitchen. His eyes were open and he breathed, otherwise he gave no sign of life. James sat beside him on the kitchen floor, speechless with woe. Suddenly he began to cry.

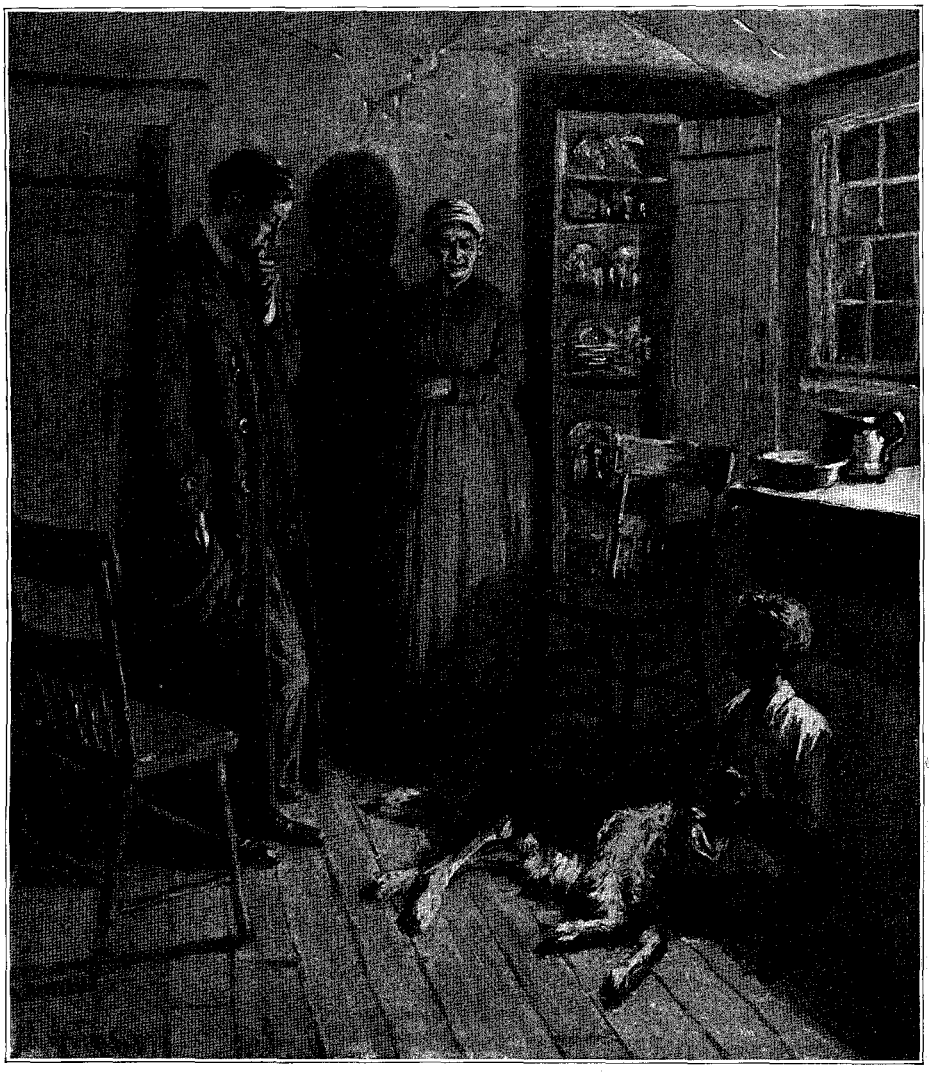
"The man is coming!"

Mrs. Schelling met the stranger at the door in the glare of light from the automobile lamps.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The little boy threw him with a stick," said she.

The young man crossed the room and knelt down and passed his hand over the thick coat and the sleek legs. The cruel welts were still there; it was not the little boy who had hurt the dog.



"For always?"

"He's not badly hurt; he's only tired out."

Then the young man moved his hand quickly away from a wet, warm, forgiving touch, and got to his feet. He looked about the simple room, bare of everything but the necessities of life, at the hard-working woman and at the little boy in his home-made clothes. He was himself not much more than a boy, and indulgence and prosperity had not yet so hardened him that his heart could not be touched. Now if he conquered anything it was a creature much harder to conquer than a dog.

"You may keep him," said he, in his clear, sharp way.

James gave a startled cry. "For always?"

"Yes," said the young man, "for always."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

Wrapt in mystery—
Mystery of age and woes—
Hobbling slow and painfully
Down the street she goes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OLD WOMAN

By Louise Morgan Sill

ILLUSTRATION BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

OLD and bent is she
As if life had beat her down;
There is nothing much to see
In her smile or frown.
With her frayed-out market-basket
In her bony hand,
Is she anything—I ask it—
One could understand?

There perhaps is this:
She was once a bride, they say,
And received the nuptial kiss
On a wondrous day.
But her lips. Could they have been
Ever red and sweet?
Lives there any who has seen
Hers with others meet?

Mother she was, too.
But her children all have left her.
What is left for her to do?
Life has given, and bereft her.
There is something terrible
In that stiff droop of her head,
As if all the graves were full,
And one lived but to be dead.

Wrapt in mystery—
Mystery of age and woes—
Hobbling slow and painfully
Down the street she goes.
Doubting she could hear,
Near I drew with cheerful stir,
Gently said, "Good morning, dear!"
And—O God—the smile of her. . . .

UNDESIRABLES

By Mary Synon

EVERY little while the Chinese woman, huddled in a darkened corner of the observation-platform, sighed. The sighs—tired, heavy, like the sobs of a child who has stormed through emotion to lassitude—came between the staccato clicking of the wheels on the rails and struck tingling nerves in Meta Hammond's spine. Twice, disturbed by the insistence of the other woman's grief, Mrs. Hammond had risen from her lounging-chair to go within the car; but each time she paused in realization that her going would mark the end of the Chinese woman's brief parole. Relaxing, in amusement at her unwonted altruism of motive, she had drawn her moleskin coat more closely around her, and settled back to wait the other woman's pleasure in returning to the bright warmth that the pale-orange ribbon of light, wavering upon the swaying platform, harbingered.

In the shifting shadows, as the North Coast Limited roared through the night of the pine forests, trailing its tail lights on glittering parallels of track while it toiled up the flanks of the Bitter Root Mountains, Meta Hammond studied the Chinese woman with an intensification of that curiosity that had kindled her interest when she had seen the alien for the first time, two nights before, in the Northwestern station at Chicago. The Chinese woman, crouched on a camp-stool, presented now the same aspect of grotesque variance from her surroundings that had attracted Mrs. Hammond's attention to her when she had met her on the wide stairway of the terminal. Her black-velvet hat, with its dejected white plume drooping rakishly over one of her slanting eyes, her imitation-ponyskin coat with its

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

imitation-ermine collar, her cheap black-serge skirt with its undulations half revealing the daintiness of her surprisingly excellent boots—all struck the watcher anew with their pitiable striving after the prevailing mode in the dress of Occidental women. It was not the bizarre contrast of shoddy raiment with the mysterious element of the woman's race that had riveted Meta Hammond's eyes upon her at the time of their meeting, or that kept Meta Hammond's presence with her now. It was the band of iron that locked the Chinese woman's wrists.

Mrs. Hammond had heard its curiously clicking sound when she had passed the woman on the stairway. Once before in her lifetime she had heard such a sound. Its note, brazenly discordant for all its merging into the myriad noises of the place, had clanged viciously on her consciousness, turning her toward the little group with whom she had come abreast, and showing her the Chinese man and woman, manacled together, marching before a hard-eyed American who kept his right hand in the pocket of his overcoat. Meta Hammond had given a little gasp of consternation at the inclusion of a woman into so blatant a picture of the penalty of crime, then edged away from contact with the actors of the unrevealed drama.

They had overtaken her at the gate while she fumbled to find her tickets to Seattle. She had heard the white man's curt order to the aliens to stand in front of him as he produced their tickets and his own. She had met the terrible look of despair that the woman had flashed upon her. She had listened to the gateman's laconic explanation, "Undesirables," flung to a curious passer-by, and had glimpsed a vision of the prisoners cast upon some westward-sailing ship for return to the land that waited to crush them. Then, finding her way to the secluded drawing-room of one of the cars, Mrs. Hammond had sought to forget her fellow travellers.

Forgetting them was impossible, however, while she had to pass them whenever she went to the dining-car. For hours the tragic fear of the Chinese woman's face would haunt Meta Hammond. On the second morning it inspired her to speech as she passed. The woman bowed gravely, with something like gratitude gleaming from the coverts of her frightened eyes. The man, chained to the officer, did not look up from his study of the plush upholstery, but the officer gave Mrs. Hammond a quizzical, officially appraising stare that reminded her startlingly of another time and another scene. Its memory sped her forward to her drawing-room, and kept her from traversing the train for luncheon. It inspired her order to have her dinner brought to her. It obsessed her through the solitary meal until, to find relief from the surge of recollections it had evoked, she went out to the brightness of the observation-car, only to find herself stranded there with the prisoners and their custodian. The desire to avoid sight of the ominous trio drove Mrs. Hammond to her last refuge. She went out on the platform, turning her chair so that she might not see the interior of the car, and facing outward toward the narrowing trail between the pines. She was gazing backward through more than the night of stars when the officer opened the door.

"I wonder," he asked her directly, his cold eyes scanning her, "if you'd let me leave my prisoner with you? She won't give you any trouble. She needs the air, but I couldn't look after them both outside. May I bring her?" A peremptory note in his voice checked Meta Hammond's impulse of negation. "Certainly," she said.

The Chinese woman, groping her way toward the shadowed corner, dropped on the camp-stool without apparent heed of Mrs. Hammond. For a little while she held herself motionless, a Niobe of voiceless woe. Then slowly, rhythmically, she began to sob. The sobs died down to sighs. Now the sighs, fluttering like wounded gulls on troubled waters of a sea of grief, came to rest. The silence that followed them, like a pause in music, held Meta Hammond's interest more tensely than had the sounds. She leaned forward in her chair, revealing under the streaming light how splendidly lovely was her sleek, tawny hair, carefully coiffed under her jaunty moleskin hat, how perfect was her profile and the long line of her throat, how exquisite was her golden-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tinted skin, how significant of the love of luxury was her graceful pose; revealing, too, but without the same consciousness of revelation, how a certain little hardness of curiosity lighted her orange-flecked brown eyes into vulgarity. The gleam brightened as she spoke to the other woman. "May I do anything for you?" she asked, then bit her lip in realization that the woman was not likely to understand her speech. To her surprise the other answered her in English. "No, thank you," she said, her voice on the dead level of listlessness. Her glance, running out into a yardstick of psychic measurement, told Meta Hammond that the prisoner had divined her motive, sensed her curiosity, but the impulse toward exploration into the alien's history was running too high to be dammed. "Would you mind telling me," she asked her, "why they are sending you back?"

"We go back," said the Chinese woman, "to die."

Meta Hammond leaned forward, her hands closing over the other woman's manacled wrists. "You? Oh, it can't be! It's too horrible," she rushed on. "You don't mean that you've been condemned?"

"Yes."

"But it's awful! It can't be that—What could you have done? It wasn't—" She paused before the word. The woman nodded. "You don't mean that you—that you killed some one?"

The Chinese woman shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh!" She drew back, loosening the grip of her hands, while her avid gaze studied the lilylike beauty of the sorrowful face. "You're so young. How did it happen?" Something in the limpid look of the strange eyes swung open another door in Meta Hammond's questioning mind. "What did your husband have to do with it? He is your husband, isn't he?" The answering nod urged her on. "He did it, didn't he?"

"Yes," said the woman. "He killed the man I loved."

"But you? Why should you go back for that? Why should you pay for his crime? You don't mean," Mrs. Hammond cried incredulously, "that you're *choosing* to die with him?"

"Yes."

"Oh, it's wrong!" Meta Hammond's cry rose high above the silence the one word left in its wake. "It's not fair. Even if you did wrong, your husband didn't have to kill the other man. He had his own choice between right and wrong. He should be willing to expiate his own sin. He shouldn't expect it of you. You'll have to suffer some way. Every one does. But it's too hideous that you should choose to die for your husband's crime!" She kept her intent stare upon the other woman, as if she expected to see in that stoically quiet face some indication of assent to her protests. But the Chinese woman only looked toward the fleeing rim of the pines.

Mrs. Hammond twisted in her chair. "I suppose," she said, "that you think I'm horribly, rudely curious. I'm not just prying, really. I'm going to your country; I'm sailing day after to-morrow. When I saw you in the station I noticed you first because you were Chinese. Then I saw those." She pointed to the iron bands. "And I wanted to know you because—" She hesitated a perceptible instant. Then the impulse toward confession that makes American travelling vivid drove her to self-revelation. "The first time I ever saw handcuffs," she said slowly, "was when I saw them on my husband. He's in prison now, under a fourteen-year sentence for forgery and embezzlement. You see," she said, "why I am interested?"

The Chinese woman brought back her gaze from the rim of the pines. She looked squarely at Mrs. Hammond. Her glance, appraising rather than questioning, spurred the other's speech.

"I suppose you wouldn't have left him," she said. "I had to. I'll tell you all of it, so that you'll understand." She tapped her slender, ringed fingers on the arms of the wicker chair. "You see, I'd been poor when I married Vance, but I didn't marry him for money. I'd have been perfectly willing to be poor with him. He made a lot of money, though, the first year we were married. Then he lost a lot, but I didn't know that. He began to speculate with other men's money. I didn't even dream of what he was doing. But he went on stealing, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I went on spending. If I'd known he hadn't the money, I'd have done with what we had. But he wasn't square with me. He let me think he had a gold mine till the crash came. Then he said that he had sinned for me. They all blame it on us, don't they? And now we're paying the price of it."

The Chinese woman seemed to see only the glittering rails that spun out like streamers of fire from the end of the train, but Mrs. Hammond went on. "Oh, yes, I'm paying the price, although I'm not in prison. Why, do you know that I can't even get a divorce? The judge threw my case out of court. And so—and so I'm going away with another man because I can't marry him, running off to the far corners of the earth as if we were criminals. That's my penalty." Self-pity choked her. She spread out her hands as if to invoke the other woman's sympathy. Then, even in the half-light, she saw the smile that curved the Chinese woman's lips.

Its mockery, arousing her to anger she could not express, sent her mind seeking some way of proof that this alien, this woman under sentence of death, possessed no virtue to which she, Meta Hammond, could not lay claim. Hot words of self-justification surged to her lips, but stayed unspoken as the noise of grating brakes rattled above minor sound. The train was slowing down, gliding toward a stop in the wilderness of mountain forest. Through its attendant noises Meta Hammond studied her companion, framing sentences of explanation to hurl when quiet came. Before opportunity permitted speech, however, the door opened. The officer thrust out his head, nodding toward the prisoner. "You'll look after her?" he shouted. Meta Hammond bowed promise.

As the train stopped, its length quivering into passivity, Mrs. Hammond walked to the edge of the platform, peering in search of the reason for the halt. There was no town visible, not even a station, but a little ahead of the flaming headlight gleamed the track of a junction road. From far off in the night came the dreary whistle of another train. Mrs. Hammond came back into the circle of radiance from the car, drawing from the inner pocket of her coat a railway map, and tracing upon it with her forefinger. Almost roughly she turned to the prisoner, still huddled upon the camp-stool. "Here," she said, "here's your chance. Give me your hands. I can unlock those handcuffs. Take my hat and coat. There's a veil in the pocket. Here's money enough to get you to Canada. That train's coming to this junction on its way north. Run down this incline and up on the other side of that track. Tell the conductor you lost your bag in changing. Go to the end of the line, then get a motor to take you across the border. It's only a chance, but, for God's sake, take it!" She reached for the Chinese woman's wrists. But the woman drew back from her.

Out of the night there came again the whistle of the approaching train, driving its echoes through the mountains. "Quick!" Meta Hammond urged. "Let me unlock them. You won't be caught. Even if you are, you have lost nothing. If you get away, you have your life." Her hand groped for the lock of the handcuffs. But the Chinese woman drew away her bound hands, and rose from the camp-stool, facing Meta Hammond in the blaze of the ribbon of light. Her rakish hat slipped backward over the imitation-ermine collar of her imitation-pony-skin coat. Her cheap serge skirt undulated ludicrously. Her manacled hands clutched each other fiercely. But all the grotesqueness that had been hers was lost in the majesty of her determination as she gazed unflinchingly at the woman who would have freed her. "You do not keep your faith," she said steadily, while her white-hot scorn seared Meta Hammond's shell of beauty, of poise, of certitude. For the moment she was the free woman. "Open the door," she ordered. Meta Hammond held open the door for her while she went within the car.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WANTED: A GOVERNMENT

AN AMERICAN WOMAN'S LETTERS FROM MEXICO

By Alice Day McLaren
Author of "The Tragic Ten Days of Madero"

MEXICO CITY, January 15, 1915.

THE triumphal entry of Generals Villa and Zapata took place on the sixth of December, the two riding at the head of the troops. By courtesy the southern soldiers were allowed to march first, ununiformed for the most part and undisciplined.

The leaders themselves were objects of much interest. Zapata affects the picturesque *charro* costume, but Villa, although he was got up in a blue uniform with brass buttons for the parade, prefers an old sack suit, a brown sweater of the high-necked variety, and a battered Texas hat with the brim turned up in front, giving him a debonair and "don't-care" appearance. There were a surprising number of serious-looking and intelligent-looking officers with the troops and it was a hopeful display on the whole.

The week after the triumphal entry of the two Generals they left, one to the north, one to the south, to finish up Carranza. General Eulalio Gutierrez (the woods are full of generals down here) and the Sovereign Convention are in charge.

Christmas and New Year have not been gay. People are feeling the high prices severely and we are threatened all the time with bread and corn shortage. Some trains come from the north and as long as that line is open we shall get some mail and you people up there in the land of plenty will not let us starve. The city seems fairly orderly and there is far less promiscuous shooting.

February 5, 1915.

Hurrah for the revolution! We have had another change of government. Last week Provisional President Gutierrez conceived the idea of starting a little fun on his own account and marched out with his troops. He evidently liked the Chief Executive's chair so well that the notion of eventually relinquishing it was intolerable to him and he decided to lay plans for permanent occupancy. General Gonzalez Garza was appointed to take his place and the Sovereign Convention is still sitting. I wish you could hear some of the debates in the meetings of this august body. There are, of course, a good many clever delegates, but the majority are men whose minds are just beginning to work, who are just beginning to realize that they have minds, and they glory in talking after so many years of silence. I repeat that it marks progress. They discuss a myriad of questions which have no bearing on the present crisis. When it seems as if they should be talking about pacifying the country, getting railroad communications, a stable currency, and the re-establishing of commerce, they devote a large part of their time to the discussion of the improving of the school of art, what kind of clothes the judges shall wear (when they get any judges), and the legitimatizing of natural children (quite an undertaking, this last). One day something was said in a session about the "law of demand and supply," whereat a delegate got up, saying that he had never heard of any such law and that he was opposed to its adoption by the Sovereign Convention.

The city under the Gutierrez rule was comparatively orderly. Food is getting much higher in price and much more difficult to find. People are crazed on the subject of laying in supplies and the chief topic of conversation is the price of corn, beans, rice, coffee, and all the things we have never given a thought to before. I have been improvident, having nothing but a few staples, but some people have enough stores to stand a siege. We feel fairly safe as long as there is a railroad escape in any direction and when we get hungry we will "evacuate."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

March 4, 1915.

We have been having our reign of terror during the last month with a vengeance. Gonzalez Garza had only been at the head of affairs a week when there was another evacuation of the capital, the Convention and all the troops scattering to the south with the customary incidents of a retreat: the commandeering of horses, coaches, automobiles, and trams; scattered bodies of troops, their slatternly women following at a trot with their *brazeros* (charcoal stoves) and utensils in their hands or on their heads; bundles of baggage and loot; men wearing one precious embroidered hat over another to carry it safely; officers on foot followed by orderlies (or disorderlies) carrying valises, saddles, or what not; frightened families of officials; isolated mounted soldiers, their guns across their saddle-bows; a curious, unorganized, silent horde, running to cover.

General Obregon came in to take charge of the City of Mexico as Mr. Carranza's duties in the "capital" at Vera Cruz absorbed his attention. The first shock to the innocent residents here was the cutting off of the water supply by the departing Southern Army. We were warned on the afternoon of the day it was stopped and we rushed around filling every tub and basin and bucket in the house. Oh! those days without water were unspeakable! After a short time the authorities arranged for water for an hour every morning from a reservoir and people were supposed to stock up for the day. Those nearer the source of supply and those with good-sized storage tanks or artesian wells did not suffer, but there were thousands who had to carry water to their houses from their neighbors' or public wells. "Come over and have a bath," was a hospitable invitation frequently heard and gratefully accepted. The facetious talked of bathing parties and allusions were made to "bath-buns," "sponge-cake," and "Turkish delight." Of course, there was not enough water to cleanse the sewers in this flat town and the smells in the streets were shocking. We learned to know the sewer vents and would run by them holding our offended nostrils and finally exploding in an outraged "Phew!" I do not yet see why we have not had a terrible epidemic of some sort. There has been a great deal of small-pox and the doctors have been swamped with people waiting for a "fresh one." There was also a horrible rumor that a carload of small-pox patients had been sent up from Vera Cruz as a mild vengeance on the people of the capital for their bad reception of the Carrancistas. Also you heard such remarks as: "My dear, don't ride in public coaches. A small-pox patient arrived at such and such a hospital in one yesterday." If you found a spot of any sort on your skin you almost had a fit and wondered if it would be "black or just ordinary small-pox" and hoped for the latter. A few days ago a hard rain was sent by the special hand of Providence to this stricken city and the immediate danger is averted.

Then came the repudiation of all the Villa bills, the two-faced, as they are called, as well as the "sheets." This caused untold suffering among the poor, whose little all was in that currency, and tremendous loss to persons doing business, and to the banks. A fuel famine came next, both wood and charcoal being almost unprocurable and so dear that the very poor could not afford it at all. In desperation they began to cut down the trees in the parks and along the various avenues. Bark has been stripped from some of the finest trees around the city, to a height of six or eight feet. I have cast a gloomy eye on the furniture, wondering which pieces I would sacrifice first. I have decided to follow the custom of the country at present and use *tuum* instead of *meum* and chop up the rented things first. Butter has become an unknown product. Milk is so scarce and the stations so thronged that only the strongest and most aggressive can get any. It is a curious and pathetic sight to see the crowds around the charcoal yards and dairies, pushing and edging their way ahead, their various receptacles held aloft, buckets, earthenware pots, sauce-pans, teapots, and tin cans, each would-be purchaser in deadly earnest about securing the necessary articles for those waiting at home.

The city has not been orderly and yet the wonderful "mob," whether through fear or apathy, has been quiescent. A jail delivery and hiding of policemen ac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

companies each change of government, and yet there have been comparatively few crimes. Some friends of ours have a vacant lot behind their house and it was used by soldiers as a sort of camp and stable, unsavory enough in itself, but one day the soldiers got into a brawl, as frequently happens, and one of them was killed. They buried him twelve inches deep, *sans cérémonie*, and in a few weeks he grew so offensive that our friends protested loudly. A cart was brought, the earth raked aside, and the defunct gentleman was taken by the head and feet by two of his compatriots and put into the cart and hauled off, just like that. This is in the heart of a city, remember.

Things went on from bad to worse. About the middle of February the Spanish Minister was asked to leave, causing much excitement and indignation among the diplomats and the friends of the Minister and especially in the Spanish Colony. To show the pitch of nervousness and irritability to which we all have arrived, list to this tale of an episode which happened at dinner a few days after his departure. We were discussing the matter and were mocking some rhetorical and ambiguous statement given out by a local official. A European diplomat, who, be it remembered, was overworked and nervous, snapped out, "Sounds like Bryan!" W. and I flared up in a minute. Party politics do not count when it comes to defending your government against the jibes of foreigners, and we rose to the defense of "our United States." I don't know exactly what W. was saying at his end of the table, but it was some sort of an indignant expostulation and I heard the European diplomat saying sarcastically: "Oh, I like Bryan. We quote scripture together." My host meanwhile, who was of the same nationality as the diplomat, was trying to comfort and soothe me. "You are at perfect liberty to criticise any of our foreign secretaries, you know." I was not in a mood to be soothed. "But I would do it at a proper time and in a proper way and not try to make them the laughing stock at a dinner table," I said. "Besides, I am not a diplomat and what I might say would mean nothing." Then I added, with actual tears of anger in my eyes: "And you are poking fun at the policies of the greatest country in the world to-day." This was intended for a nasty thrust, as every one except ourselves belonged to one of the warring nations. We Americans down here have had almost more digs about our "Mexican policy" than any self-respecting person can stand.

Well, we forgave that diplomat, who has been a friend of ours for a number of years, and while he did not openly apologize, that not being a characteristic of his race, he asked us to lunch about ten days later and we accepted this tacit atonement. What do you think he did? It is unbelievable! We were the only Americans present again and during lunch something was said about a rumor that Colonel House had gone to Europe with a mission of some sort from the government, and our host ejaculated: "Oh, Lord! Are we going to have a series of special envoys over there, too?" or words to that effect.

Ever since the coming of the Constitutionalists there has been a tremendous amount of shooting and cannonading about the city. Many a morning I have gone up on the roof in the clear bright Mexican sunshine (we have got climate if nothing else) and craned an ear to ascertain more or less where the booming was coming from. The rifle-shooting is more scary as it seems so much nearer and sharper. Nobody has paid very much attention to the shooting of late, as there are so many other things more serious. The real scare and resentment came about two weeks ago, when General Obregon decreed a special tax purporting to take away from them that have to give to them that have not. From the beginning the authorities of all parties have insisted that the merchants have been responsible for the food shortage, never once admitting that the fighting factions have themselves been responsible for the present conditions, by the cutting off of communications, by seizing and exporting harvested crops and preventing the planting of new ones, and by the appropriating all the good money they can get hold of for themselves and criminally pouring forth worthless paper on the public. The merchants have not answered any of the accusations, but when the special tax de-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manded that they give up, within forty-eight hours, twenty per cent of the articles of prime necessity which they had in stock, they rose and rebelled. They were not deceived as to the authorities' intention of "giving to the poor." A mass meeting of foreigners was held and they indignantly decided not to pay one cent of the tax but to donate a fund for the purpose of giving to the needy. From that meeting an International Society has also been organized which is preparing a report of existing conditions to be sent to you people up there. Excitement ran high. The firebrands among the foreigners were for "taking matters in their own hands," and you heard mutterings about the "Jameson raid."

General Obregon was furious! Whether or not he is responsible for it I do not know, but conditions are worse every day. At least he has indirectly invited riots by saying that if the people rise to demand their rights, which the wicked rich deny them, he will take no steps to stop them. The wonderfully patient, plodding people have not accepted this invitation. They are too wise. However, there has been a sort of strike by the federation of tramway men to discuss joining the army *en masse*, as they have been led to believe that they will be better off there than at work. You cannot wonder that they think so. The military are the only persons with money at present, and it makes you cross to see the petty officers pull out great rolls of bills when there are people hungry on every side. It is not surprising that the business men who have already suffered so much do not want to pay taxes to add to these rolls of bills. The upshot of the tramway strike is that we have had no service since and we are all becoming expert pedestrians. Residents of the suburbs suffer most and you see them coming to town in every known kind of vehicle. Besides the tramway strike there has been a half-hearted demonstration by the Society of Workingmen, and day before yesterday a mob was stirred up to sack and desecrate a church in the centre of town. A curious coincidence was the fact that the police were confined to their barracks the same day.

Commercial houses have been closed since the indignation meeting, and many of the foreign ones are sealed with the seal of their consulates. Yesterday Obregon was to meet a business men's assembly to discuss the tax problem, and after expelling foreigners from the meeting he had the two or three hundred Mexicans remaining arrested. He threatened them with worse tax decrees than the one they were rebelling against, reiterating the same old nonsense about feeding the poor.

We are to-day without civil government; without schools; without trams; without mail; with no supplies permitted to come into the city; prime necessities being shipped out of the country to buy arms; and with a general shortage of water, fuel, and foodstuffs. Meanwhile they are discussing the Law of Divorce.

April 15, 1915.

On the seventh of March the Washington note came to gladden our hearts. The firm tone was very salutary as far as General Obregon *et al.* were concerned, and a few days later we had another evacuation and the return of Gonzalez Garza and the Convention. Their entry was accompanied by the horrible murder of Mr. J. B. McManus, an American, and several other outrages. These demonstrations did not reassure the inhabitants of the city. Among other things they sacked and looted the Country Club, and persons who have been there since say it was thoroughly done. Besides taking away everything they could use, especially beds and mattresses for which they have a peculiar penchant, they cut away every bit of leather from chairs and sofas, scattering mountains of stuffing in every direction. They took even the cloth from the pool and billiard tables and cut out leather panels from the walls. They love leather for cartridge belts, sandals, and, best of all, puttees. Every strap and pocket was gone from the golf-bags, and the clubs were strewn about in a perfect forest. After the storm the locker man assorted them and the players went out and selected the best they could find, first come, best served. We succeeded in rescuing two rather neat sets and rather gloried in our selection, but I jokingly asked a man a few days ago if he had used his "new clubs yet" and he was abashed. The lockers were stripped, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I have been watching for Zapatistas in lily-white buckskin shoes ever since. I am afraid they are no longer lily-white, as I have not recognized one familiar shoe. The Thieves' Market is said to be piled high with golf-balls and other "articulos de sport."

There is now no railroad communication in any direction, so my plan of running from Mexico when we begin to starve has fallen through. Foodstuffs are scarcer and dearer and the money of less value. We are virtually in a state of siege. Many people are beginning to feel the pinch of hunger, and the International Relief Committee finds itself terribly handicapped by the difficulty of getting in supplies. Persons trying to bring food from Toluca, three hours by railroad, say that it is necessary to pay every one for the privilege, beginning with the highest authorities and ending up with the man in the switch-yard at the station here. Even then you have it taken away as often as not. There are hundreds of beggars on the streets, maimed and blind and paralyzed, and it is nearly impossible to know where to give, to distinguish the deserving from the professional. A filthy Indian woman with two little children and a nursing baby stopped me the other day, and before giving her anything I questioned her. Finally I asked: "Have you no husband to help you take care of the children?" She gave me a look, half-humorous, as much as to say, "You jest, niña," and answered tersely: "Qué marido!" which, liberally translated, means: "How should I have a husband!" That is unfortunately too often the case; the women are left with the entire burden of feeding the poor little helpless beings whom they bring into the world, and now it has become a harder problem than ever. As I left her she suddenly stuck out the dirtiest hand in the world to shake, and said cheerfully: "Adios, niña. Thank you." The immediate want was averted and the morrow could take care of itself. The price of soap has gone up so dreadfully and the quality is so poor that the lower people, never too clean, have given up washing as luxury, and leave on their rags until they slough off.

The question of fodder had become extremely serious. The few private horses left are looking thin and the public coach-horses are a disgrace. They are skin and bones, and are unmercifully beaten to make up for lack of dinner. It is not an uncommon sight to see one dying or dead in the street. One dejected beastie selected the street in front of our house for his demise last Sunday. He died quietly from hunger and exhaustion, uncomplaining and patient, his eyes growing dim and dimmer until he laid his head in the gutter and gave up the ghost. Some little boys came with food and water in the morning but he was too far gone to appreciate the attention. A cart came in the afternoon and he was hoisted in, his four tired hoofs pointing skyward.

Mr. West has got through from Vera Cruz, coming across the gap by automobile, and we are wondering what he is going to do for the poor wretches down here. He is being simply filled with recitals of conditions and I saw him the other day surrounded by women at a reception, all telling him in a variety of languages the "real situation," and I heard him say laconicly, with his attractive Southern drawl: "There's no douwbt that I'll go away well infawmed abowt the facts."

I believe he will, and it remains for the sufferers down here to wait and see if there is any way for the United States to help them.

June 15, 1915.

The past two months have not been cheery ones. We thought things were pretty bad before, but you cannot tell to what depths you can go and still get along. There is almost a total lack of communications, soaring prices, and the misery among the poor and the middle-class is appalling. The price of corn has gone to a nearly prohibitive figure, and every day on the streets you see ragged women with their baskets and buckets, running hither and thither, asking each other with alarm: "Where can one find corn?" Only a hint need be given and they run in that direction, a frightened, distracted herd, oftener than not doomed to disappointment. Stories are current everywhere of attempts to bring supplies and of their being seized by the military authorities at the very gates of the city

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

itself. The government has organized corn-depots, and huge crowds of women wait in line from early morning in the broiling sun, patient, squalid, and usually docile. Some have umbrellas. Many more have not, and they squat along the sidewalks, their party-colored *rebozos* over their heads, awaiting their turn. The children play by their sides, the babies nurse, and the naturally care-free and irresponsible mothers forget their sorrows and chat and laugh with their neighbors, making a buzz like a huge sewing-meeting. A strange thing about the lower people is that they do not know how to make shift. They have never had much, never asked for much, but that little they must have. Nothing can be substituted for the things to which they have been accustomed. The scarcity of lard and its high price has been a veritable blow. It is their meat, their seasoning, their one animal food.

Besides these humble sufferers there are the middle-class, the men who earn a few hundred pesos a month. In countless cases people have been thrown out of work, and in countless others the salary, once ample, is entirely inadequate with present prices. Many families have been obliged to sell their ornaments, books, and even furniture to buy food. Hopeless eyes meet one on every side. Patched shoes and ragged clothes are the order of the day. The sick cannot buy medicines, and the doctors are at their wits' ends to know what to prescribe that the average middle-class person can afford.

The gold-earners say: "A dollar and forty cents for a loaf of bread? Why, that is only ten cents." That is only an affront to the man who earns in silver. Wages have not joined the sliding scale of exchange. Many foreigners who have worked here for years and saved their money in silver expecting its buying power in gold to be two to one, are now obliged to live on those savings. There is suffering and sorrow on every side.

The actual disorders in the city are not numerous, and the few robberies, hold-ups, shootings, and so on have been mentioned in the papers as being committed by persons "masquerading" as soldiers and officers. The German Chargé d'Affaires was stabbed in the abdomen one night and another German was shot in the groin. Persons coming home from dinner and other entertainments are apprehensive and the other night a friend of mine suggested taking off her jewels and putting them inside her bodice. Another woman, very slender, slid her pearl necklace into the same place of safety. Every one was on foot, keeping together, as is the custom now, and all of a sudden the woman gave a little scream: "Oh, it's fallen through!" She referred to the necklace, and the whole party scrambled down onto their knees and began to strike matches to rescue the lost article.

It sounds wicked to talk about dining and jewels when there are so many hungry people, but we are not all Saint Elizabeths, and we cannot mope all the time. Foreigners with gold incomes are better off than ever, as many prices have not quite followed exchange. People, too, who have saved a little gold can sell it bit by bit and feel quite prosperous. You hear complaints about the scarcity of gin for cocktails and that there is no "decent caviar," but you can live pretty well if you can pay. One of the discomforts of the women has been the lack of dress materials and fashion books. An April *Vogue* drifted in recently, and a hostess at a bridge party (oh, yes, we still have bridge parties!) inadvertently announced that she had it. There was no bridge. The guests all gathered in groups to await their turn at the *Vogue*, like the bread-line of their less fortunate sisters. Most women, however, are wearing their 1914 models without a blush. A man who arrived a short time ago from Vera Cruz was accosted by his female friends and asked why he did not bring up any fashion papers. He said he had forgotten to, but that he knew that skirts were four yards around the bottom and that two petticoats were essential.

One must laugh sometimes, in spite of everything. At a drug-store a few days ago I asked for some toilet soap, the kind that is "seventeen cents at Riker's," and the druggist said: "Let's see. That is $4.50." Do you wonder the people prefer to go dirty?

The usual type of social conversation is something like this:

First woman: "My dear, I have found

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a place where you can get Royal Baking Powder for twelve dollars a pound." (Much interest, exclamations, and questions.)

Mother of three children: "Well, I have found one thing cheap—arnica!"

Mother with little baby: "I am glad there is something cheap at a drug-store. Mellin's Food is fourteen dollars a bottle. I have had to put Reggie on cows' milk."

Another woman, sententiously: "At eighty cents a litre."

Refugees to the capital from other parts of the republic say that we do not know when we are well off, that conditions elsewhere are so much worse. "They are leaving us nothing but the bare earth itself," said one *hacendado*, whose cattle and sheep had been driven off, whose harvested crops had been confiscated and exported, and whose growing crops had either been used as fodder for army horses or ruthlessly trampled for "pure cussedness."

Another man told us about an incident in one of the northern states. His father, an *hacendado* of considerable wealth, had 1,600 head of cattle driven off by order of the Military Governor of the state. These were sold in the border town of the United States. The next "touch" was for 2,000 head, but the *hacendado*, grown wise, attached them at the border and sold them himself for $32 United States currency, realizing a sum of $64,000. The governor was annoyed and, finding one of the *hacendado's* sons in hiding in his state, he arrested him and said he would have him shot if the father did not give back the money for the cattle. The case was finally settled by the payment of a ransom of $20,000—quite a tax for the privilege of selling your own cattle.

Ever since the revolution began we have thought that the height of misfortune would be having the railroad cut, the safety-valve upon which we have continually relied. When it finally did come I began to plan other ways of escape. Other people have made the trip from here to Puebla or other points in wagons, automobiles, or on horseback, paying ruinous prices, braving battle-fronts, and, what is more dangerous, the bands of bandits who stop and rob and sometimes kill. I said one day to a Frenchwoman that when supplies gave out "j'allais acheter quelques mules—" and, as my French halted for a word, she exclaimed, obsessed like all of us with the idea of getting enough to eat: "Mais, on ne mange pas des mules!" You never can tell. A little mail of very ancient date drifted in the first of May and there have been a few special messengers by whom we are keeping you advised of our welfare (if you can call it such).

Of course, the big event, the exciting event, the event upon whose outcome we hang breathless, is the President's note of June 2. We are anxiously watching to see if it has any effect on the various factions. As yet they do not seem to take it very seriously and the only effect seems to have been to stir up a determination on the part of all of the leaders to make a fearful struggle for supremacy. Non-combatant Mexicans, the "real sufferers," seem hopeless about settlement from within. A Mexican official said the other day: "President Wilson makes one mistake in his note. He says Mexico is without a government. Why! we have three at least."

July 21, 1915.

Truly we believed that things were just about as bad as they could be last month, but food conditions have grown desperate. The bread-lines and the stations of the International Relief Committee (which has been doing splendid work) are swarming with needy. There are hundreds of persons going around to private houses, no longer asking for money, but carrying little tins or cups or bowls, begging for a few beans or a bit of rice and chile, a "little mouthful" as they say. During the last few days corn has not been procurable at any price, although there has been an effort made by the local authorities and the International Committee, both of whom have a small store of grain left, to distribute *masa*, the dough from which tortillas are made. The misery is harrowing. You can see the poor scratching in scrap-heaps and refuse cans, and a few days ago when a coach-horse fell dead in a side street its bones were stripped of meat in an hour.

Real meat, that is, cow or sheep meat, is a luxury, having reached the price of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

six pesos a kilo. A Frenchwoman, a teacher, to whom I was talking the other day, told me this anecdote. She lives with two other teachers in a small apartment. "Oh," she said, "we do not eat meat any more! But as we all walk so much we have a great many pairs of shoes and I have been delegated to plan a nice sauce for shoe-leather, when worse comes to worst." That was so like the ingenious French people—to cook things up with a "nice sauce."

On June 25 there were food riots, and several markets and shops were sacked. My cook came in with a frightened face, and told me that there was a great mob of women on the street "armed with knives, clubs, and—think, señorita—*hatchets*." The hatchets seemed to be the finishing touch, but it seemed rather a bit of local color to have the good old tomahawk come back into play again. However, none of these weapons were wielded with any vigor, and the mob was dispelled the next day, when it reassembled, by the firemen, who played a stream of water on the crowd. (What a pity they did not have soap, too!) The firemen do not often get a chance to quench a conflagration, as fire is rare here, and I dare say they were enchanted. Several months ago they were called out for some reason or other, and fell in with a band of Zapatistas. These worthies had never seen a fireman and did not recognize the uniform, and believing, on account of the helmet, that they were soldiers of some old régime, shot and killed about twenty of them.

On the morning after the riots a delegate in the Convention got up and said something to the effect that the "fickle and ungrateful people deserved no consideration; that they had never done a thing in support of the revolution and that now they demanded everything." My righteous blood boiled. If the revolution was not begun and has not been continued to help the people, then its very last excuse is gone. And to upbraid a poor, ignorant, helpless lot of hungry Indians with "not having helped the revolution" is too wicked.

The same day of the riots word went about that the Carrancistas were surrounding the city and would be in that day, and to lend credence to the rumor the southern troops did begin to run. Taxis, automobiles, and coaches got under cover and by five o'clock in the afternoon the whole tram service had been appropriated by departing soldiers. We saw an automobile stalled, the driver under the car, and the cover off of the engine. The occupants, a man, evidently a civil official of the government, and his wife and family, sat in the car, a tragic hopelessness on their faces, as the motor refused to respond to the chauffeur's frantic treatment. It must be a trial to have a motor balk when you are retreating. That very night we had been invited to dine with a friend in the business part of town, and I was to meet W. at the office at six-thirty. Although I had already walked from town, nearly three miles, in the broiling noonday sun, I started bravely out again on foot (I could not miss a chance of getting a good meal), passing many groups of hurrying soldiers, officers with their families, *cargadores* with baggage, the same old type of evacuating crowd that we have seen so often. One mounted band, looking wild as the Indians they are, galloped through the main street, spurring their horses, waving their rifles, and shouting, "Viva Zapata!"

W. paid me the compliment of saying that I was the best "trench diner-out" (trench, not trencher) he knew. When eleven o'clock came there was no way to get home, the streets as empty as those of a dead city. There was not a vehicle in sight, and even had it been safe I was too tired to walk again, so we just stayed. When I got home in the morning at ten the servants were in a frenzy. They had discovered our absence and had telephoned the office where they had been told to "run the voice among the friends," as the expression is. They had done it thoroughly, and everybody we knew had been told of our disappearance and a search had begun, the Legation being advised and a general alarm sent out. I do not wonder they were upset during these days of disorders, but it had not occurred to me that the servants would start the hue and cry. There is small chance of "a quiet night out" at present. However, our people gave us a good name, repeating over and over again: "They have never

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stayed out all night before. It is the first time, señor, the first time."

At about that same time the cable was cut and we have been without communication of any sort. A year ago, if you had told us that things would come to the present pass, we would have scoffed. How much worse can they get, I wonder?

Well, the Carrancistas did not come as expected, for the southern troops put up a surprising resistance. W. was at one of the departments of the Conventionist Government a week after the approach of the Carrancistas, and suddenly the bells in the cathedral burst into a wild pealing, the usual signal of the "taking of the city." The minister to whom W. was talking jumped and turned pale for a moment and then recovered himself. "Ah, some victory of our troops," he said.

Meanwhile the Red Cross agent has arrived from the United States, being escorted through the various battle-fronts, and we are praying that his supplies may come to relieve the distress among the needy, of whom there are thousands. The remaining Zapatistas evacuated Friday the ninth, and some Carrancistas came in, although the greater part were quartered around in the suburbs. This week has been one of the dreariest we have had, as the repudiation of all bills except Vera Cruz paper and a very few others paralyzed business and prevented countless people from getting anything to eat. On Saturday a play was made to the populace by the distribution of thousands of new Vera Cruz five-dollar bills, which, be it stated, could neither be changed or in most cases spent. It recalls the days when we used to cut out round bits of paper for a make-believe currency. What a cruel disappointment! The very same afternoon the Carrancista troops began to go out again and on Sunday the Zapatistas were back. Villa and his officers are reported in possession of Pachuca. Changes of government are going almost too fast to keep up with. One amusing thing happened when one of the bodies of Carrancistas came in. A man on the sidewalk spied a friend in the ranks and ran out to embrace him and to ask him how he fared. Then he inquired, with the peculiar little gesture which they use here when speaking of money, a sort of rubbing together of the thumb and forefinger: "What are the chances of making an honest penny this time?" The soldier made a deprecating movement of the shoulders. "Nothing doing. Papa Wilson is very touchy just now."

Is there going to be any way to bring the factional leaders to their senses and make them realize that their country is on the brink of ruin and their people actually starving!

IF IT BE TRUE

By Sara King

If it be true, my dear, if it be true
That souls may come again when men are dead,
Look for me with the first light fall of dew
When Autumn days their fragrant freshness shed;
Look for me toward the sunset, burning red
Beyond the hills; while skies glow deeper blue;
And heavy in shadow lies the valley bed;
Look for me then, and I shall come to you.

Yea, I shall come, belovèd, as that bird
Which flies across the sun's last lingering light;
First touch of darkness shall reveal the sight
Of my wide wings; and as we stood and heard
That last lark's song, ah, listen for me, dear,
And God, who lets me sing, will let you hear!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THE NORTH

BY EDITH WHARTON

June 19th, 1915.

On the way from Doullens to Montreuil-sur-Mer, on a shining summer afternoon. A road between dusty hedges, choked, literally strangled, by a torrent of westward-streaming troops of all arms. Every few minutes there would come a break in the flow, and our motor would wriggle through, gain a few yards and be stopped again by a widening of the torrent that jammed us into the ditch and splashed a dazzle of dust into our eyes. The dust was stifling—but through it, what a sight!

Standing up in the car and looking back, we watched the river of war wind toward us. Cavalry, artillery, lancers, infantry, sappers and miners, trench-diggers, road-makers, stretcher-bearers, they swept on as smoothly as if in holiday order. Through the dust, the sun picked out the flash of lances and the gloss of chargers' flanks, flushed rows and rows of determined faces, found the least touch of gold on faded uniforms, silvered the melancholy grey of mitrailleuses and munition waggons. Close as the men were, they seemed allegorically splendid: as if, under the arch of the sunset, we had been watching the whole French army ride straight into glory. . .

Finally we left the last detachment behind, and had the country to ourselves. The ravage of war has not touched the fields of Artois. The thatched farm-houses dozed in gardens crowded with roses and hollyhocks, and the hedges above the duck-ponds were weighed down with layers of elder-blossom. Wheat-fields skirted with woodland went billowing away under the breezy light that seemed to carry a breath of the Atlantic on its beams. The road ran up and down as if our motor were a ship on a deep-sea swell; and such a sense of space and light was in the distances, such a veil of beauty over the whole world, that the vision of that army on the move grew more and more fabulous and epic.

The sun had set and the sea-twilight was rolling in when we dipped down from the height of Montreuil to the valley below, where the towers of an ancient abbey-church rise above terraced orchards. The gates at the end of the drive were thrown open, and suddenly the motor was in a monastery court full of box and roses. Everything was sweet and secluded in this mediæval place; and from the shadow of cloisters and arched passages bevies of nuns fluttered out, nuns all black or all white, gliding, peering and standing at gaze. It was as if we had plunged back into a century to which motors were unknown and our car had been some monster cast up from a Barbary shipwreck; and the startled attitudes of these holy women did the more credit to their sense of the picturesque since the Abbey of Neuville is now a great Belgian hospital, and such monsters frequently intrude on its seclusion. . .

Sunset, and summer dusk, and the moon. Under the monastery windows a sharply drawn walled garden with stone pavilions at the angles, and below it tiers of orchard-terraces fading into a great moon-confused plain that might be either fields or sea. . .

June 20th.

Today our way ran north-east, through a landscape so English that there was no incongruity in the sprinkling of khaki along the road. Even the villages are English: the same plum-red brick of tidy self-respecting houses behind gardens bursting with flowers, everything neat, demure and freshly painted, the landscape hedgerowed and willowed and fed with innumerable water-courses, the people's faces square and pink and honest, and the signs over the shops in a language astride between English and German. Only the architecture of the towns is French, of a Frenchness northern and reserved and robust, but unmistakeably in the great continental tradition.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

War still seemed so far off that one had time for these digressions as the motor flew over the undulating miles. But presently we came on an aviation camp spreading its sheds over a big green plateau. Here the khaki throng was thicker and the familiar military stir enlivened the landscape. A few miles farther, and we were seemingly in a big English town oddly grouped about a nucleus of French churches. This was St. Omer, grey, spacious, coldly clean in its Sunday emptiness. At the street crossings English sentries stood mechanically directing the absent traffic with gestures familiar to Piccadilly; and the signs of the British Red Cross and St. John's Ambulance hung on club-like façades that might almost have claimed a home in Pall Mall.

The Englishness of things was increased, as we passed out through the suburbs, by the look of the crowd on the canal bridges and along the dusty roads. Every nation has its own way of loitering, and there is nothing so unlike the French way as the English. Even if all these tall youths had not been in khaki, and the girls with them so wholesomely pink and countrified, one would instantly have recognized the passive northern way of letting a holiday soak in instead of squeezing out its juices with feverish fingers.

When we turned westward from St. Omer, across the same pastures and watercourses, we were faced by two isolated hills standing up out of the plain; and on the top of one rose the walls and towers of a compact mediæval town. As we took the windings that led up to it a sense of Italy began to penetrate the persistent impression of being somewhere near the English Channel. It might have been a queer dream-blend of Winchelsea and San Gimignano that we were climbing to; but when we entered the gates of Cassel we were in a town so intensely itself that all analogies dropped out of mind.

It was not surprising to learn from the guide-book that Cassel has the most extensive view of any town in Europe: one felt at once that it differed in all sorts of marked and self-assertive ways from every other town, and would be almost sure to have the best things going in every line. And the line of an illimitable horizon is exactly the best to set off its own obvious limits.

We found our hotel in the most charming of little market squares, with a Renaissance town-hall on one side, and on the other a miniature Spanish palace with a front of rosy brick and twisted grey carvings. The square was crowded with English army motors and beautiful prancing chargers; and the restaurant of the inn (which has the luck to face the pink and grey palace) swarmed with khaki tea-drinkers turning indifferent shoulders to the widest view in Europe. It is one of the most detestable things about war that everything connected with it, except the death and ruin that result, is such a heightening of life, so visually stimulating and absorbing. "It was gay and terrible," is the phrase forever recurring in "War and Peace"; and the gaiety of war was everywhere in Cassel, transforming the lifeless little town into a romantic stage-setting full of the flash of arms and the virile animation of young faces.

From the park on top of the hill we looked down on another picture. All about us was the great plain, its rim merged in northern sea-mist; and through the mist, in the glitter of the afternoon sun, far-off towns and shadowy towers lay steeped, as it seemed, in summer peace. For a moment, while we looked, the vision of war shrivelled up like a painted veil; then we caught the names pronounced by a group of young English soldiers leaning over the parapet at our side. "That's Dunkerque"—one of them pointed it out with his pipe—"and there's Poperinghe, just under us; that's Furnes beyond, and Ypres and Dixmude, and Nieuport. . ." And at the mention of those names the scene grew dark again, and we felt the passing of the Angel to whom was given the Key of the Bottomless Pit.

That night we went up once more to the rock of Cassel. The moon was full, and as civilians are not allowed out alone after dark a staff-officer had offered to show us the view from the roof of the disused Casino on top of the rock. It was the queerest of sensations to push open a glazed door and find ourselves in a spectral painted room with soldiers dozing in the moonlight on polished floors, their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kits stacked on the gaming tables. We passed through a white vestibule among more soldiers lounging in the half-light, and up a long staircase to the roof where a watcher challenged us and then let us approach the parapet. Below lay the unlit mass of the town. To the northwest a single sharp hill, the "Mont des Cats," stood against the sky; the rest of the horizon was unbroken, and floating in misty moonlight. The outline of the ruined towns had vanished and peace seemed to have won back the world. But far off to the northwest a red flash started suddenly out of the mist; then another and another flickered up at different points of the long curve. "Luminous bombs thrown up along the lines," our guide explained; and just then, far off, a white light opened like a tropical flower, spread to full bloom and drew itself back into the night. "A flare," we were told; and another white flower bloomed out farther down. Below us, the grey roofs of Cassel slept their provincial sleep, the moonlight picking out every leaf in the hushed gardens; while, far off, those infernal flowers opened and shut along the curve of death. It was one of the moments when the beauty of war seems more intolerable than all its horror.

June 21st.

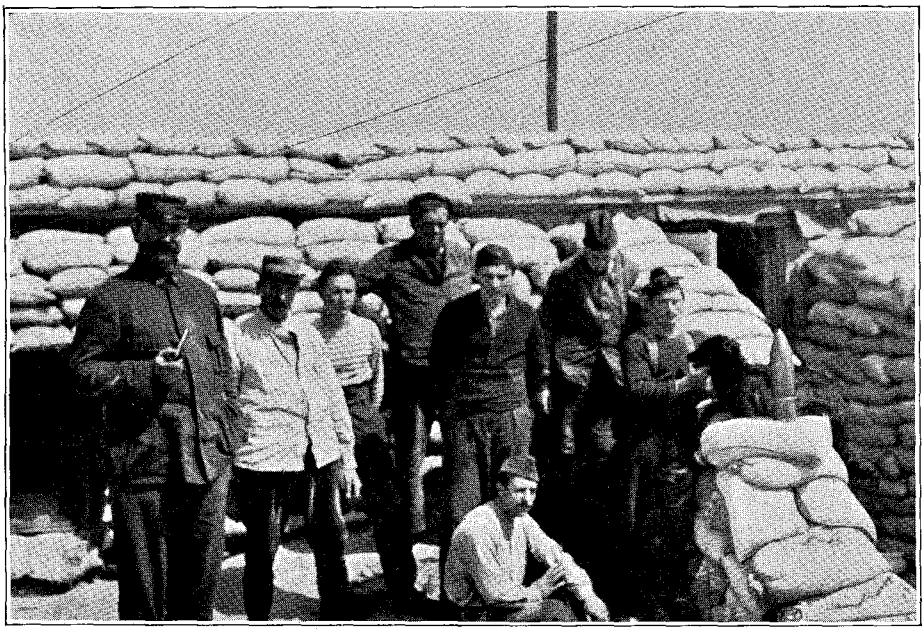
On the road from Cassel to Poperinghe. Heat, dust, crowds, confusion, all the sordid shabby rear-view of war. The road running across the plain between white-powdered hedges was ploughed up by numberless motor vans, supply-waggons and Red Cross ambulances. Labouring through between them came detachments of British artillery, clattering gun-carriages, stalwart young figures on glossy horses, long Phidian lines of youths so ingenuously fair that one wondered how they could have looked on the Medusa face of war and lived. Men and beasts, in spite of the stifling dust, were as fresh and sleek as if they had come from a bath; and everywhere along the wayside were improvised camps, with tents made of waggon-covers, where the ceaseless indomitable work of cleaning was being carried out in all its searching details. Shirts were drying on elder-bushes, kettles boiling over gipsy fires, men shaving, blacking their boots, cleaning their guns, rubbing down their horses, greasing their saddles, polishing their stirrups and bits: on all sides a general cheery struggle against the prevailing dust discomfort and disorder. Here and there a young soldier leaned against a garden paling to talk to a girl among the hollyhocks, or an older soldier initiated a group of children into some mystery of military housekeeping; and everywhere were the same signs of inarticulate understanding with the owners of the fields and gardens.

From the thronged high-road we passed into the emptiness of Poperinghe, and out again on the way to Ypres. Beyond the flats and wind-mills to our left were the invisible German lines, and the staff-officer who was with us leaned forward to caution our chauffeur: "*No* tooting between here and Ypres." There was still a good deal of movement on the road, though it was less crowded with troops than near Poperinghe; but as we passed through the last village and approached the long low line of houses ahead, the silence and emptiness widened about us. That long low line was Ypres; every monument that marked it, that gave it an individual outline, is gone. It is a town without a profile.

The motor slipped through a suburb of low brick houses and was stopped under cover of some tallish buildings. Another military motor waited there, the chauffeur relic-hunting in the gutted houses.

We got out and walked toward the centre of the Cloth Market. We had seen evacuated towns—Verdun, Badonviller, Raon-l'Étape—but we had seen no emptiness like this. Not a human being was in the streets. Endless lines of empty houses looked down on us from vacant windows. Our footsteps echoed like the tramp of a crowd, our lowered voices seemed to shout. In one street we came on three English soldiers who were carrying a piano out of a house and lifting it onto a hand-cart. They stopped in amazement to stare at us, and we stared back. It seemed an age since we had seen a living being! One of the soldiers scrambled into the cart and tapped out a tune on the cracked key-board, and we all laughed with relief at the foolish

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Photograph taken by Count Etienne de Beaumont.

A sand-bag trench in the north.

noise. . . Then we passed on and were alone again.

We had seen other ruined towns, but none like this. The towns of Lorraine were blown up, burnt down, deliberately erased from the earth. At worst they are like stone-yards, at best like Pompeii. But Ypres has been bombarded to death, and the outer walls of its houses are still standing, so that it presents the distant semblance of a living city, while near by it is seen to be a corpse disembowelled and embalmed. Every window-pane is smashed, nearly every building unroofed, and some house-fronts are cut clean off, with the different stories exposed, as if for the stage-setting of a farce. And in these exposed interiors the poor little household gods shiver and blink like owls surprised in a hollow tree. A hundred signs of intimate and humble tastes, of humdrum pursuits, of family association, cling desperately to the unmasked walls. Whiskered photographs fade on morning glory wall-papers, little plaster saints pine under glass bells, antimacassars droop from plush sofas, yellowing diplomas display their seals on office walls. It was all so still and familiar that it seemed as if the people for whom these things had a meaning might at any moment come back and take up their daily business. And then—crash! the guns began, slamming out volley after volley all along the English lines, and the poor frail web of things that had made up the lives of a vanished city-full hung dangling before us in that blast of death.

We had just reached the square before the Cathedral when the cannonade began, and its roar seemed to build a roof of iron over the glorious ruins of Ypres. The singular distinction of Ypres is that it is destroyed but not abased. The walls of the Cathedral, the long bulk of the Cloth Market, still lift themselves above the market-place with a majesty that seems to reject compassion. The sight of those scarred façades, so proud in death, recalled a phrase used soon after the fall of Liège by Belgium's Foreign Minister—"*La Belgique ne regrette rien;*" —which ought some day to serve as the motto of the renovated city.

We were turning to go when we heard a whirr overhead, followed by a stinging volley of mitrailleuse. High up in the blue, over the centre of the dead city, flew a German aeroplane; and all about it hundreds of white shrapnel tufts burst

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out in the summer sky like the miraculous snow-fall of Italian legend. Up and up they flew, on the trail of the Taube, and on flew the Taube, faster still, till quarry and pack were lost in mist, and the barking of the mitrailleuse died out. So we left Ypres to the death-silence in which we had found her.

The afternoon carried us back to Poperinghe, where I was bound on a quest for lace-cushions of the special kind required by our Flemish refugees. The model is unobtainable in France, and I had been told—with few and vague indications—that I might find the cushions in a certain convent of the city. But in which?

Poperinghe, though little injured, is almost empty. In its tidy desolation it looks like a town on which a wicked enchanter has laid a spell. We roamed from quarter to quarter, hunting for some one to show us the way to the convent I was looking for, till at last a passer-by led us to a door which seemed the right one. At our knock the bars were drawn and a cloistered face looked out. No, there were no cushions there; and the nun had never heard of the order we named. But there were the Penitents, the Benedictines—we might try. Our guide agreed to show us the way and we went on. From one or two windows, wondering heads looked out and vanished; but the streets were lifeless. At last we came to a convent where there were no nuns left, but where, the caretaker told us, there were cushions—a great many. He led us through pale blue passages, up cold stairs, through rooms that smelt of linen and lavender. We passed a chapel with plaster saints in white niches above paper flowers. Everything was cold and bare and blank: like a mind from which memory has gone. We came to a big classroom with lines of empty benches facing a blue-mantled Virgin; and here, on the floor, lay rows and rows of lace-cushions. On each a bit of lace had been begun—and there they had been dropped when nuns and pupils fled. They had not been left in disorder: the rows had been laid out evenly, a handkerchief thrown over each cushion. And that orderly arrest of life seemed sadder than a scene of desperate disarray. It symbolized the senseless paralysis of a whole nation's activities. Here were a houseful of women and children, yesterday engaged in a useful task and now aimlessly astray over the earth. And in hundreds of such houses, in dozens, in hundreds of open towns, the hand of time had been stopped, the heart of life had ceased to beat, all the currents of hope and happiness and industry been choked—not that some great military end might be gained, or the length of the war curtailed, but that, wherever the shadow of Germany falls, all things should wither at the root.

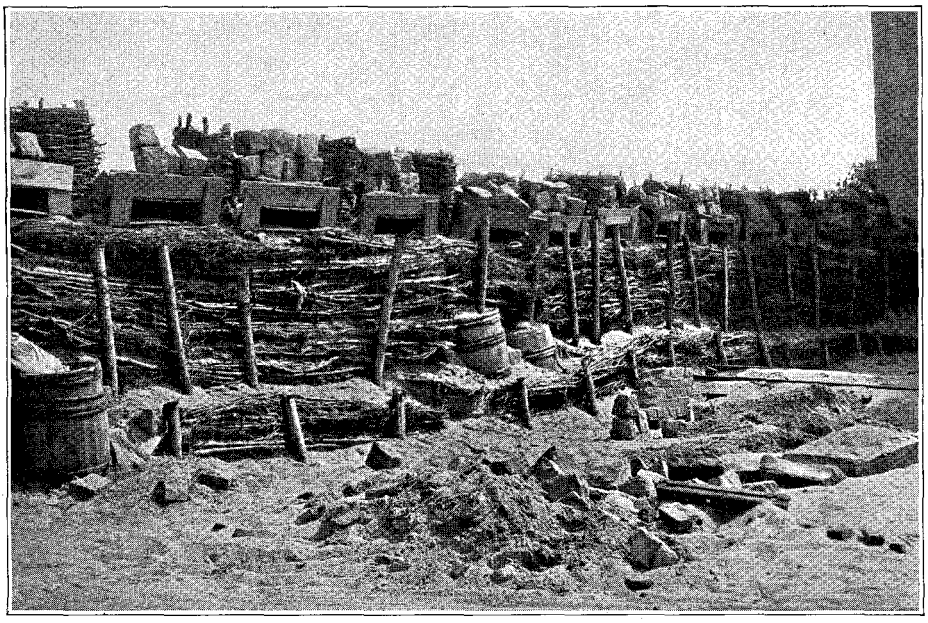
The same sight met us everywhere that sad afternoon. Over Furnes and Bergues, and all the little intermediate villages, the evil shadow lay. Germany had willed that these places should die, and wherever her bombs could not reach her malediction had carried. Only Biblical lamentation can convey a vision of this life-drained land. "Your country is desolate; your cities are burned with fire; your land, strangers devour it in your presence, and it is desolate, as overthrown by strangers."

Presently we came to Dunkerque, lying peacefully between its harbour and canals. The bombardment of the previous month had emptied it, and though no signs of damage were visible, the same spell-bound air lay over everything. As we sat alone at tea in the big hall of the hotel on the Place Jean Bart, and looked out on the silent square and its lifeless shops and cafés, some one suggested that the hotel would be a convenient centre for the excursions we had planned, and we decided to return there the next evening. Then we motored back to Cassel.

June 22nd.

My first waking thought was: "How time flies! It must be the Fourteenth of July!" I knew it could not be the Fourth of that specially commemorative month, because I was just awake enough to be aware that I was not in America; and the only other event to justify such a terrific clatter was the French national anniversary. I sat up and listened at the patriotic popping of guns till a completer sense of reality stole over me, and I realized that I was in the inn of the Wild Man at Cassel, and that it was not the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Photograph taken by Count Etienne de Beaumont.

A typical trench in the dunes.

fourteenth of July but the twenty-second of June.

Then, what—? Why, a Taube, of course! And all the guns in the place were cracking at it! By the time this mental process was complete, I had scrambled up and got downstairs and across the court, had unbolted the heavy doors and rushed out into the square. It was about four in the morning, the heavenliest moment of a summer dawn, and in spite of the tumult Cassel still apparently slept. Only a few soldiers stood in the square, looking up at a drift of white cloud behind which—they averred—a Taube had just slipped out of sight. Cassel was evidently used to Taubes, and I had the sense of having overdone my excitement and not being exactly in tune; so after staring a moment at the white cloud I slunk back into the court, barred the door and mounted to my room. At a window on the stairs I paused to look out over the sloping roofs of the town, the gardens, the plain; and suddenly there was another crash and a drift of white smoke blew up from the fruit-trees just under the window. It was a last shot at the fugitive, from a gun hidden in one of those quiet provincial gardens between the houses; and its secret presence there was more startling than all the clatter of mitrailleuses from the rock.

Silence and sleep came down again on Cassel; but an hour or two later the hush was broken by a roar like the last trump. This time it was no question of mitrailleuses. The Wild Man rocked on its base, and every pane in my windows beat a tattoo. What was that incredible, unimagined sound? Why it could be nothing, of course, but the voice of the big siege-gun of Dixmude! Five times, while I was dressing, the thunder shook my windows, and the air was filled with a noise that may be compared—if the human imagination can stand the strain—to the simultaneous closing of all the shop-shutters in the world. The odd part was that—apart from the first start of surprise—as far as the Wild Man and its inhabitants were concerned no visible effects resulted, and dressing, packing and coffee-drinking went on comfortably in the strange parentheses between the roars.

We set off early for a neighbouring Head-Quarters, and it was not till we turned out of the gates of Cassel that we came on signs of the bombardment: the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

smashing of a gas-house and the converting of a cabbage-field into a crater which, for some time to come, will spare seismological photographers the trouble of climbing Vesuvius. There was consolation in the discrepancy between the noise and the damage.

A street at Nieuport.

At Head-Quarters we learned more of the morning's incidents. Dunkerque, it appeared, had first been visited by the Taube which afterward came to take the range of Cassel; and the big gun had then turned all its fury on the French sea-port. The bombardment was still going on; and we were asked, and in fact bidden, to give up our plan of going to Dunkerque for the night.

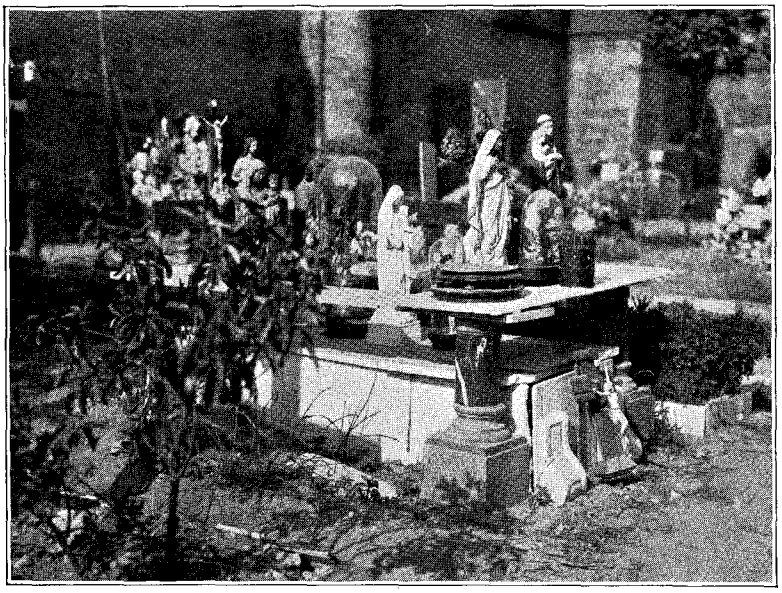
After luncheon we turned north, toward the dunes. The villages we traversed were all evacuated, some quite lifeless, others occupied by troops. Presently we came to a group of military motors drawn up by the roadside, and a field black with wheeling troops. "Admiral Ro'narch!" our companion from Head-Quarters exclaimed; and we understood that we had had the good luck to come on the hero of Dixmude in the act of reviewing the marine fusiliers and territorials whose magnificent defense gave that much-besieged town another lease of glory.

We stopped the motor and climbed to a ridge above the field. A high wind was blowing, bringing with it the booming of the guns along the front. A sun half-veiled in sand-dust shone on pale meadows, sandy flats, grey wind-mills. The scene was deserted, except for the handful of troops deploying before the officers on the edge of the field. Admiral Ro'narch, white-gloved and in full-dress uniform, stood a little in advance, a young naval officer at his side. He had just been distributing decorations to his fusiliers and territorials, and they were marching past him, flags flying and bugles playing. Every one of those men had a record of heroism, and every face in those ranks had looked on horrors unnameable. They had lost Dixmude—for a while—but they had gained great glory, and the inspiration of their epic resistance had come from the quiet officer who stood there, straight and grave, in his white gloves and gala uniform.

One must have been in the North to know something of the tie that exists, in this region of bitter and continuous fighting, between officers and soldiers. The feeling of the chiefs is almost one of veneration for their men; that of the soldiers, a kind of half-humorous tenderness for the officers who have faced such odds with them. This mutual regard reveals itself in a hundred undefinable ways; but its fullest expression is in the tone with which the commanding officers speak the two words oftenest on their lips: "My men."

The little review over, we went on to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The colony of saints on a soldier's grave at Nieuport.

Admiral Ro'narch's quarters in the dunes, and thence, after a brief visit, to another brigade Head-Quarters. We were in a region of sandy hillocks feathered by tamarisk, and interspersed with poplar groves slanting like wheat in the wind. Between these meagre thickets the roofs of gimcrack bungalows shewed above the dunes; and before one of these we stopped, and were led into a pitch-pine sitting-room full of maps and aeroplane photographs. One of the officers of the brigade telephoned to ask if the way was clear to Nieuport; and the answer was that we might go on.

Our road ran through the "Bois Triangulaire," a bit of woodland exposed to constant shelling. Half the poor spindling trees were down, and patches of blackened undergrowth and ragged hollows marked the path of the shells. If the trees of a cannonaded wood are of strong inland growth their fallen trunks have the majesty of a ruined temple; but there was something humanly pitiful in the frail trunks of the Bois Triangulaire, lying there like slaughtered immature troops.

A few miles more brought us to Nieuport, most lamentable of the victim towns. It is not empty as Ypres is empty: troops are quartered in the cellars, and at the approach of our motor knots of cheerful zouaves came swarming out of the ground like ants. But Ypres is majestic in death, poor Nieuport gruesomely comic. About its noble nucleus of mediæval architecture a modern town had grown up; and nothing stranger can be pictured than the contrast between the streets of flimsy houses, twisted like curl-papers, and the spectral ruins of the Gothic Cathedral and the Cloth Market. It is like passing from a smashed toy to the august survival of a cataclysm.

Modern Nieuport seems to have died in a colic. No less homely image expresses the contractions and contortions of the disembowelled houses reaching out the appeal of their desperate chimney-pots and agonized girders. There is one view along the exterior of the town like nothing else on the war-front. On the left, a line of convulsed and palsied houses leads like a string of cowering crutch-propped beggars to the mighty ruin of the Templars' Tower; on the right the flats reach away to the almost imperceptible humps of masonry that were St. George, Ramscappelle, Pervyse. And over it all the incessant crash of the guns stretches a sounding-board of steel.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In front of the cathedral a German shell has dug a crater thirty feet across, overhung by splintered tree-trunks, burnt shrubs, vague mounds of rubbish; and a few steps beyond lies the peacefullest spot in Nieuport, the grave-yard where the zouaves have buried their comrades. The dead are laid in rows under the flank of the cathedral, and on their carefully set grave-stones have been placed groups of pious images collected from the ruined houses. Some of the most privileged are guarded by colonies of plaster saints and Virgins so numerous that they cover the whole slab; and over the handsomest Virgins and the most gaily coloured saints the soldiers have placed the glass bells that probably once protected the clocks and wedding-wreaths in the same houses.

From sad Nieuport we motored on to a little seaside colony where gaiety prevails. Here the big hotels and the gimcrack villas along the beach are filled with troops just back from the trenches: it is one of the "rest cures" of the front. When we drove up, the regiment "au repos" was assembled in the wide sandy space between the principal hotels, and in the centre of the jolly crowd the band was playing. The Colonel and his officers stood listening to the music, and presently the soldiers broke into the wild "chanson des zouaves" of the ——th zouaves. It was the strangest of sights to watch that throng of dusky merry faces, under their red fezes, against the background of sunless northern sea. When the music was over some one with a kodak suggested "a group": we struck a collective attitude on one of the hotel terraces, and just as the camera was being aimed at us the Colonel turned and drew into the foreground a little grinning pock-marked soldier. "He's just been decorated—he's got to be in the group." A general exclamation of assent from the other officers, and a protest from the hero: "Me? Why, my ugly mug will smash the plate!" But it didn't——

Reluctantly we turned from this interval in the day's melancholy round, and took the road to La Panne. Dust, dunes, deserted villages: my memory keeps no more definite vision of the run. But at sunset we came on a big seaside colony, stretching out above the longest beach I ever saw: along the sea-front, an esplanade bordered by the usual foolish villas, and behind it a single street filled with hotels and shops. All the life of the desert region we had traversed seemed to have taken refuge at La Panne. The long street was swarming with throngs of dark-uniformed Belgian soldiers, every shop seemed to be doing a thriving trade, and the hotels looked as full as bee-hives.

June 23rd. La Panne.

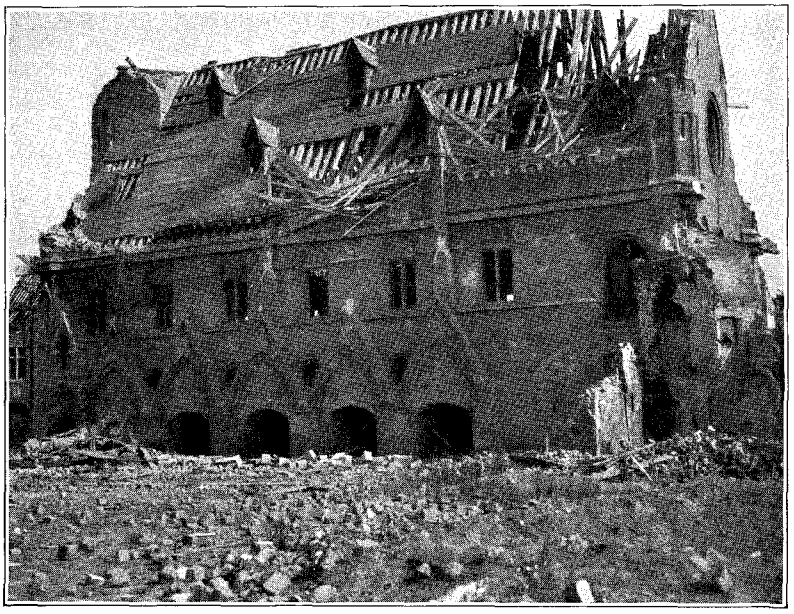
The particular hive that has taken us in is at the extreme end of the esplanade, where asphalt and iron railings lapse unaffectedly into sand and sea-grass. When I looked out of my window early this morning I saw only the endless stretch of brown sand against the grey roll of the Northern Ocean, and, on a crest of the dunes, the figure of a solitary sentinel. But presently there was a sound of martial music, and long lines of troops came marching along the esplanade and down to the beach. The sands stretched away to east and west, a great "field of Mars" on which an army could have manœuvred; and presently the morning exercises of cavalry and infantry began. Against the brown beach the regiments in their dark uniforms were as black as silhouettes; and when the cavalry galloped by in single file they looked like the black frieze of warriors encircling the dun-coloured flanks of an Etruscan vase. For hours these long-drawn-out movements of troops went on, to the wail of bugles, and under the eye of the lonely sentinel on the sand-crest; then the soldiers poured back into the town, and La Panne was once more a busy common-place "bain-de-mer." The common-placeness, however, was only on the surface; for as one walked along the esplanade one discovered that the town had become a citadel, and that all the little doll's-house villas with their silly gables and sillier names—"Seaweed," "the Sea-gull," "Mon Repos," and the rest—were really a continuous line of barracks swarming with cheerful Belgian soldiers. In the main street there were hundreds of soldiers, pottering along in couples, chatting in groups, romping and wrestling like a crowd of school-boys, or bargaining in the shops for shell-work souvenirs and sets of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

post-cards; and between the dark-green and crimson uniforms was a frequent sprinkling of khaki, with the occasional pale blue of a French officer's tunic.

Before luncheon we motored over to Dunkerque. The road runs along the canal, between grass-flats and prosperous villages. No signs of war were noticeable except on the road, which was crowded with motor vans, ambulances, and troops. Presently the walls and gates of Dunkerque rose before us, as calm and undisturbed as when we entered the town the day before yesterday. But within the gates we were in a desert. The bombardment had ceased the previous evening, but a death-hush lay on the town. Every house was shattered and the streets were empty. We drove to the Place Jean Bart, where two days ago we sat at tea in the hall of the hotel. Now there was not a whole pane of glass in the windows of the square, the doors of the hotel were closed, and every now and then some one came out carrying a basketful of plaster from fallen ceilings. The whole surface of the square was covered with a mosaic of glass from the hundreds of broken windows, and at the foot of David's statue of Jean Bart, just where our motor had stood while we had tea, the siege-gun of Dixmude had scooped out a hollow as big as the crater at Nieuport.

Though not a house on the square was touched, the scene was one of unmitigated desolation. It was the first time we had seen the raw wounds of a bombardment, and the freshness of the havoc seemed to accentuate its cruelty. We wandered down the street behind the hotel to the graceful Gothic church of St. Eloi, of which one aisle had been shattered; then, turning another corner, we came on a poor house that had had its whole front torn away. The squalid sight of caved-in floors, smashed wardrobes, dangling bedsteads, heaped-up blankets, topsy-turvy chairs and stoves and wash-stands was somehow far more painful than the sight of the wounded church. St. Eloi was draped in the indestructible dignity of martyrdom, but the poor little house reminded one of some shy humdrum person suddenly exposed in the glare of a great misfortune.



The Cloth Market at Nieuport.

A few people stood in silent clusters looking up at the ruins, or strayed aimlessly about the streets. Not a loud word was heard. The air seemed heavy with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the suspended breath of a great city's activities: the mournful hush of Dunkerque was more oppressive than the death-silence of Ypres. But when we came back to the Place Jean Bart the unbreakable human spirit had begun to reassert itself. A handful of children were playing in the bottom of the crater, collecting "specimens" of glass and splintered brick; and about its rim the market-people, quietly and as a matter of course, were setting up their stalls. In a few minutes the signs of German havoc would be hidden behind stacks of crockery and household utensils, and some of the pale women we had left in mournful contemplation of the ruins would be bargaining as astutely as ever for a saucepan or a butter-tub. Not once but a thousand times has the attitude of the average French civilian on the front reminded me of the gallant cry of Calanthea in *The Broken Heart:* "Let me die smiling!" I should have liked to stop and spend all I had in the market of Dunkerque. . .

All the afternoon we wandered about La Panne. The exercises of the troops had begun again, and the deploying of those endless black lines along the beach was a sight of the strangest beauty. The sun was veiled, and heavy surges rolled in under a northerly gale. Toward evening the sea turned to cold tints of jade and pearl and tarnished silver. Far down the beach a mysterious fleet of fishing boats was drawn up on the sand, with black sails bellying in the wind; and the black riders galloping by might have landed from them, and been riding into the sunset, out of some wild northern legend. Presently a knot of buglers took up their stand on the edge of the sea, facing inward, their feet in the surf, and began to play; and their call was like the call of Roland's horn, when he blew it down the pass against the paynim. And on the sand-crest below my window the lonely sentinel still watched. . .

June 24th.

It is like coming down from the mountains to leave the front. I never had the feeling more strongly than when we passed out of Belgium this afternoon. I had it most strongly as we drove by a cluster of villas standing apart in a lonely region of grass and sand. In one of them, for nearly a year, two hearts at the highest pitch of human constancy have held up a light to the world. It is impossible to pass that house without a sense of awe. Because of the light that comes from it dead faiths have come to life, weak convictions have grown strong, fiery impulses have turned to long endurance, and long endurance has kept the fire of impulse. In the harbour of New York there is a pompous statue of a goddess with a torch, designated as "Liberty enlightening the World." It seems as though the title on her pedestal might well, for the time, be transferred to the lintel of that quiet villa in the dunes.

On leaving St. Omer we took a short cut southward across rolling country. It was a happy accident that caused us to leave the main road, for presently, over the crest of a hill, we saw surging toward us a mighty movement of British and Indian troops. It was a radiant afternoon and a great bath of silver sunlight lay on the wheat-fields, the clumps of woodland and the hilly blue horizon. In that slanting radiance the cavalry rode toward us, regiment after regiment of slim turbaned Indians, with delicate proud faces like the faces of Princes in Persian miniatures. Then came a long train of artillery; splendid horses, clattering gun-carriages, clear-faced English youths galloping by all aglow in the sunset. The stream of them seemed never ending. Now and then it was checked by a train of ambulances and supply-waggons, or caught and congested in the crooked streets of a village where the children and girls had come out with bunches of flowers, and bakers were selling hot loaves to the sutlers; then we extricated ourselves from the crowd, and climbing another hill came on another cavalcade surging toward us through the silver wheat-fields. For over an hour the procession poured by, so like and yet so unlike the French division we had met on the move as we went north a few days ago; so that we seemed to have passed to the front, and away from it, through a great gateway in the long wall of armies that are guarding the civilized world from the North Sea to the Vosges.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NIPPON GARDEN

By John Seymour Wood

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

IN Paris, in the spring of 19—, my friend Doctor Marnack, the chess master, and I, on our way to the Café de la Régence, frequently paused before the window of a little Japanese shop on the Rue de Rivoli wherein, in a space of about six feet square, was laid one of the most charming of miniature Nippon gardens of the Gyo type. Goldfish swam under arched bridges—white storks hid in the branches of sonare, matzu, and také trees—little figures sat in arbors on diminutive islands or fished from "the viewing-fish-place stones" on rocky promontories—temples and shrines adorned the summits of "mountains," and pilgrims to these shrines could be seen ascending and descending in endless procession.

"The 'bansai' is doubtless a reproduction of a real garden in Japan," said Doctor Marnack, who had travelled in the Orient. "From the days of the great Sen-No-Rikyu, the first of landscape-gardeners, the Japs seem unwilling to improve on nature as we do, so they make miniature mountains, lakes, trees—in exact proportion to and conformity with nature. Size makes no difference—I've seen their gardens on small butter-plates, on platters, in spaces up to several hundred yards. Every Japanese house has its garden, however poor—every tree, stone, bush, and plant has a meaning, and the entire garden may be called a poem of nature *à la Japonaise*. One's imagination is fed by the exquisite dwarf trees, the beds of flowers, and the rugged rocks like distant mountain ridges—and trunks and foliage of ancient sonare forest trees."

The Nippon garden on the Rue de Rivoli soon became an obsession with the master—he never failed to stand utterly lost gazing at the charming Japanese illusion, for half-hours at a time, on his way to or from the famous chess café.

The garden contained its drama, it seemed. In the centre of the little lake, not far from the house which led down by many steps to the water, sat a fat old Samura, intent on fishing. His boat was as wide as it was long, and contained the minutest fishing-apparel imaginable, besides kettles for bait, baskets for fish, a bottle of saké, and a black cat. By an ingenious mechanism invisible to the eye, at regular intervals the little boat would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fill with water, and the fat—but very intelligent-looking old fisherman—would sink—boat, cat, and all—into the depths of the little lake. Whereupon M. Jakusaki, the proprietor of the shop, would gravely come forward and reinstate the unfortunate fisherman in the boat—his narrow black eyes at the same time roaming along and, as if seeking approbation, scanning the faces of the curious crowd that always gathered before the window to witness the catastrophe.

Doctor Marnack often speculated on this little tragic performance, as we walked along the street, pondering upon the inward meaning—if any—of the sinking boat and the drowning Samura.

"I have now watched the fat little fisherman drown for nigh thirty consecutive May days," he said, "and the proprietor never varies the process one iota. Doubtless you will say he wishes to draw a crowd and advertise his other Nippon gardens for sale, but I have decided that he is indifferent to a sale, for I have talked with him. Once I offered him his price, which he refused, pleading that the little garden was already sold. Another day he refused a bargain, stating to a lady that the honorable plants had decayed. Another time, to my astonishment, I saw him break away from a sale, rush out and seize a forlorn city cat that was passing on the street, and drag it back into his shop by the tail. Ah, yes, you will say, M. Jakusaki is afraid the cats will run into his shop and eat his goldfish. He is a very curious little Jap—I should say he is mentally unbalanced—perhaps he has a congenital hatred for cats—perhaps he is a renegade from Nippon justice for killing a cat—who knows? He seems full of care—his wrinkled face shows it—and care, you know, will kill a cat! He never opens his eyes beyond a narrow slit. Yes, I fear he has some secret sorrow, poor chap!" and Doctor Marnack sighed. "I, too, have my secret sorrow—I am too poor to go to the chess tournament at Petrograd."

I offered to lend the master a small sum, but he shook his head and refused: "I am not in debt," he said firmly, "and I never will be." Thereupon he began to discuss again the little Nippon garden and its owner, as if it were some sort of a chess problem he was working out in his mind.

"Jakusaki evidently has some secret ulterior purpose in his shop—some plan, I know not what, in his garden display. You will say he merely wishes to advertise his flowers—I doubt it. He is too entirely indifferent whether one buys or not. There is another curious thing—at the farther end of the shop, hidden behind a forest of plants, is a furnace with an oven above it. Now, why does he need this furnace? You will say his reason is obvious—and so it may be in winter—but the furnace is a peculiar one, and large enough to conceal the body of a man."

One day we entered the shop, to find M. Jakusaki absent and a small, sleepy servant in attendance. The little brown man kept bowing and stupidly yawning (very politely, however) behind his hand, as if half under the influence of a narcotic. We were not asked to purchase any flowers or the rare orchids in their delicate celadon vases covered with floriated scrolls. How well the Japanese know how to display the single long-stemmed lily . . . the purple iris!

While the little brown man seemed nodding in sleep, we went to the rear of the shop and examined the many wonderful curios—paintings, temple jars, and yellow gallipots; Jakusaki was evidently a person of wealth and artistic culture. The furnace and oven of bronze and the three curved swords with their red lacquer handles hanging on the wall, glittering like new moons, gave the room a gloomy and oppressive aspect. Doctor Marnack whipped out his magnifying-glass and noted the excellent carving on the handles. "Curious," he remarked, "the keen blades of the swords are on the inner edge—I suppose that means their purpose is harakiri—dreadful death! As for his furnace, you can see it is not intended for heating purposes *merely*."

"What an ingenious man you are!" I exclaimed, laughing; "your analytic mind makes so much out of nothing! M. Jakusaki, of course, needs some heat in his flower-shop—besides, his queer furnace is doubtless, like his curios, for sale. As for his peculiar manner, he may be indifferent to *you*—for you know you have never purchased a single flower from him—he is not indifferent to others. Yesterday I was passing, and I saw a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

foreigner enter his place—a Japanese gentleman of distinction and evidently wealthy—well, M. Jakusaki simply danced up and down with his efforts to please his rich countryman. He certainly showed himself capable of great and extraordinary emotion as a salesman. I stood at the window and noticed that he was so assiduous over his visitor that he forgot to reinstate the little fisherman—an unprecedented thing for him—for we have seen him break off conversation and leave many a customer to rescue the little old man. He led the stranger into the rear of the shop behind the rubber-plants and matsu-trees and I lost sight of them; but from that time the little boat and its unfortunate occupant have lain on the white sand bottom of the garden pond, nosed about indifferently by the unsurprised goldfish, who never seem surprised at anything——"

"So!" exclaimed Doctor Marnack excitedly, suddenly turning to me; "describe the stranger, can you? Have you seen the newspapers?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean—this little Nippon garden *may* take me to Petrograd!"

"How can you make anything out of it? How absurd you are, Doctor Marnack!"

"Quick! Tell me!"

"The Japanese gentleman had a jet-black beard, I think—wore a silk hat—was elaborately and even elegantly dressed—yes, I recall he wore patent-leather shoes, light check trousers—carried a cane."

Doctor Marnack grew even more excited, crying: "It fits the description!" He rushed out of the shop—I following—and we stood again before Jakusaki's window. The little boat and its occupant were still lying on the bottom and the goldfish were swimming indifferently over the scene of the tragedy. A newsboy rushed up at the moment and we read in large head-lines:

"*The Japanese ambassador still missing*—large reward offered for his discovery, dead or alive." The account went on: "*On dit* that on the morning of the 16th instant, M. Raki, the ambassador from Japan, with madame, his wife, drove in his brougham to the galleries of the Louvre, where, saying he would walk to the Rue de Rivoli to make some purchases, and would rejoin her in the Salon Carré, he disappeared. A gendarme recalls seeing a person answering his description entering a book-shop, but cannot be certain. And from that time he has never been seen again by any one."

"Never will be seen again," said Doctor Marnack abruptly, handing me the paper. "I have a portion of the ashes of the poor man and some of his black hairs that had caught in the furnace door—in this envelope. . . . Yes, I suspected that furnace, and I quietly investigated it while you were not looking. Now I have the whole story—I can read it as if it were printed in large type—I will tell it to you—by to-night the police will hand me the reward of fifteen thousand francs for the discovery of the missing ambassador—dead, poor fellow! I will be able to go to Petrograd in grand style—I will win the tournament—I will beat the great Rubinstein—Capablanca—Marshall—Lasker—Tarrasch—so at last I will be champion of the world! And it all comes of looking in that window, by chance, at the little Nippon garden. Now, then, the first thing we must do is to take these ashes (I hope I know human ashes!) to my friend and old chess antagonist Doctor Lascelles, the chemist, in the Rue Rotrou—he will analyze them and prove conclusively the murder of the ambassador of Japan. A horrible affair, truly—but it was Japanese justice!"

"Tell me the story—tell me the story!" I begged as we walked across Saints-Pères Bridge and hurried along the Boule Miche toward the Rue Rotrou. . . . I was amazed at Marnack's perspicacity.

"It is all a simple triangle story, my friend, as I make it out," said the doctor. "Some years ago, we will say, rich old Nogatura,—so we will name him,—the merchant of silks in Tokio, built him a wonderful garden and lake at his country-seat not far from the city. The miniature we have seen here is an exact reproduction. Here, his old wife having died, the Samura married the young and beautiful San San, daughter of a merchant of pottery and porcelain—a famous beauty, much sought for in marriage, but practically sold to Nogatura by her father for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

50,000 yen. She never learned to love her worthy old husband, who doted upon her and lavished a fortune in her entertainment. One day she was observed by Prince Raki, who, attended by his retinue of servants, was passing as she walked in her garden, which had been designed by the old man's son, Jakusaki—our flower dealer (his real name is Ponogatura), an artist, who was himself in love with the beautiful San San. Well, Prince Raki called at the country house of the Samura, bringing, according to the custom of the country, expensive presents—rare kakemonos by Hiroshige, we will say, bronzes of the Tang dynasty, and precious old cloisonné enamels—but he was sent away courteously and his gifts returned.

"At last the lovely San San, despising her old husband, who stupidly fished all day and drank saké at night, arranged to flee with the wicked prince, whose persistence had overcome all obstacles, but Ponogatura and the servants beat off the intruder and drove him away from the garden. He then planned revenge. He engaged a sailor to swim out in the little lake, under the boat from which Noga was fishing, and pull out the plug while he sat dozing over his bobbing line, and so drown him. This was accomplished successfully, and poor old Noga, who could not swim, met his end. The beautiful San San then fled to the prince, who, being high in favor with the Mikado, was soon after, at his own request, sent as ambassador to France. Ponogatura made every effort to avenge his father, but the prince was very powerful in Japan and he could obtain no redress. So he followed the guilty pair to Paris, where, like Hamlet, he meditated over his father's wrongs and planned a shop and garden to attract Raki's eye and lure him into his power, where he could kill him or compel him to commit harakiri, and then burn his body in the furnace. You see how simple it is? And now, as we are at the laboratory of my friend Lascelles, we will prove the truth of my story in less than half an hour's time."

"You are a man of astonishing genius!" I exclaimed, greatly interested and excited; "you are quite on a par with Sherlock Holmes! I am only too happy to be your Watson! but Jakusaki, or 'Pono,' the avenger—will you let him go unpunished?"

"Yes—as soon as I have received the reward I will let him escape, for I believe he has behaved in the right filial spirit. Like Hamlet, he has killed his father's murderer. I hope he is already secreted on a steamer bound for the Orient. I am not interested in his capture—let him go!"

"And the lovely San San—what of her?"

"Let her live to repent her wickedness—as Hamlet spared his mother, the sinning Gertrude, for purposes of repentance. According to the Japanese custom, she will probably commit harakiri—an excellent and suitable end for her!" And Doctor Marnack lit a cigarette calmly.

M. Lascelles—a thin little professor of chemistry in the university, in a skullcap—greeted Marnack with unction, asked few questions, and promised to let him have an analysis of the ashes in a hour or less.

"Meanwhile," said the chess master, "let us walk in the Luxembourg gardens near by—we can smoke, and I wish to talk over my trip to Russia. The fifteen thousand francs' reward will be more than sufficient—yes, I am very fortunate."

At the entrance to the beautiful gardens, charming in their brilliant formal unconventionality as were the nature miniatures of Jakusaki, we took our seats on chairs (paying the old woman in charge two sous), beneath the chestnut-trees, and watched for a time a well-contested game of *jeu de paume*, after which we strolled among the flower-beds near the splendid Fontaine du Zodiac. Doctor Marnack, gazing upon his beloved French lilies, verbenas, and red geraniums, discoursed upon all the great gardens of the world, "to which," he said, "my chess has been my open sesame."

He spoke fondly of certain comfortable English gardens in Kent—of the wonderful grandiose park of the Château Monplan in Belgium—of the beautiful, pathetic old Italian garden of his friend the Duca della Porta, near Milan—and of the fanciful and poetic iris gardens of Habitara, Japan.

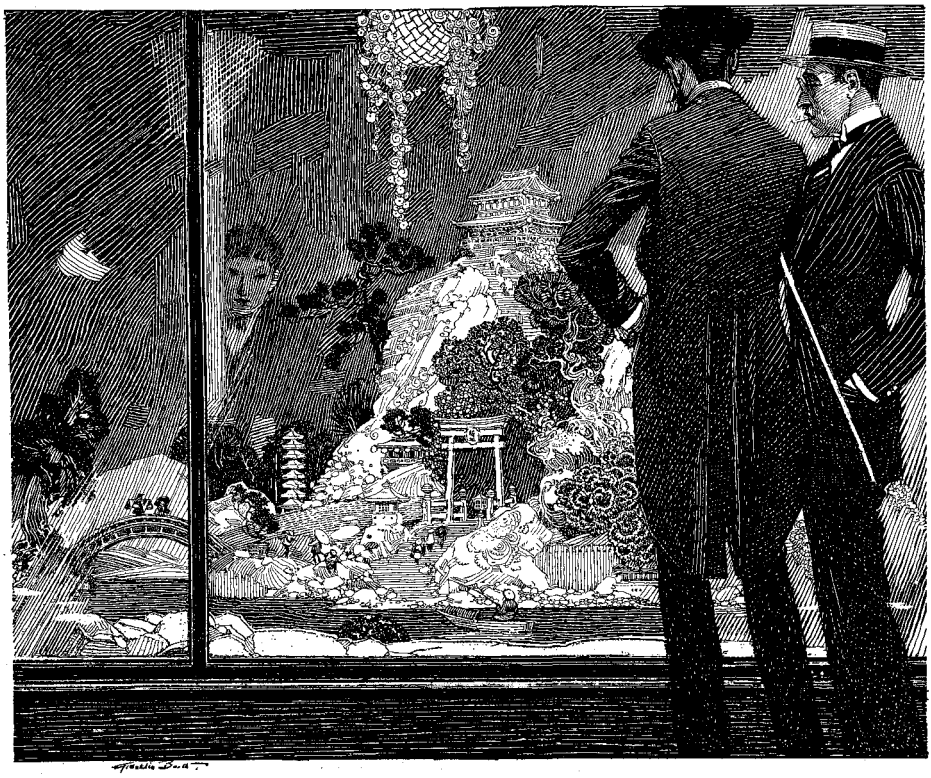
Suddenly he started, then ran to a bench at a little distance whereon sat,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

apparently, the same small, black-haired servant whom we had recently seen in Jakusaki's shop—his head resting on the back of the bench, his eyes glazed and looking sickly and yellow, as if recovering from a saké debauch. He held a letter clasped in his two hands across his chest. As the fellow seemed still half-intoxicated and was unable to answer the doctor's questions, the latter rather unceremoniously attempted to snatch the letter out of his hands, at the same time calling to a gendarme to look after the boy.

But the Jap evidently had no intention of parting with the missive. He jumped to his feet and, as the gendarme came running clumsily up, proceeded to perform on him as neat a feat of jiu-jitsu as Paris vaudeville has ever witnessed. He caught the man by one hand, and by a dexterous twist—left, right—left, right—threw him over his shoulder. In doing this the letter dropped on the ground. Doctor Marnack barely had an opportunity to read the inscription, when the little Jap hastily snatched it up, placed it in his pocket, and started to run away.

"Why do you not deliver the letter?" the doctor called out sternly in Japanese. "Come, come—I am the friend of M. Jakusaki, your master."



He never failed to stand utterly lost gazing at the charming Japanese illusion, for half-hours at a time.—Page 611.

The Jap paused, came forward bowing—could this strange gentleman be a fellow countryman? His face expressed his astonishment as he said: "Honorable sir, I have orders to deliver this letter into the hands of a great and honorable lady—for five times have I been at her house—but she is not at home—she will return in two hours—then will I return also and into her hands only will I deliver it. So I wait here, resting in this park."

"Give me the letter—I will deliver it for your master."

"I thank you, most honorable sir—but I refuse you. Much trouble have I had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over this letter—all night I have suffered from the Apaches, the thieves of Paris—they have waylaid me and kept me a prisoner—I have fought with them most courageously and I have escaped from them."

Of course the doctor understood this to be a lie. It was quite evident that the little Jap, who seemed a facsimile if he was not actually the assistant in Jakusaki's shop, was the victim of drink only.

Meanwhile the gendarme had picked himself up and stolen upon the Jap from behind as he talked. He now brought the flat of his heavy sword down on his bare shock head of black hair. The boy fell like one dead and rolled over. Doctor Marnack cried to the officer: "You should not have done that! You may have killed him! I am a doctor—let us see."

"No yellow Jap is allowed to joojoo a soldier of France!" exclaimed the gendarme patriotically.

Doctor Marnack knelt down, opened the victim's coat, found the letter, and slipped it into his own pocket as the gendarme ran for an ambulance.

The doctor held the letter off at arm's length, saying:

"Jakusaki, from his place of concealment (possibly under the little garden in his shop), sends this by his servant, whom we saw, to the beautiful San San, telling her of the prince's horrible death, and warns his lovely but frail stepmother to kill herself or go back to Japan! Poor San San! Poor celestial victim of love! Perhaps I will see that she never gets it!"

The letter was addressed: "To the most honorable—La Madame Raki—wife of the Ambassador of Japan—Rue St. Germain 2111. Important."

"If we only knew the ambassador's handwriting!" exclaimed the doctor suddenly, on another tack, as if in doubt; "but we do not. This letter surely cannot be from Madame Raki's husband? I have no right to open it. As the servant is *hors de combat* and unable to answer further questions, we may leave him to the tender mercies of the doctors—let us go back to M. Lascelles—he will, by this time, be able to inform us positively as to the ashes—he will clear all doubts as to whether the letter *can* be from Prince Raki."

As we approached, Doctor Lascelles was standing in the door of his laboratory awaiting us. A smile lingered on his thin lips. "Have you been interesting yourself again in one of those police cases, *mon ami?*" he asked demurely. "Is not the solution of chess problems sufficient for your energies?"

"It is very important—tell me your analysis—it is a world event——"

"Possibly the case of a mislaid ambassador—*par exemple*, as I see by the newspapers?"

"The same——"

"*Très bien.* The ashes and fraction of a bone which you gave me to analyze are not those of a human being—are probably those of a mislaid ancient tom-cat—the black hair denotes he was a colored gentleman," and Doctor Lascelles twiddled his thumbs calmly.

"Ah!" cried Doctor Marnack, "then this letter *is* from the ambassador himself!"

"I don't quite follow," queried the chemist dubiously.

But Doctor Marnack was off, without explanation or ceremony, in such great strides that I had to run to catch up with him. Down the Boule Miche he hastened until he hailed an empty taxi—then we flew.

In five minutes more we were ushered into the private office of the prefecture of police.

The chief, in full uniform, was sitting in his office chair, and swung around as his secretary brought us in "on urgent business," so ran the pencilled line on Marnack's card.

"M. Marnack, chess master, be seated, sir. I know you well. What is your 'urgent business'?"

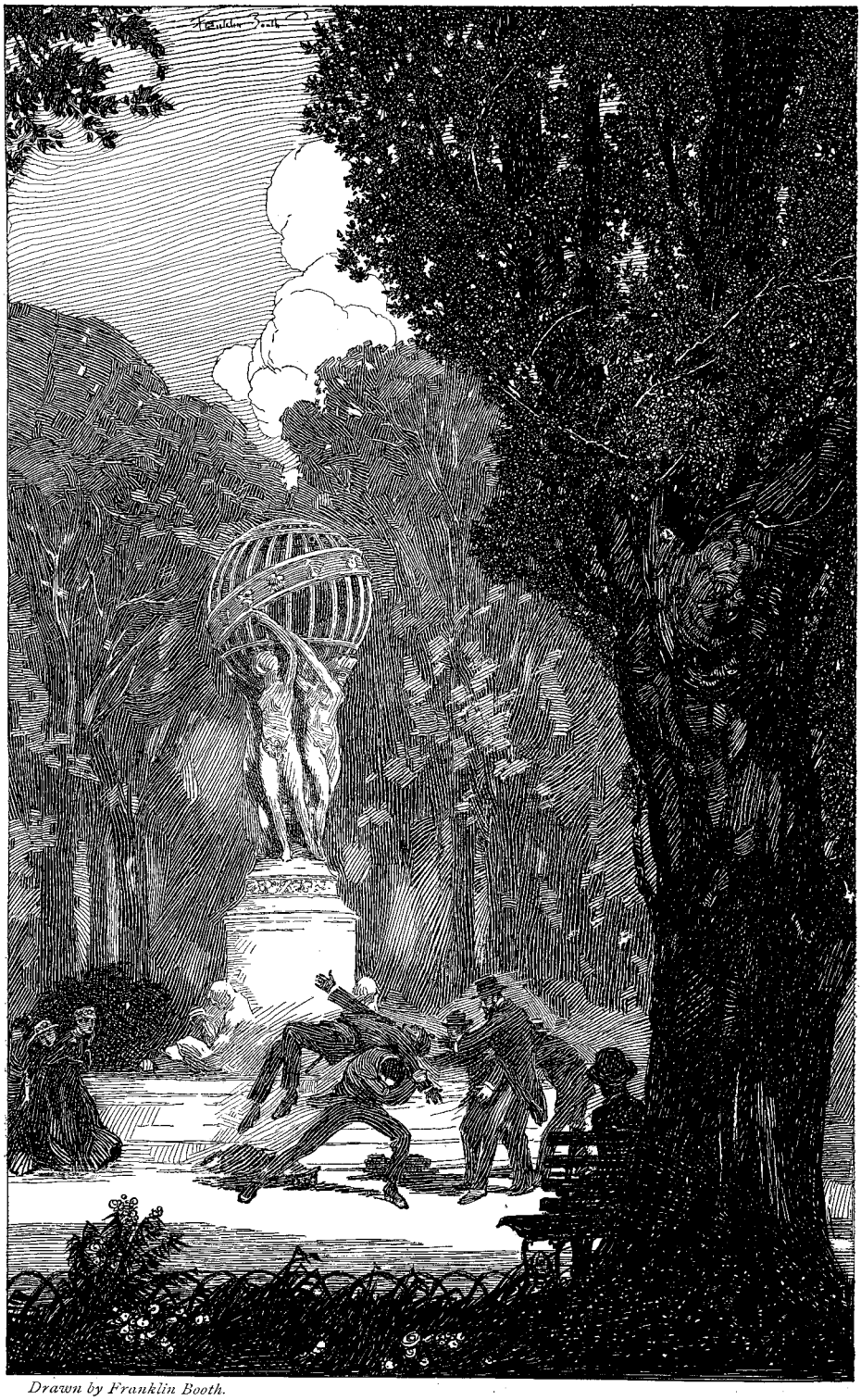
"I have come to ask if the reward for finding the Japanese ambassador, dead or alive, is still open."

"But yes, monsieur. It has just been raised by Madame Raki to twenty thousand francs. She is in the next room awaiting some news of her husband—we are trying to help her—she is very anxious. Have you any information?"

"I have found him! Alive!" The doctor's voice was triumphant.

"Found him! That is indeed great news; but what is your proof—the circumstances?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Franklin Booth.

By a dexterous twist—left, right—left, right—threw him over his shoulder.—Page 615.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Doctor Marnack produced the letter. . . . "His present address is contained in this envelope," he said . . . "read for yourself . . . naturally, I have not opened it . . . naturally, I claim the reward."

The chief bowed and tapped a bell.

"Ask Madame the Japanese ambassador's wife to step in this room," he ordered.

In a few moments a little, exquisitely dressed lady appeared with an attendant. She was clad in the latest Paris fashion, and her face was as ugly and yellow as an old walnut.

"The beautiful San San," I murmured, nudging my friend.

The chief handed her the letter—she opened it, trembling. Her wrinkled face was but half-visible behind a veil—but her figure stiffened and she clasped her little hands as she read, then handed the letter over to the chief. It was in French, and he read it aloud slowly:

"To my most beloved and honorable wife—my beauteous and lovely Princess Ita—greeting:

"Be not alarmed, O my beloved, for at last I have found my long-lost, most honorable brother, Prince Tora Raki, who—as you well know, overcome with grief at the lamentable death of our most honorable father the Samura, three years ago—became a victim of aphasia, or loss of memory, and disappeared.

"When we met (I was attracted by a miniature facsimile of our old Gyo garden and lake near Tokio in a shop-window and, entering, found in him its proprietor) my honorable brother recognized me at once, and in the shock of the excitement he suddenly recovered his wits. He has built himself, it seems, a garden on an acre of ground at Versailles. Here, where I write this letter, he lives with his two servants—twin brothers—brought from Japan.

"I am now drinking tea with him on the tea-drinking-stone above the lake—like that lake in which our honorable father was so lamentably drowned. We are very happy and we feel that we are at home in Japan, worshipping our noble ancestor, who, we feel, is present with us.

"My brother's hallucination as to cats (you recall it was thought that a kitten,—our honorable father was abnormally fond of cats,—playing in the boat, was the cause of his death) still remains, and he still seeks to destroy them—especially if they are black in color and with green eyes.

"Come to me at once, O my moon face—my beautiful one—my pink chrysanthemum—my iris flower—come!"

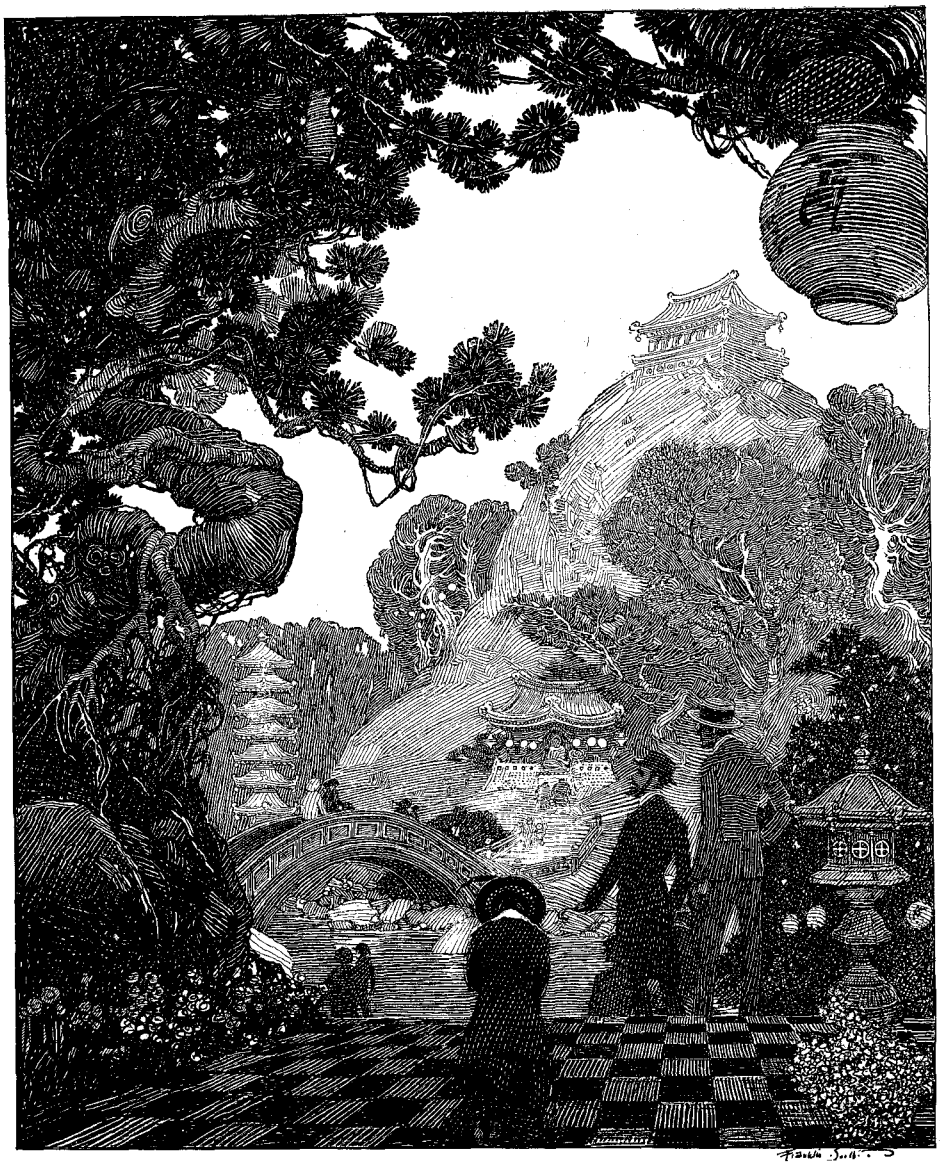
The Japanese accustom themselves to show no emotion in public, and the little walnut lady quietly withdrew a few steps as if to await orders. The vaguest, thinnest little smile hovered across her painted lips. She appeared unembarrassed, reserved, and entirely unaffected by the endearments and adoration expressed at the end of the letter. She was a Japanese lady of highest rank.

"My motor is at your service, madame," said the chief. "I will send Doctor Marnack and his friend with you to your husband at Versailles, so that you will be well protected."

Then the chief gave himself the relief of a hearty laugh, in which we refused to join. Madame Raki well concealed her feelings at the strange behavior of the "General of police." She said nothing, expressed nothing, did nothing other than preserve a rigid hauteur, and presently we were travelling along at tremendous speed, for the Napier was a high-powered machine and the chief's chauffeur one of the best.

Just after sundown we arrived at Jakusaki's villa and beheld a life-sized edition of the "Bansai" we had so often admired. It was like the story of Hans Christian Andersen's, where the little boy sees his toy houses grow into a full-sized town. Each little detail of mountain and lake was identical with that in the shop-window. And now a marvel occurred. The same little Japanese servant (or was he the twin brother—a facsimile of the one we found intoxicated in the Luxembourg gardens, and the one in charge of Jakusaki's shop?) received us. "We meet again to-day!" he smiled at our astonishment. He still seemed affected by strange narcotics or saké, or both, as though he had been celebrating too freely his master's return to reason. He bowed very low many times and, muttering apologies for his condition, led us through the villa, which was filled with the finest of curios, lacquered chairs, settees, priceless old sat-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Her little hands clasped across her bosom, and after bowing low several times knelt facing him.—Page 620.

suma and powdered-blue temple jars, on their carved teak-wood stands. In adjoining rooms stood cabinets of rare jade, and porcelain of the Han dynasty. The floors were covered with rich Chienlung rugs. Leading from the rear veranda was a short, well-worn path, bordered by iris blooms, to the Gyo garden, which, with its lake and mountains, lay in the afterglow of the sunset—a vision of beauty. Here, on an island, in a temple above the lake, we beheld the two brothers, in ancient costume of the Samurai, standing on the worshipping-stones before a shrine. Incense was burning before a bronze Buddha of calm and smiling countenance. Lanterns were already lighted. Red fire was burning on the fishing-stone and on the high arched bridge. Madame Ita Raki, preserving the traditions, did not venture to approach her honorable husband during these sacred rites. She

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stood silent, gazing across the lake at her spouse, her little hands clasped across her bosom, and after bowing low several times knelt facing him. She was perfectly rigid, formal, in the best sense high-class, the tears rolling down her brown cheeks, her only concession to sentiment. She was happy. . . .

Presently there was a sound of gongs and drums and music of samisen and tambourine. Fire-crackers banged. Troupes of Japanese men and women bearing flowers sprang up like magic on the "principal mountains," under the matzu central tree, on the stepping-stones, the wishing-stones, the mountain-shadow-stone, the guardian-stone, and the harmonizing-stone. The snow-lanterns gave out a weird white light, and the tender sunset spread a soft pink glow over the garden and made it seem wholly unreal.

"Let us step on our magic carpet and fly away from Japan back to Paris," said Doctor Marnack; "this is too much of the stuff that dreams are made of—is my reward to be a dream?"

If Doctor Marnack won his twenty thousand francs for the discovery of the Japanese ambassador he did not win the chess tournament at Petrograd. They said he was dining too well for good chess. I thought this was quite possible.

NORTH PORTUGAL AND ITS ROMARIAS

By Ernest Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

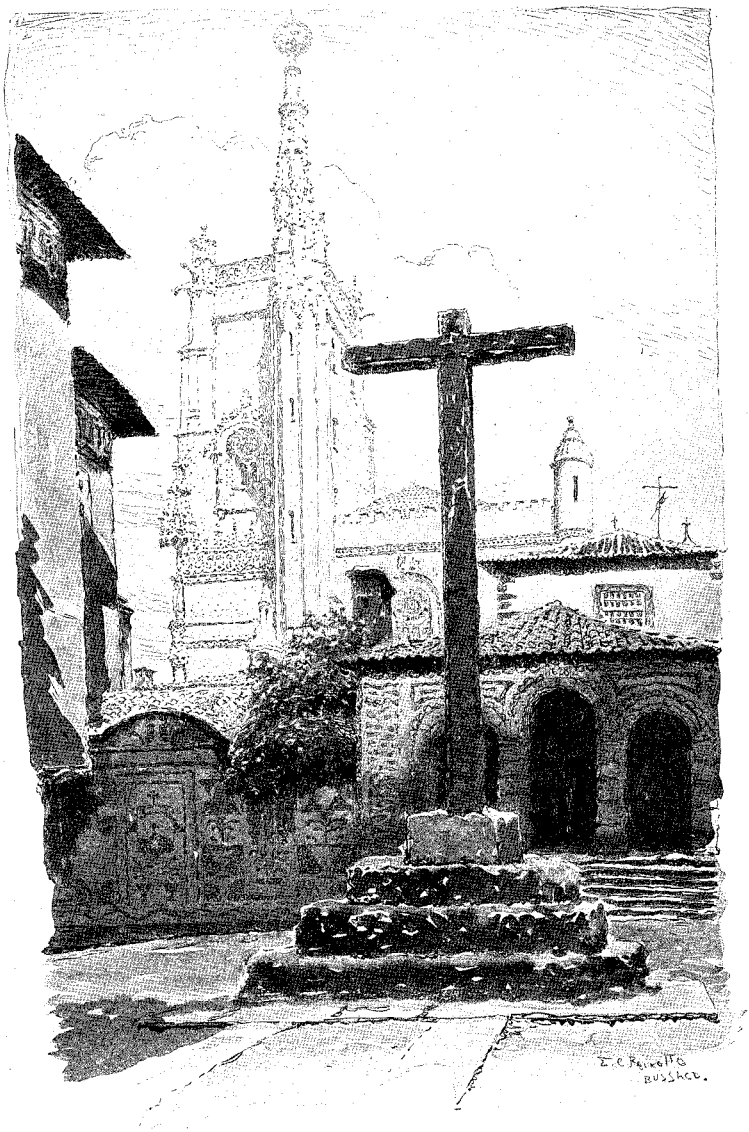
THE horses had just pulled up a long grade when, at the top of the hill, our coachman, with a flourish of his whip, pointed out a white speck upon a distant mountain, bare and precipitous, and he said, "There's Bussaco."

We plodded on for an hour or more and at last began to climb in earnest until we reached a village, Luzo, sunning its pink roofs among the vineyards. Then we skirted a high wall and suddenly plunged through a gateway into another world. Houses, vineyards, the smiling peasants, even the bright hot sunlight of the summer afternoon—all were blotted out in an instant.

About us, interlocking their dense, rank branches above our heads, great trees of infinite variety intertwined to form a forest as dense and luxuriant as any tropic jungle, where, in their efforts to reach the life-giving sun, they spindled upward tall and straight, their lower limbs dying in the gloom beneath. The road wound cool and fragrant between hedges of ivy and laurel, mounting ever higher and higher until we spied a slender shaft above our heads surmounted by an armillary sphere. Some out-buildings, a terrace, and a broad sunny esplanade—and, blinking in the bright light once more, we drew up before a monumental hotel, an enchanted palace in the wood!

Somewhere back in the Dark Ages, when good men fled the turmoil of eternal wars, hermit monks found this quiet retreat and built here a primitive convent. It never grew rich in worldly goods, nor did its barefoot brothers live in the opulence that shamed other Portuguese convents. On the contrary, their only luxury was this forest. As their missionary brothers one by one went forth overseas to convert the heathen of Asia and America, their home convent, perched high up on its mountain-top, was ever present in their memories, and they sent or brought back to it every strange plant and tree that they could find, which, in this marvellous climate, where everything grows, thrived and multiplied. A papal bull, issued by Urban VIII, and still to be read inscribed upon the Porta de Coimbra, punished with major excommunication any one who dared touch this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The humble monastery that shelters beneath its giant bulk (Bussaco).—Page 623.

bosque sagrado, so that its trees have grown in peace and form to-day a virgin forest centuries old and many miles in circumference.

The variety of its growth is astounding. Pines, oaks, and chestnuts indigenous to northern woods neighbor exotic palms, camphor-trees, carobs, Lusitanian cypresses, and the giant cedars of Lebanon and Hindostan, forming dense groves where the sunlight only filters at midday, blazing in tiny brilliant spots upon the ivy, smilax, and mosses that clothe the tree-trunks and spread their carpets upon the ground.

Sunlight is indeed necessary in these woods, and I can readily imagine the disappointment of any one who sees them only in the rain, smothered as they then are in the clouds of moisture that in these latitudes settle round the mountain-tops. We were fortunate in our sojourn, for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

every day we were able to walk in a different direction through these amazing forests—a delight, a continual surprise, an everlasting wonderment at the prodigal hand of nature. Fountains, pools, cascades greet one at each turn, and their murmur forms a rippling accompaniment to the songs of the birds and to the gentle refrain of the trees that hum in the breeze like the after sweep of harp-strings. Every puff of wind and zephyr brings its scent and makes you glad indeed if, in this twentieth century, you still have a pagan sense left.

The walk we liked best led up a zigzag path that steeply mounts behind the hotel. It was the old Calvary, and at each of its turnings a square chapel still stands, mouldy and moss-grown and decorated with stone mosaics by the patient silent monks. Though shorn of their sculptures, these stations of the cross still show vestiges of their old painted backgrounds. They lead you at length through ivy-covered copses and dense thickets of laurestina to two old hermitages, perched one above the other.

These also were fashioned by the monks, and each contains a tiny oratory, a sleeping-chamber whose hard couch is still marked upon the stone floor, a rude kitchen, and a storeroom lined with cork. You step from the dense woods into these anchoretic retreats and from them out again on to a little terrace where you pause and gasp, bewildered, for the world lies spread at your feet.

Drunk with air and sunshine after the darkness of the woods, you gaze, without let or limit, over plains drenched and flooded with blue, where green fields and pink-tiled villages sun themselves among darker patterns of pine woods. Far to the westward the sand-bars gleam white against a long, deep sapphire line. To the north rise the Caramulla Mountains,

Terraces overlooking the Douro, Oporto.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

range after range, one behind another, fading at last to far cerulean lands, so faint that one asks, Is it sky, is it sea; solid earth or merely a passing cloud? I infinitely prefer this view to the more extensive one gained from the Cruz Alta above, at the extreme top of the mountain—a panorama of vast extent indeed, but lacking both the mystery and charm of this initial glimpse coming like a vision upon your senses.

The cathedral, Oporto.

Another walk, best toward evening, brings you to the Porta de Sulla, overlooking the battle-field—"Bussaco's iron ridge"—where, before Wellington's forces, Massena, the darling of victory, first tasted defeat. And indeed, as one looks from this gate down the dizzy declivities up which the French troops toiled, one wonders at the temerity of the commander who would dare send his men to storm so formidable a position.

When the old convent was secularized some years ago, the Matta of Bussaco was taken over by the state, and it was decided to erect within it a palace to be presented to the Crown. The palace was duly built, but, for political reasons, was never offered to the King, but turned instead into a hotel, a special pavilion being reserved for the use of the royal family.

The great hostelry is, I confess, somewhat out of the picture—insolent in the over-elaboration of its architecture, and too sharp a contrast to the humble monastery that shelters beneath its giant bulk. But it is veritably a lotus-eater's paradise. I can imagine no lovelier place for rest and quiet recreation than this palatial caravansary sheltered in its miles of woods. It is kept to suit the most fastidious taste, and I am convinced that, were it upon one of the beaten roads of travel, it would be famous the world over.

In striking contrast to its magnificence is the monastery beside it—a true abode of anchorites. No spacious corridors here as at Thomar; no vast kitchens like Alcobaça; no gorgeous cloisters as at Belem. All is meek and humble. Along the narrow halls, roofed with cork, cork doors just large enough to frame a human form admit to the narrow cells. At each angle stands an altar of Talavera tiles, blue and yellow with Persian-like bird-panels on a pale-greenish ground. Half-effaced portraits of monks and abbots, grim and ascetic, and a few grewsome re-

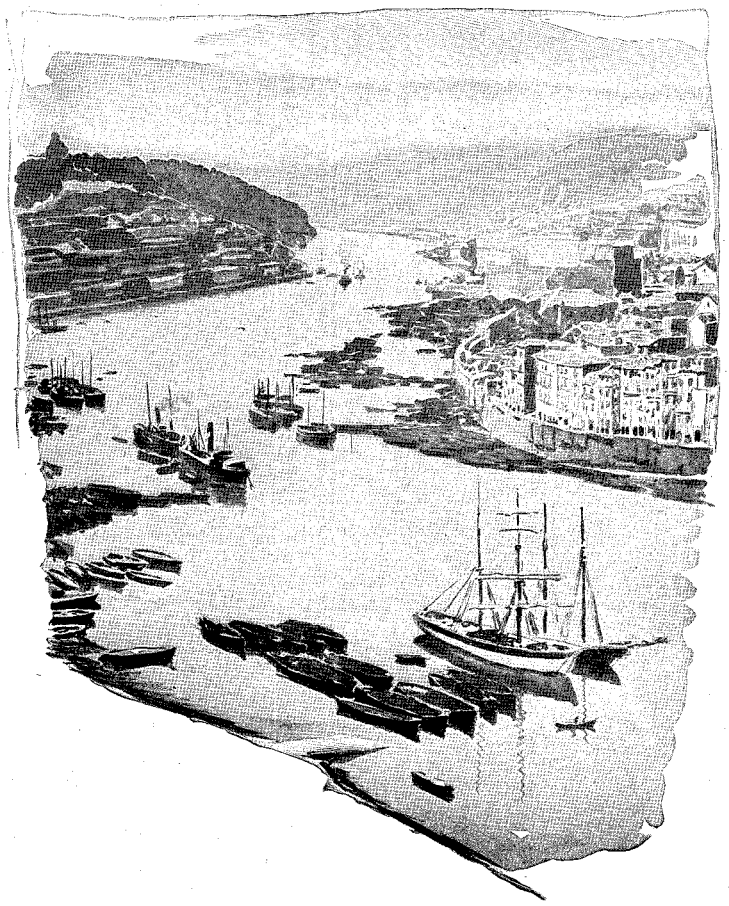
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ligious pictures form the sole decoration of the walls.

But the woods all about are enlivened with charming features—some recent, others dating from times long ago: crystal fountains gushing from fern-grown glens; rock grottoes dripping with veil-like waterfalls, in whose caverns palms and rare tropical plants thrive as in a hothouse; seats of stone mosaic; ivy-grown ruins, and a *scala santa* which you ascend between cascades and varied cryptogamia.

Bussaco's beauty baffles both pen and pencil, for it resides chiefly in the vast extent of its glorious woods, and how picture the variety of these stately avenues, the depth of the cedar groves, and the thick, flat canopies of its cypresses spread like green-velvet parasols to screen the sun?

We left this Eden one afternoon as the clouds were lowering and rain threatened at any moment, and, as we coasted down the steep decline in the hotel's motor, our sadness at departure was somewhat tempered by the thought of a change in the weather.



The gorge of the Douro, at Oporto.

And, surely enough, when we next saw the great ridge from the train as we left Pampilhosa the clouds had descended about it, and were drifting thicker, while showers from time to time obscured even the lower spurs.

The country that we traversed, espe-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cially upon such a day, made us think of Holland. It was indeed the direct antithesis to that we had just left. Perfectly flat fields, separated by narrow canals and bordered by long fringes of trees, alternated with sand-dunes. We knew the sea was near; so, when at length we approached Aveiro, whose fishermen and *varinas* are famous the country over, we were quite prepared to perceive the broad Atlantic just beyond the town.

The leaden clouds had lifted. We had dropped, in but an hour or two, from the mountains to the sea, in whose immensity we watched the sun set in a halo of glory, like one of Claude's great golden canvases.

The villas and bathing-resorts of Granja, suburban in character, told us we were nearing an important city, and presently, just before entering the station at Villa Nova de Gaia, we caught our first glimpse of Oporto, sitting proudly on its hills, its tiers of windows throwing back the last rays of the sun. As we waited, the dusk darkened into night. But when we did finally cross high above the Douro, upon the airy bridge that spans its deep ravine, profound as at Niagara, the picture was superb.

Far below, the river wound in a silver bow, the boats upon it mere specks; chains and festoons of light revealed the city silhouetted against a steel-colored

The monumental *scala*, a wilderness of stairs (Bom Jesus).—Page 632.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Corner of a romaria.

sky, and followed the irregular lines of the streets, starring them like the firmament, white above and golden far down by the water's edge. Slowly we crossed the dizzy heights, then rumbled through a tunnel and into the station.

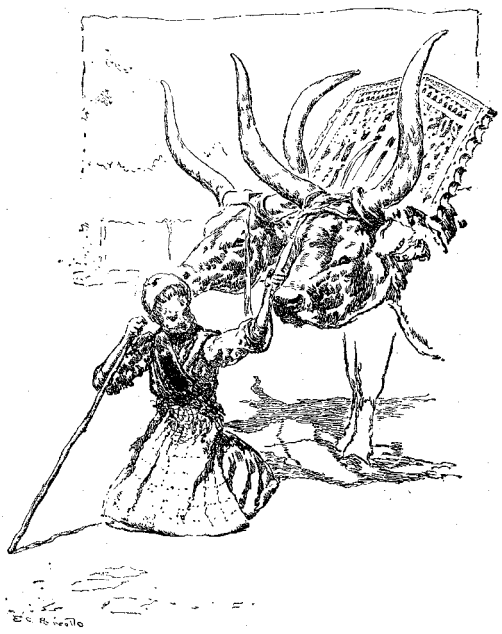
We slept that night in a bit of France, lost in this far corner of Portugal. Madame at the desk, monsieur in the dining-room, the food, the good beds, and the comfortably furnished room—all recalled the best type of French provincial hotel.

Oporto has been surnamed the "Laborious," and I think it deserves the appellation. It is pre-eminently a commercial city, so its main arteries teem with life. The abrupt slopes that rise from the river-bank make its streets exceptionally steep and irregular. Yet almost all the burden of its commerce is carried in odd, boat-shaped baskets upon the heads and shoulders of its citizens, who plod up the hills bearing incredible loads. Horses are few and are reserved for carriages and lighter vehicles.

All the heavy hauling is done by the ox-teams that are the most distinctive feature of its thoroughfares. The oxen are of a big, strong type, with an enormous spread of horns. The carts are as primitive as in the day of Celt or Roman, and the yokes are unique. Four or five feet in length, they stand almost upright like pictures upon easels, carved with intricate pierced patterns sometimes suggesting Moorish design, sometimes enriched

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with saints and angels, and often painted in the same gay colors as the carts in Palermo. The master of the team walks behind it or sits upon the load, while the big patient animals are led by a boy or girl who precedes them armed with a goad. The sight of the girls especially—mere slips of creatures of the tender age that most needs protection—walking barefoot in the dirty streets, tugging and hauling at the great beasts, whose horns often graze their slender bodies, stirs the stranger's heart to pity.



An ox-team, Oporto.

The life of the common people centres in the Praça da Ribeira, an irregular little square, foul and dust-swept, down by the river-front. Here ox-teams and longshoremen come in contact with the queer craft of the harbor and take up their burdens. Here one may best study the strange rigs of the boats, and the picturesque hulls of the *barcos de tolde* shaped like gondolas; the flat-bottomed punts and, most characteristic of all, the high-pooped *barcos rabello*, the great boats that bring their precious cargoes of port wine, through shoal and sand-bar, down the turbid Douro to the warehouses of Oporto.

Colliers from England, coasting ships from Bordeaux and Galicia, and native vessels from the Azores complete the background. The larger liners no longer pass the treacherous bar, but anchor instead in the new artificial harbor at Leixões a few miles away.

The broad quay that skirts the river reflects this cosmopolitan life and recalls picturesque Santa Lucia in the heyday of its squalor and activity. The city wall that borders it is honeycombed with the troglodytic shops of ship-chandlers, sailors' retreats, and evil-smelling barrooms; the houses that overlook it flaunt drying linen and pots of gaudy flowers to the sun; the motley throng that crowds its granite quay are sturdy sea-folks bronzed and weathered by wind and spray. The houses rise abruptly, one above another, topped at last by the huge bulk of the Bishop's Palace, looming at the end of the airy bridge, the Ponte de Dom Luiz Primeiro, that leaps the Douro from bank to bank on the daring sweep of its single skeleton arch.

The streets that lead from the quay to the upper town are quite mediæval in character—dark, tortuous lanes overshadowed by tall houses and further shaded by projecting balconies. In their open shops cobblers and carpenters, saddlers and bookbinders, ply their trades, using tools and implements of centuries ago. I especially remember one dark alley filled with smithies, in which was such a din of hammers beating on brass, copper, and zinc, reverberating, thrown back and forth from wall to wall, that my senses were bewildered. Yet children played peacefully in the gutters, while housewives hung out their linen on the balconies overhead quite oblivious and seemingly content.

The most unusual of these streets is the Rua das Flores, where the goldsmiths and silversmiths display their extraordinary wares—glittering cases of jewelry for the rich peasants of the Minho, made in great

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

part in the village of Gondomar. Crucifixes of elaborate filigree; great earrings, eight to nine inches long; massive pectoral hearts engrossed with leaves and tendrils set with precious stones that stand almost free from the golden background; massive chains and lockets; English sovereigns and gold pistoles and doubloons set as watch-charms, form the most amazing exhibition of peasant jewels that I have ever seen.

In other streets near by the country folk buy their costumes, and the shop-fronts are gay with colored sashes for the men and with bright kerchiefs and petticoats for the women. As most of the common people are illiterate, quaint picture signs dangle in the air, designating the shop, whose name would otherwise be illegible.

The streets of the upper town are cleaner and more modern in appearance, and meet here and there in spacious squares laid out with beautiful gardens. But one finds walking or driving in them rather fatiguing, for all the pavements are of granite. In fact, Oporto is a city of granite. Every church and palace, all its embankments, even the door and window frames of its humblest houses, are made of this enduring stone, whose stubbornness of surface has restrained the use of ornament, so that the city's architecture in the main is dignified and simple.

This is the note of its principal monuments. The cathedral, though disfigured by late alterations, is a grave, austere pile, like most of the very early churches of this northern country, and so is the huge Bishop's Palace that adjoins it. This latter is now unoccupied, so the monumental staircase of noble design but tawdry decoration echoes no footstep; the long suites of chambers are denuded, and the private chapel despoiled. As we walked through these empty rooms, one after another, our soldier guide opening each door with a key, we came at length to one in which a gorgeous cardinal's robe, ermine-trimmed, hung sunning over a chair by the window, mute evocation of the holy man who used to sit there and gaze hence over vine-clad pergolas and pottery roofs, plunging one below the other to the crowded shipping of the quays below.

These views of Oporto from the heights are highly picturesque and one may enjoy them from several points of vantage. On the Passeio das Fontainhas, for instance, you stand between the two bridges —that of the railway and the foot-bridge —both remarkable feats of engineering. Upon the opposite shore rises the conspicuous church of the Serra do Pilar, whence Wellington directed his famous crossing of the Douro and from which his cannon bombarded the city. But the view from the far end of the Ponte de Dom Luiz is, I think, the best. Here you face the city that rises like a wall from the water's edge. At the bottom are the granite quays I have described, alive with moving crowds, the light-colored waists and bundles of the women splashing white spots against the dark-gray stone. Skiffs crowd about the landing-steps; the tall white sails of the wine-boats go floating by like stately swans; sombre groups of coal-barges, clustered about the custom-house, form intricate patterns upon the yellow-green water, and now and then a steamer or a tug comes slowly up the deep gorge from the sea. Tiny wherries, rowed by men standing upright, dart from shore to shore bearing business men to and from the warehouses that stretch in long lines along the south bank, where the wealth of the country and the mainspring of its activities—those rare old port wines, the precious Muscatel de Jesus, the rich white Malmsey, the sweet Bastardo, and all the sorts and varieties of Tintas—lie mellowing and ripening.

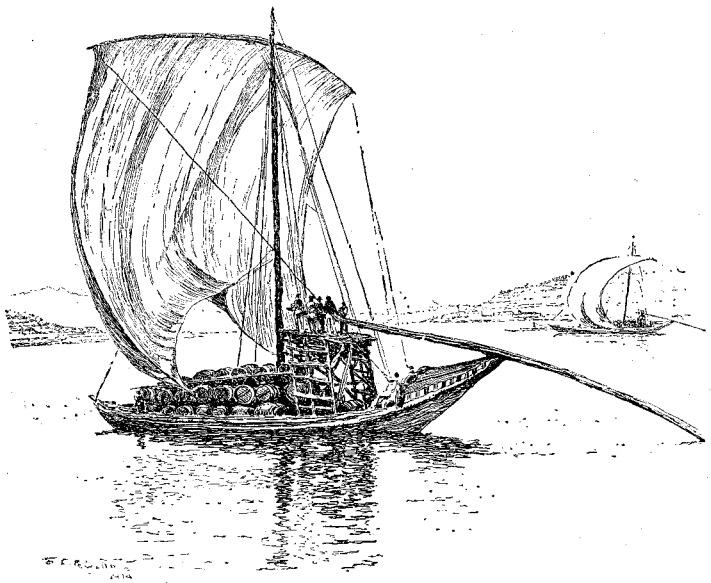
North of the Douro stretches a rich province of vineyards—a land where the peasants are self-respecting, happy, frugal, and often wealthy; where the granite walls have stood for centuries; where the forms of the old ox-carts have never changed; where the husbandmen use the same ploughs and farm implements that one sees graven upon the Celtic stone of Citania.

To visit this country we set out by train one morning for Guimarães.

The road from Oporto lies through a smiling land where every house is smothered in grape-vines, where the little Leça, sung by Sa de Miranda, flows gurgling through a narrow valley, setting in motion numerous water-wheels, diving under ivy-grown bridges, and polishing great granite bowlders that shine resplendent in the sun.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Finally, Guimarães appears, lying amid its vineyards and still guarded by its ancient castle, the cradle of the Portuguese monarchy. The city has a fine old aristocratic air—that of an impoverished



A wine-boat on the Douro.

nobleman—with its stately palaces flaunting their many quarterings on escutcheons above their entrances, its substantial houses, and its venerable paving-stones worn rutty by hundreds of years of footsteps.

Upon a picturesque square, arcaded and irregular in shape, front the main church and the old town hall, a curious edifice that straddles the praça on a series of stumpy arches. A taste of a later generation has remodelled its upper story and decked it with Manueline spheres and with a strange knight in nondescript armor, a burlesque figure fit to grace a Louis XIV ballet.

The Church of Our Lady of the Olives is a grave and sober pile, dating from the first period of the country's history. In its granite cloister grows an old olive-tree that recalls the story from which the church takes its name—a tradition of the time of the Visigoths. Wamba was ploughing his fields when envoys from Toledo came to tell him that he had been elected King of the Gothic peoples. Incredulous, he cried in jest that he would be king when his goad blossomed into leaf. So saying, he thrust his long olive-staff into the ground, when, lo, leaves burst from it! Amazed, he attempted to pull it from the earth, but found it firmly rooted. Wamba was king!

From this church a long winding street, spanned here and there with arches and lined with ancient habitations, mounts gradually to the castle. This I have called the cradle of the Portuguese monarchy, for here Affonso Henriques was born, and here he was baptized in a little chapel still standing, that used to be enclosed within the outer walls.

The old fortress remains quite intact, owing to its solid construction, for it is built of well-fitted blocks of granite exceptionally large for a building of its date. You may still walk its entire *chemin des rondes*, while its battlements and stairways, towers and bastions, and even its curious pyramidal merlons, a legacy of the Moors, are still in place. The views from the ramparts are charming—sanctuaries on the surrounding hills, the green valley, the old town, the fields through which we were to drive on the morrow veiled by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their screens of vines, combining to make a lovely panorama.

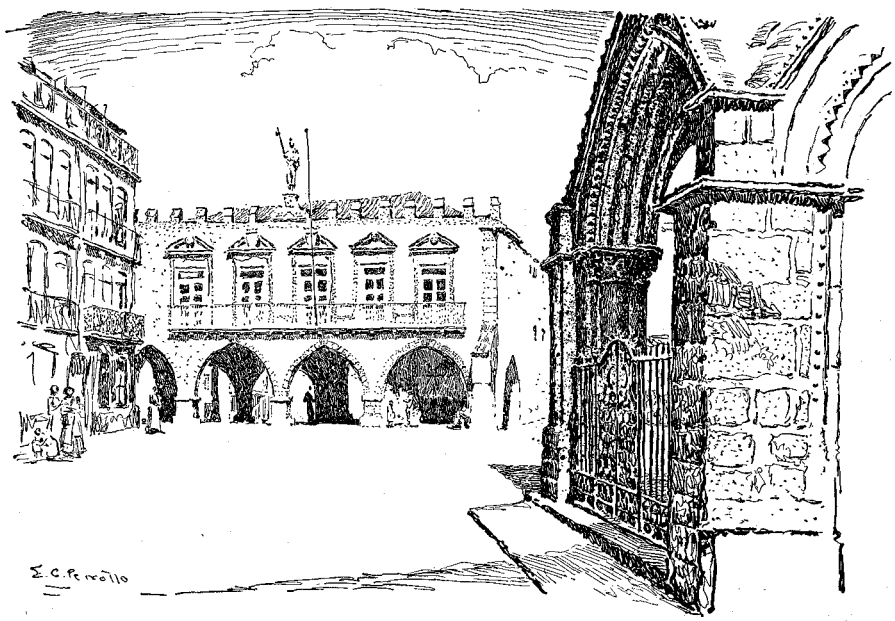
I awoke early next morning to the sound of bells—chimes merry and gay, jingling tunes knocked out with a hammer on sweet-toned bells, and as I looked out of the window the black-robed women were going to mass, most of them afoot, but one or two in old-fashioned landaus that accorded well with the time-worn palace fronts. Before the hotel a carriage waited for us, and while the air was still fresh and crisp we set forth for Braga.

The road lay through a land of vineyards—not the close-cropped vineyards that we know, but screens of vines that gayly mount aloft on oaks, poplars, and cherry-trees—*uveiras*, the Minhotos call them—twenty or thirty feet in air sunning themselves as they did in the days of ancient Rome: *ulmisque adjungere vites*. So they grow in the fields, but in the villages they are cultivated *de ramada* trellissed over tall stone posts or trained on pergolas and arbors that span the narrow streets. In their shade sit old women with distaffs, and the click of the looms issues from the sturdy houses built of solid blocks of granite.

At Taipas we were tempted to turn off the road and visit the ruins of Citania, whose curious stones had so intrigued us in the museum at Guimarães. But, being seekers for the picturesque and not archæologists, and being quite incapable of solving riddles that have puzzled all Celto-Iberian scholars, we gave up the expedition and proceeded to climb the Falperra Range. We ascended through pines and chestnuts to open pastures, where herds of oxen graze among purple granite bowlders, mighty isolated monoliths that the Cyclops might have hurled after fleeing Ulysses. Near Santa Marta in Cima we topped the pass and quickly descended until Braga lay disclosed, sunning itself in the clear morning air.

The women washing by the river looked up as we rattled over the bridge, and through a narrow street crowded with ragged urchins; then we rumbled into a square, the Campo Santa Anna, and, with a crack of the whip, drew up at the hotel.

We first visited the cathedral, as that seemed the proper thing to do, for does not Braga claim to be the oldest see in the peninsula and does not its archbishop claim primacy of all the Spains? The church seems modest for these pretensions, but in the streets about it cluster a number of shops that add to its ecclesiastical atmosphere—shops that cater to the wants of



The town hall, Guimarães.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the numerous clergy who visit the primatial palace near by. Some of them display vestments of damask and brocade, others hangings of rich silks. In one we watched a white-haired artisan polish a pair of silver-gilt candlesticks, while on shelves behind him pyxes and monstrances, crosses and reliquaries, stood ready for delivery. In another a brown-bearded sculptor, who looked like a monk, showed us a life-size Christ that he was carving from a block of cedar-wood brought from far Nicaragua.

In these same by-streets are houses whose jalousies recall the days of Moorish occupation and old churches like São João that are strange architectural medleys, mixtures of every known style.

The beggars of Braga deserve a niche to themselves, fit subjects as they are for a Rembrandt or a Callot. Such tatterdemalions, such ragamuffins, I have seldom if ever seen — mere bundles of rags and patches. One boy I shall never forget whose shirt consisted solely of a neck-band and a single strip of cloth that hung down in front, his own naked body, brown and dirty, showing everywhere else except where covered by a ragged coat. He wore a pair of man's trousers also in tatters, cut off above the knees, and held in place by an ancient solitary string that threatened at any instant to break.

Though Braga itself is interesting, I should advise any one who proposed to spend more than a day or two in its vicinity to make his headquarters at Bom Jesus do Monte, a sanctuary perched upon a hill near by, where there is a comfortable hotel kept by the same proprietor as the one in town.

And what a view you enjoy from your window!

It faces upon a terrace bordered by a curtain of trees beyond which the mountain drops sheer a thousand feet or more to a level of rolling hills covered with vineyards that stretch out like Persian carpets, whose curving patterns are outlined with feathery lines of vine-clad trees that soften the landscape and give it the atmospheric effect of finely woven tapestry. The long line of Braga's winding street leads off to the city spreading itself on a hill-crest, its pink roofs framed in green. Chapels, churches, crosses mark other hilltops that recede one beyond another, till far away the long silver thread of the Cavado River marks the bottom of the valley, beyond which a line of purple mountains screens the sea.

Whose jalousies recall the days of Moorish occupation.

Toward sunset the effects are magical, and the sweet-toned voices of Braga's many bells come faintly to your ears in drowsy chimes.

In the daylight hours you may wander in the woods that surround the sanctuary, not as extensive as those at Bussaco nor as beautiful, but lovely pleasure-grounds nevertheless, where redwoods and oaks, ilex and chestnuts, grow side by side, and long avenues of twisted cork-trees recall Fragonard's "Allée Ombrageuse." We enjoyed several days of this peaceful quiet, then waited impatiently for the end of the week, for we especially

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wanted to see a great romaria that was then to take place.

Most visitors to Portugal miss these romarias altogether by coming either too early in the spring or too late in the autumn. Yet they are the most characteristic expression of the soul of the people that you can see, and I should say the most typical merrymakings left in Europe to-day. All the latent happiness repressed during the winter and the long workdays of early spring then bursts into flower and intoxicates itself with light and color, movement and life.

The girls put on their gayest attire (and gay it is indeed); the young men don their Sunday raiment; the hamlets empty themselves; and young and old in joyful bands, singing and dancing as they go, set forth for the place of pilgrimage. The golden dust rises from the powdery road kicked by the feet of the romeiros in rhythmic measure, while viola answers guitar and the girls' throats fling their shrill falsetto notes to the air. What matters who is the patron—whether he be Our Lord of the Stone at Espinho or Our Lord of the Sailors at Bom Jesus? What matters the distance—the leagues to be covered? There is music at the end, and life and gayety and wine; flags fluttering from tall mastheads, *foguetes* bursting like bombs in the air, and an illuminated church, drowsy with incense, resplendent with a thousand candles.

Romarias of Portugal! Who that has seen you would ever forget your charm—relic of Hellenic festivals, feasts of color, and the joy of human comradeship!

During our stay in Portugal we saw three of these pilgrimages, including the celebrated one at Mattozinhos. But the one I like best to remember was certainly this at Bom Jesus do Monte. The background alone is admirable, and its distance from any considerable city makes it a true peasant affair. The day before, as early as dawn, ox-wains began to arrive, toiling up the steep mountain, their wooden axles creaking like hurt dogs.

Some brought rude collapsible booths; others tables and benches for the outdoor kitchens; others again awnings and trinkets to be sold—but the most brought casks of wine. These were backed into place, the casks remaining upon the rude carts, whose spokeless wheels recalled remotest antiquity; then cask and cart alike were decked with oak boughs or grapevines and earthen jars stuck upon poles to serve as drinking-vessels.

The preparations continued apace. Hammers tapped everywhere; garlands of lights were arranged before the great church and in the woods about it; flags and banners were hung on tall poles. Finally the roadways were cleared of dead leaves and swept up, so that by evening all was in readiness for the morrow.

At daybreak the peasants began to arrive. They came in little troops of a dozen or more, the women gay in yellows and reds, the men in sombre colors or black. All sang as they walked, accompanying each other with viola or tambourine, and every few minutes the women would break into a dance, rhythmic and cadenced, snapping their fingers and bending their waists in time to the spirited music.

Troop after troop arrived, some issuing from the woods behind the church, some coming by the roads that curved up from the valley, and others mounting the monumental *scala*, a wilderness of stairs that forms the main approach for pilgrims. They would pause on each of the landings and peer into the chapels where the story of the Passion is depicted by life-size wooden figures, colored and gilded, that recall Gaudenzio Ferrari's terra-cottas at Varallo—some of them remarkably life-like with settings of growing plants placed against a painted background.

At each chapel the men removed their hats, and with their women pressed their faces against the gratings in rapt attention, some lighting small candles, others dropping coppers into boxes provided for that purpose. They stared, too, at the curious Fountains of the Senses and the stone statues of saints and martyrs, blotched with lichens, that make this Calvary so fantastic. At length they reached the great church whose bells had been calling since early morning.

By ten o'clock the crowd became dense and the shuffle of thousands of feet filled the air with a fine golden dust. The chimes now pealed a great bob-major and the church filled—hushed and quiet in contrast to the movement outdoors, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

women kneeling on the stone floor, the men standing reverently in the background, while clouds of incense veiled the myriad candles. Brocades and damasks hung from the drum of the dome. The pilasters were twined with garlands, the altar rails graced with growing plants. By noon mass was finished.

The crowds, in the open air again, singing and dancing, joking and laughing, made for the big booths, where in camp kitchens stews were steaming and fish were frying. Here at long tables, crowded to overflowing, they munched their coarse bread, their potatoes and fruits, washing them down with *maduro verde*, the tart little wine of the country. The wine-casks on the ox-wagons were tapped, their bung-holes became purple, and their contents went sizzling down dry throats hoarse with singing.

Itinerant booksellers vaunted their cheap wares—chap-books and pamphlets, lurid tales of adventure, "lovers' treasures," fairy-stories, and bits of cheap philosophy in the form of rhymed dialogues. Interesting types passed by—people who have been called "the finest peasantry in Europe to-day"—clean-cut youths larking with pretty girls; handsome women, straight as caryatides, balancing amphoræ on their heads; beggars in tatters with the manners of hidalgos, who bow low to you even though you refuse the *cinco reis* they so humbly ask.

The mountains of coarse rye bread grow lower. The air is filled with the sound of voices and laughter, with the scent of roasting chestnuts and frying oil. The animation becomes intense, rhythmic strains of guitar and viola, accordion and tambourine ever present, and everywhere groups are dancing.

How different these dances from those of northern climes! In the northlands people dance from the hips down, holding the body more or less rigid as in the jig, the reel, and hornpipe. Agility is the chief characteristic. In the south the dances are an expression of emotion and poetry, the body, head, arms, and hands playing quite as much a part as the feet. Here in north Portugal they dance the *modas da roda*—rounds where the man

Church of São Joãs, Braga.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pursues the woman in a variety of graceful steps, she bending away from him, snapping her finger, he buzzing round her like a bee round a rose. Sometimes the measure is lively as in the boleros, sometimes grave as in the *malhão triste*, but always full of a rhythm difficult to withstand.

During these dances you may admire the beauty of the women's costumes: their brilliant petticoats ornamented with colored borders, their velvet aprons trimmed with jet, their embroidered bodices, and the fringed kerchiefs that they wear knotted round their heads and folded across their breasts. On these they display their jewelry—the elaborate and costly goldsmith's work that we had admired in the Rua das Flores—chains and crosses, lockets and hearts, in glittering array. All their wealth is invested in these golden trinkets, passed from generation to generation, and, though a young woman may be barefoot, five golden chains often hang about her neck and two huge pair of earrings dangle to her shoulders.

The prettiest costumes come from the neighborhood of Barcellos and Vianna de Castello, made entirely by hand and trimmed with elaborate patterns. Dainty slippers, handsome handkerchiefs, and an *aljibeira* or embroidered purse complete the details of one of the most becoming peasant costumes I know. The wealthy young farmers and vineyardists also attract attention. They wear short jackets trimmed with braid, with silver-linked buttons at the wrist, and sometimes all the way up to the elbow. Their trousers are tight-fitting, but flare at the ankle, their hats are felt and very wide-brimmed, and they carry long staves, chosen with great care for their strength and pliability.

Among these young men the spirit of the troubadours still persists, for they love to sing and to match each other in *desgarrados a viola*, an interesting feature of these romarias—improvisations accompanied by violin, in which they throw back answer and reply, keeping their company in high spirits as each tries to outdo the other in a tournament of wits.

When tired, they adjourn again to the wine-casks and, before the sign *vinho particular*, that is, "from my own vineyard," cool their parched throats. At length the warm summer sun heats their heads. The dancers step to a livelier measure; the fête in full swing reaches its climax.

Then the shadows begin to steal across the terrace. They lengthen and the evening brings quiet. The crowds slip away. The vast terrace is almost deserted and soon the shadows of night bring stillness and repose. Romarias of Portugal! Who that has seen you will ever forget your charm, your savor of rustic landscapes, of smiling valleys and cottages where happy children play in the shade of blossoming orange-trees—reminders of the bacchanalias of ancient Greece, with their suave pagan choruses, half-hymn, half-song—roses and myrtle—floating in the clear, calm air!

THE GROUND-SWELL

By Edith M. Thomas

THOU hearest on the beach
The waves—how hoarse they call!
Yet, far as eye can reach,
A sea of glass is all.

Heed not that wave-sound hoarse—
The ground-swell, and no more,
From some far tempest's force
That cannot reach thy shore.

Child! Heed thou not at all!
Thine is yon dimpling sea;
And that hoarse shadow-call
Is nothing unto thee.

That tempest smites a land
Where thou wast never cast:
It rings along a strand
Within my long-gone Past.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IMMIGRATION AFTER THE WAR

By Frederic C. Howe

Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York

WHAT will be the effect of the European war on immigration? This is a question of portentous interest; a question far more important, in fact, than the effect of the war upon trade and commerce, for the life of America is being profoundly influenced by the alien blood and alien traditions which, in recent years, have come in increasing volume from the Slavic and Latin countries of the south of Europe rather than from the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic countries of the north. Already, in many of the industrial cities to the east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio Rivers, the foreign-born population and the children of foreign-born amount to seventy-five per cent of the total, while the foreign-born population of the country as a whole has risen to over 13,000,000, or one-eighth of the total.

For several years incoming immigrants have numbered over 1,000,000 persons a year, of which from 300,000 to 400,000 returned to their native lands. Since the outbreak of the war, however, immigration has fallen to one-sixth of this number. The tide has turned. In the past ten months more people have left America than entered it. Military service at home and the closing of many of the ports of Europe have placed an embargo on the human tide which in recent years has come predominantly from Italy, Austria-Hungary, Russia, and the Balkan states.

In 1913, when immigration reached a total of 1,197,892, northern Europe, including Great Britain, contributed only 137,225 of this number, while southern Europe contributed 718,905. Of the latter, 236,478 came from Italy, 212,692 from Russia, and 225,355 from Austria-Hungary. The only north-European immigration of any consequence in recent years is from Scandinavia and Great Britain. France has never been generous in her contributions to our ethnic composite; while for twenty years Germany has been an almost negligible factor. Immigration from the latter country has fallen to 23,731 in 1912, 28,983 in 1913, and 29,982 in 1914. As a matter of fact, more people immigrate into Germany than out of it. Nor has crowded Belgium made any appreciable additions to our population, in spite of the fact that people live more densely packed in that little nation than in any country of Europe.

The results of the war are a subject of conjecture. It is claimed by some that, irrespective of the outcome, European nations will gird their loins to repair the ravages of the war. They will prohibit emigration in so far as they can. Their energies will be devoted to the rehabilitation of their wasted places, to the planting of crops, the manning of mills, the rebuilding of roads and homes, and the re-establishment of industry. They will struggle to regain lost markets and, under the militaristic régime that has been developed, state activities will be carried to far greater lengths than ever before. There will be an organized effort to keep people at home.

By others it is claimed that millions will flee the Old World to avoid militaristic conditions; they will seek to escape the burdens of taxation; they will be driven by want and despair to find a freer home in a new land.

Both of these conjectures are probably in part correct. Immigration from some countries will cease, while immigration from other countries will be accelerated. New currents will be set in motion that will change the character of immigration, as well as its volume. New social necessities will change the functions of government, while the war itself will profoundly alter human psychology, which, in turn, will profoundly affect the new *Völkerwanderung* which for at least twenty centuries has been moving steadily toward the west.

It is safe to assume that Germany will

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

permit as few of her people to migrate as possible. Germany is the most socialized state in the modern world. She owns the railroads, express, telegraph, and telephone lines. Individual states own and operate coal-mines, the potash industry, smelting works, and great hydro-electric power stations, while the cities own not only the public-service corporations but perform a great variety of other undertakings as well. Great agricultural estates are owned by the states and cities, as are forest preserves. Docks, harbors, canals, and waterways form part of the transportation system, while the state is a partner in a variety of other enterprises. Over 3,000,000 men are employed in the state civil service, and, exclusive of the profits of the cities, more than $280,000,000 is earned every year from the various state undertakings, whose aggregate value exceeds seven billion dollars. Germany has an efficient civil service; the traditions of the state are those of paternalism, which the war has carried to far greater extremes than prevailed in time of peace. Undoubtedly, when the war is over, the existing militaristic organization will be applied to reconstruction, and every effort will be bent to recapture the trade that has been lost, to regain a position on the seas, and to rebuild the fatherland.

The same forces will be set in motion in England. The railways have already been temporarily nationalized as a war emergency measure. Millions have been appropriated by Parliament for the building of working-men's homes. Steps have been taken for the partial nationalization of the food-supply and laws have been passed permitting the government to commandeer any factory or manufacturing plant and transform it into an establishment for the production of munitions of war—a measure more sweeping and revolutionary than any social legislation ever adopted by that country. At a single stroke a condition has been created beyond the dreams of socialism for many years to come.

The war has changed the old individualism which has dominated English thought since the time of Napoleon. It has altered the negative philosophy of Adam Smith, Ricardo, and Herbert Spencer, who have insisted that the state should keep out of industry and interfere with its operations as little as possible. Great Britain will find it impossible to go back to the individualism of former days when the war is over. Her necessities will be as great as those of Germany. She, too, will direct her energies to an industrial rehabilitation, in which she will have the backing of the large labor group in the nation. Great Britain, like Germany, will seek to keep her people at home.

Belgium may be a memory; she may be a nation. If the latter, the labor party, which, prior to the war, was one of the largest single groups in this little kingdom and its most vital political and social force, will undoubtedly be recognized; it may be ascendant. It already has a strong group in the senate and the lower house. Belgium, too, had developed the co-operative idea through co-operative associations which were among the most wonderful in Europe. Already the foundations had been laid for a social programme through the organization of labor groups in parliament and the cities with a total voting membership in the country of over 500,000. The patriotism of the Belgians and their affection for their land is evidenced by the fact that only a handful have come to America since the outbreak of the war, despite the millions who have been dispossessed of their homes and all that they possess.

What is true of Germany, England, and Belgium is only less true of France. She, too, will have great waste stretches to rebuild; she, too, has a socialistic ministry with a definite political and social programme. And socialization will undoubtedly be carried to a great extent by this country. State socialism on an unprecedented scale will undoubtedly be one of the by-products of the war all over Europe.

In addition to the efforts of the state, the loss of from 6,000,000 to 10,000,000 able-bodied men will create a labor vacuum. Mills, mines, and factories will find difficulty in securing employees; the farms will be denuded of men. Eastern Europe has been overrun by armies, as has northern France. This shortage of labor, together with the efforts of the nations to quickly rebuild their industries, will lead to an increase in wages, an increase that is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inevitable. In addition to this, all life has been disorganized, and men will return to their work with old traditions destroyed and a new sense of individual power.

Under these conditions wages may rise very rapidly. They may rise to something like a parity with wages in the United States. This will keep men at home. It may bring about a reversal of the immigration current and lure workers to these countries from America. For along with the stream of incoming aliens there is always a counter-current of outgoing ones. Between 300,000 and 400,000 aliens leave America each year to return to their native lands. They take with them their accumulations. They acquire small holdings, they open shops, and spend the balance of their life in their old home surroundings. There is no indissoluble affection on the part of many foreigners for America. And, with wage conditions improved, there is no reason why hundreds of thousands of the more recent arrivals, who have not taken root in this country, should not return to their native lands under more favorable economic and social conditions.

These are some of the forces which will tend to check immigration, and the most desirable immigration. It will keep the able-bodied, the well and strong, at home, who have always been welcome to America and who have contributed so much to our industrial development.

But while state action, the re-establishment of industry, and a labor vacuum will keep many men and women at home, other forces will be set in motion which will drive them to this country. They may come in such numbers as to create the most serious immigration problem we have ever had, and one that will tax our sympathies and emotions far more than the individual cases that now present themselves to the immigration authorities. In the first place, there will probably be from 6,000,000 to 10,000,000 widows or dependent women left husbandless, fatherless, and destitute by the war. Possibly twice as many children will be bereft of their providers. Many of them will have lost their homes; they will not be wanted by any of the contending nations. They will be an additional burden in the period of reconstruction. Millions of these women and children have friends and relatives in the United States to whom they will extend appealing arms. This is especially true of Russia, Austria-Hungary, Poland, Italy, and the Balkans. All of these nations, in addition, with the exception of Italy, have been ravished by the war; in some parts the entire country has been laid waste.

War is always hardest on the Jews. They have no voice in the government. They are subjects of personal and official persecution. And the centres of Jewish emigration are in the eastern war zone. Jewish immigration to this country is assisted, as is that of other nations, by friends already in the country, who give generously to the oppressed of their race and have organized agencies for the distribution of incoming Jews and the finding of places of employment for them. The stories of Jewish outrages have quickened the ready sympathies of the American Jew, and undoubtedly when the censorship is raised and the stories of atrocities find their way to this country Jewish immigration will be stimulated at a more rapid rate than ever before.

Immigration from southern Europe will probably continue to predominate and will probably increase in volume. Italy, Austria-Hungary, Russia, and the Balkan states are not as efficiently organized as are Germany, England, and France. They are not experienced in state or socialized effort. These are peasant countries with but few large cities. A great majority of the people live upon the land, much of which has been fought over and from which the horses and live stock and growing crops have been requisitioned, so that it will be almost impossible to re-establish agriculture for many years to come. Hope in these countries will be at a low ebb, while a large part of the able-bodied population will be gone. Already in many sections only old women and children remain. There will undoubtedly be a heavy immigration from these countries.

The immigration of women and children will also undoubtedly reach large proportions. This change is already manifest. They, too, will be assisted to come. Not by foreign governments seeking to dump their undesirables, but by relatives in this country who send money, who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

write about conditions in America, who lure old neighbors by stories of high wages, improved social and political conditions, by tales of achievement on the part of their children, and who advance the cost of transportation and sufficient "show-money" to enable the alien to pass the immigration inspector. From seventy to eighty per cent of the immigration from the south of Europe is probably assisted in this way, and fully eighty per cent of the incoming immigrants are ticketed to some friend in this country, who "grub-stakes" them, finds employment, and cares for them until they secure a footing.

Other influences will stimulate immigration from all of the contending nations. From 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 men have been taken from the factories, the mines, the mills, and from agricultural labor. They have experienced a freedom they have never before enjoyed. They have been thrown upon their own resources and have lived their own lives with their fellows in the trenches. A spirit of independence will have been created; and with it a restless, roving disinclination to the old humdrum life of the farm or the mill. A kind of freedom and resourcefulness will be created and the psychology of all Europe will be changed. A new spirit of independence will probably take the place of the feudalistic life previously accepted as inevitable. Many of these restless millions will resent their former condition. They will prize their newly experienced freedom. In addition, home ties will have been broken. Old connections will have been destroyed. Many will have acquired the tramp and vagrant spirit. Hundreds of thousands of these men may be led to migrate by a restless, roving, unsettled instinct, and this, too, will increase the flow to America.

Added to these are the weakened and enfeebled men; those who have been unbalanced, possibly crazed, by their experiences at the front. There will be millions of diseased, wounded, and crippled who will have to be pensioned at home or supported by public relief. Many of these have friends in America and they, too, will turn their faces toward the land of hope that has lured their friends and neighbors in previous generations.

Millions are living in conquered territory under a foreign flag. What will happen to them? Will the conquering or the defeated nations absorb them, or will they be thrown upon the world to find a new resting-place as best they may?

Finally, every man, woman, and child of the four hundred million people living in the warring countries has suffered from it. The great majority were living close to the margin of poverty prior to the war; they have been suffering untold privations during it. And the years which follow will be even worse, because of the devastation which has taken place, the result of which will only be realized in the years to follow when the workers are again thrown on their own resources. This is particularly true of agriculture, in which pursuit the majority of the people were engaged. Taxation in half of Europe was at the limit of human endurance before the war broke out, and the burdens of debt charges, of future army maintenance, of pensions, of national rebuilding will be almost if not quite unsupportable. Exhausting as universal military service is, the exhaustion of universal tax service may be almost equally unsupportable. A few years ago it would have been said that such burdens as have already been created would have been impossible. When to this is added the bankruptcy of a large part of the people, complete insolvency seems among the possible consequences of the war. Taxation must leave a living for the worker; for years to come it should leave a large margin for the upbuilding of industry and the restocking of farms. The problem of the peace financier seems almost as difficult as those of the war minister at the present time.

A population four times that of the United States is in a state of industrial and social chaos. The old order can never be re-established. Millions of men are in movement, and tens of millions more are destitute, disabled, and close to poverty. Millions will never take up their old life again. Millions more will be unable to do so. Women and children will be a burden, and taxation and public needs will tax the resources of the nation to the limit. National boundaries may change. Some countries may never emerge from the war. Great stretches may become barren waste.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Under such conditions as these all Europe may turn wistful glances to a country that is free from war and the hazards of war; to a land of political liberty and low taxation; and millions in Europe may clamor at the ports of embarkation in the hope of a new chance in a new world.

What shall we do about it? How shall we face this human appeal, the most pathetic that has ever confronted us; an appeal, too, that will be repeated from among the 13,000,000 foreign-born already in America and the 18,000,000 immediate descendants of those of foreign birth? Shall we tighten our laws and close our doors to those who, for three centuries, have found an asylum from religious and political oppression, or shall our traditional policy of an open door to the fit and able-bodied be maintained?

Fortunately no legislation is necessary to meet the problem of the physically unfit, for the present immigration laws are selective, *i. e.*, they refuse to admit the weak and the infirm, those afflicted with contagious or infectious diseases, those who have a criminal record behind them, and those who are likely to become a public charge. And under these laws 16,588 persons were denied admission in 1914, or 1.64 per cent of those who sought admission. Enforcement of existing laws involves indescribable hardships to those who come to us in hope of an asylum. And these adverse decisions will undoubtedly be increased many times when the war is over.

There is no likelihood of these restraints being weakened, for there are none who would open our doors to those who are likely to become a public charge or those who will add a strain of feeble-mindedness, imbecility, or insanity to our population. The laws that now exist are adequate to protect us from the classes enumerated, with the possible exception of those who, moved by restless discontent, are unwilling to return to their old associations and employments. The test will come if Europe fails to find work for its people, for its millions of returning soldiers. In that event we may be faced with the most serious immigration problem that has ever confronted us, a problem, too, confused by sympathy and a profound desire to aid, as best we can, in the rehabilitation of the world.

REQUIEM FOR A YOUNG SOLDIER

By Florence Earle Coates

PEACE to-night, heroic spirit!
Pain is overpast.
All the strife with life is ended;
You may rest at last.

The devotion that, amazing,
Welled from out the deep
Of your being, no more needed,
Quiet you may sleep:

Sleep, who, giving all for others,
Battled till the victory nigh,
You, too, toil and heart-break over,
Had the right to die! . . .

We may guard the grave that holds you,
As a shrine of Truth
Lighted by the pure devotion
Of your radiant youth;

We, you died for, may forget you!
You will have no care,
Who, content, to-night are sleeping—
Painless, dreamless, there!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

BY a happy accident, due perhaps to the casual clumsiness of the Long Arm of Coincidence or brought about perhaps by the direct indication of the Finger of Fate, I chanced to peruse Mr. Gerould's veracious tale, "The Best-Seller," only a few hours after I had been engaged in reading in the Sunday supplement of a New York daily newspaper a "symposium"—I believe that is the technical term—in which half a dozen well-known British and American novelists engaged in the pleasant sport of each selecting and declaring the half-dozen novels in the English language which seemed to them severally to be the most worthy of the crown of universal glory. I had duly glanced hastily down the very varied lists of the Six Best Novels, remarking with no surprise that no two lists agreed and wondering how many of those who put "Tom Jones" at the head of their selection had opened its pages since the distant days of their boyhood, when they had read it on the sly.

The Limitations of the High-Brow

Yet, when I had made the acquaintance of Mr. Gerould's short story, I promptly delved amid the tumbled heap of Sunday newspapers to dig out the supplement which contained the symposium. I did this because I was suddenly struck by the suggestion that these diverging selections of Best Novels might have a certain usefulness if I were to undertake a consideration of the fundamental thesis of Mr. Gerould's truthful study. This fundamental thesis is simply that a High-Brow cannot write a Best-Seller. Mr. Gerould's hero, Bradlaw, is a High-Brow of the High-Brows; he is a confirmed practitioner of High-Browism; he has never a doubt of the superior righteousness of High-Browism; and he holds that all literature is negligible which is not written by High-Brows for High-Brows. His adoring wife believes that posterity will proclaim the greatness of her husband's fictions, but as posterity will not pay its royalties in advance Bradlaw, in the desire to augment a modest competence, determines to sell himself to the mammon of unrighteousness; to step from off his own High-Brow shadow; and deprive his lofty forehead of its High-Brow halo. He resolves to write a Best-Seller. He makes this noble sacrifice in order that his adoring wife may have another dress or two and that his children may have a little more pocket-money.

He condescended to his ridiculously easy task; he "concocted an absurdly sensational plot"; and when his book was finished he surveyed it "with grim amusement." The amusement ceased abruptly when his publisher—the most sensible, conscientious, and keen-sighted publisher I have ever met in fiction—declines the book, advises the author not to publish it, and tells him plainly that it is "not a salable novel, but a sorry burlesque of the cheapest kind of current fiction." (I like that publisher; indeed I hope that Mr. Gerould will let us see more of him.) This is the cold truth, the frozen verity; and it penetrates the High-Brow halo—which Bradlaw had set on his head again as soon as he had made an end of writing down to the lowest level of popular taste.

The publisher's refusal of the hand-made Best-Seller is a horrid surprise to Bradlaw. But this is only added evidence that the High-Brow is not quite so intelligent as he esteems himself. At least in this case Bradlaw had made two blunders. First of all, he believed that he could condescend easily, that he could please the public "without half-trying," that he could write a Best-Seller, so to speak, "with his left hand." But a High-Brow of the strictest sect, such as Bradlaw was, is condemned to High-Browism to all eternity. No High-Brow by taking thought can reduce the loftiness of his own forehead. Once a High-Brow and always a High-Brow.

And Bradlaw's second blunder was even worse and it disclosed a more lamentable gap in his intelligence. He wanted to tickle the taste of the unthinking who pour their thousands in the pockets of the successful writers of Best-Sellers, and yet he did not analyze the qualities of these Best-Sellers; he did not ask himself what was the real reason

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for their popularity,—and this was specially stupid since a High-Brow ought to have been gifted with enough of the critical faculty to know that there cannot be an effect without a cause. Instead of seeking out the merits of these despised Best-Sellers, Bradlaw set himself down deliberately to imitate their demerits. And it is no wonder that the frank publisher—I do hope that Mr. Gerould will heed my petition and let us see him again—called Bradlaw's vain effort "a sorry burlesque of the cheapest kind of current fiction." What else could it be, under the circumstances?

The Philosophy of the Best-Seller

YET even if Bradlaw had liked the sort of story he was going to write, even if he had had a certain sincerity, even if he had been able to avoid the top-lofty attitude of condescension proper to the consecrated High-Brow, it may be doubted whether he would have succeeded any better, simply because he would have been working against the grain instead of advancing along the line of least resistance. No author is likely to please the public unless he remains on the plane of endeavor for which he is naturally fitted, "in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him." Not in a thousand years of incessant striving could George Meredith have composed "Called Back"; and yet George Meredith was a clever man and a highly capable workman. Nor could Mr. Howells and Mr. Henry James, either singly or in collaboration, have put together "Mr. Barnes of New York" or "Ben Hur" or the "Fool's Errand."

There is no need to illustrate this contention by humorous hypothesis, for there are actual examples in plenty. Stevenson, for instance, was a High-Brow in his attitude toward the drama (as has recently been pointed out in these pages); and when he condescended to write plays his procedure was not unlike that of the misguided hero of Mr. Gerould's illuminating story. So it is that no one of Stevenson's plays ever succeeded in pleasing the play-going public—although it was in the vain hope of pleasing this public that they were composed. Andrew Lang, again, was a High-Brow, who chanced to have a keen relish for adventure tales and detective stories, for "Miss Braddon and Gaboriau"; and in the height of the vogue of the Shilling Shockers of thirty years ago he thought he would try to write an example of the kind of fiction that he liked to read. The result was the "Mark of Cain," an amazingly clever narrative, crammed with the most ingenious novelties, full of hair-breadth escapes and picturesque villainies. Yet the public refused to be amused by it—possibly because it was too clever by half and because it gave too much pork for a shilling, but more probably because Lang, although intensely interested in the tale he was telling, could not take it seriously enough; he could not make it ring true, could not bestow on it the simplicity and the sincerity which were almost all that "Miss Braddon and Gaboriau" had to give.

Nothing is more absurd than the belief of the High-Brow that the authors of Best-Sellers are "writing down" to the public. That, in fact, is just what these authors are not doing, as I can testify from acquaintance with half a dozen of them. There never was a man of more transparent sincerity than E. P. Roe, for instance; and in every one of his books he put the best of himself. These books lacked many things, but at least they had sincerity—and they must have had something else that was relished by a large section of the reading public in the United States forty years ago. Roe's books are now dead and gone; and there is no need to inquire just what this something else may have been.

And now, at last, I come to the symposium with its lists of the Six Best Novels in English. No one of the lists happens to meet with my complete approval; but I can pick out of them the titles of half a dozen novels, which, if not indisputably the best, are all of them very good indeed, each in its own fashion. These six are: "Tom Jones," "David Copperfield," "Vanity Fair," "The Scarlet Letter," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," and "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Now, in its novelty every one of these Best Novels was also a Best-Seller. And a Best-Seller was almost every other novel that got itself included on any one of the lists. It can be said without fear of contradiction by any one at all familiar with the history of fiction that every Best Novel began by being a Best-Seller. And I might go a little farther and assert that unless a work of fiction is a Best-Seller when it is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new, it has mighty little chance of ever seeing itself honored by a later inclusion in any selection of Best Novels. In other words, while the list of Best-Sellers includes a host of inferior novels, it also includes the most superior. There is some comfort in that.

Doctor Holmes and the Illustrations of "The Last Leaf"

IN his appreciation of his friend, F. Hopkinson Smith, in the September number of the Magazine, Thomas Nelson Page says: "His serious work had been building sea-walls—travelling for recreation and painting had been his diversions, and in collaboration with an artist friend named Graham he had illustrated Doctor Holmes's 'Last Leaf.'" Mr. Page was writing in Italy, far from his home and books, and inadvertently the artist friend who collaborated is called "Graham." The artist is really George Wharton Edwards, as the handsome quarto published in 1885 shows. Mr. Smith did the landscapes and Mr. Edwards the pictures in which the figures dominated. We are privileged to reproduce an unpublished letter which Doctor Holmes addressed to Mr. Edwards when he had seen an early copy of the book for which his poem had furnished the text:

BOSTON, Jan. 2d, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR:

My delight in the superb illustrated copy of "The Last Leaf" grows upon me every time I look at it. It is very hard to meet an author's ideal; as all who remember the once popular illustrations of Byron and other British Classics will certainly agree. I trembled for my Last Leaf, as it would have quivered in the wind, when I learned that you and your friend contemplated giving visible form to its imaginings. How I have been gratified with the result I should have told you both before this, but I waited for my presentation or "Author's Copy."

A most sumptuous and imposing volume it is,—so noble of aspect that I can only hope the kindly reader will hold the poem not wholly unworthy of its magnificent setting. I never dreamed of such faithful loving labor being spent upon my verses. It could only have been in virtue of a sincere—yes, an enthusiastic feeling with reference to them. I hope they deserve it, but surely never did a few simple stanzas find themselves so crowned with glory and immortality. I say immortality, for some of these copies cannot help outliving centuries and being admired for their wonderful beauty as we admire the Missals which the cunning artists of old illuminated and illustrated for Royal hands to hold.

I have especially to thank you for the full length portrait marked "Edward Peirson" with which you have enriched my "Author's Copy." I suppose this is meant simply as an old-school gentleman's presentment—a real figure which corresponds to an earlier stage of my ideal. But the curious thing is this, that the house in which I was born, and which Mr. Smith has so suggestively drawn for me in shadow, was occupied until within a short time of my birth by the Reverend Eliphalet Peirson, sometime Professor in Harvard College, whose son *Edward Peirson* was a familiar visitor in my father's family, and had some points in common with your picture. I wonder if this is a mere coincidence? . . .

Nobody can help being interested in the personage whom you present to us in his blooming youth, comely to look upon, walking the streets in his stately prime, and after long years reading the old inscriptions on the slabs that cover the dust of those whom he had loved and clearing away the lichens that have gathered on them. The pretty creature in the scoop bonnet—the youthful pair in loving company are charming.

I am most grateful to both of you two gentlemen for all you have done to commend my poem to the public, and I am greatly pleased to hear that the public has received the beautiful volume with a hearty welcome.

Believe me, dear Mr. Edwards,

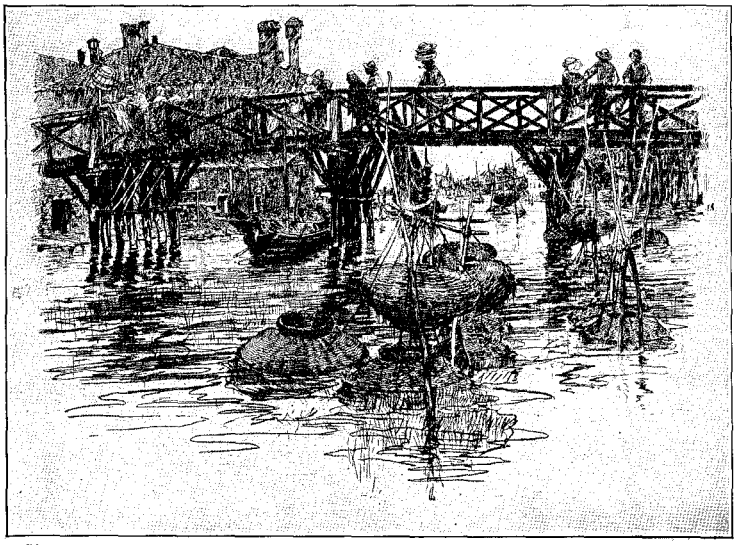
Most thankfully and truly yours,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS, Esq.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

·THE FIELD OF ART·



Photograph by F. Van Houten Raymond.

San Pietro di Castello. From an etching by Frank Duveneck.

TWO SCHOOLS OF ART: FRANK DUVENECK, FREDERICK C. FRIESEKE

THE two principal awards made by the superior jury of the art department of the Panama-Pacific Exposition—a special prize to Frank Duveneck and the grand prize to Frederick Carl Frieseke—have excited some comment and some surprise and even speculation as to the possible desire of this official body to demonstrate the extreme breadth of the field under its observation. The list of the four painters who received medals of honor—the late John W. Alexander, Cecilia Beaux, Emil Carlsen, and Willard Metcalf—seems much more in accordance with the usual distribution of exposition honors. It was concerning the awards of prizes to painters that the group jury thought it well to explain:

"The awards in the United States section, the general excellence of which is worthy of all praise, would have been much greater but for the fact that the works of artists to whom individual galleries have been given by the department of fine arts were declared 'not in competition.'"

It was owing to the formal suggestion of a number of the foreign commissioners that the special and unusual award was made to Mr. Duveneck. This official recommendation was signed by the representatives of Holland, Japan, Cuba, Italy, Portugal, China, Argentina, Uruguay, Sweden, and Norway, and reads as follows:

"We, the representatives of foreign countries, acting upon the international jury of awards in the Department of Fine Arts, do hereby ask your kind consideration of the following recommendation unanimously adopted by us in a meeting specially called for this purpose:

"Whereas, the comprehensive retrospective collection of Frank Duveneck's works in oils, etchings, and sculpture brought together in the Palace of Fine Arts has astonished and delighted all those hitherto unacquainted with his life-work, while confirming the opinion of those few who have long held him in the highest esteem, both as an artist and as a man, we, the foreign jurors on the international jury of awards, feel that some special recognition of his distinguished contribution to American art should be awarded Frank Duveneck, and we herewith recommend that a special medal of honor be struck in his honor and awarded him."

The superior jury of the art department accordingly decided to have a special gold

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

medal struck "in honor of the great influence Frank Duveneck has exerted in the development of American painting."

This influence, as far as his own personal example goes, has been largely technical, in the attention given to brush work, to *painting* qualities. One of his biographers, Mr. L. H. Meakin, states that "he is essentially a painter in the sense that distinguishes Franz Hals, Velasquez, or Rembrandt, for instance, from Raphael, Holbein, or Dürer." Very much of his attention has been given to teaching; the number of his pupils—many of them afterward attaining distinction—has been large, both abroad and at home, and his characteristic method is said to be to start the beginner at once with the brush and not with the crayon or charcoal-point.

Photograph by F. Van Houten Raymond.

The Whistling Boy. By Frank Duveneck.
Owned by the Cincinnati Museum.

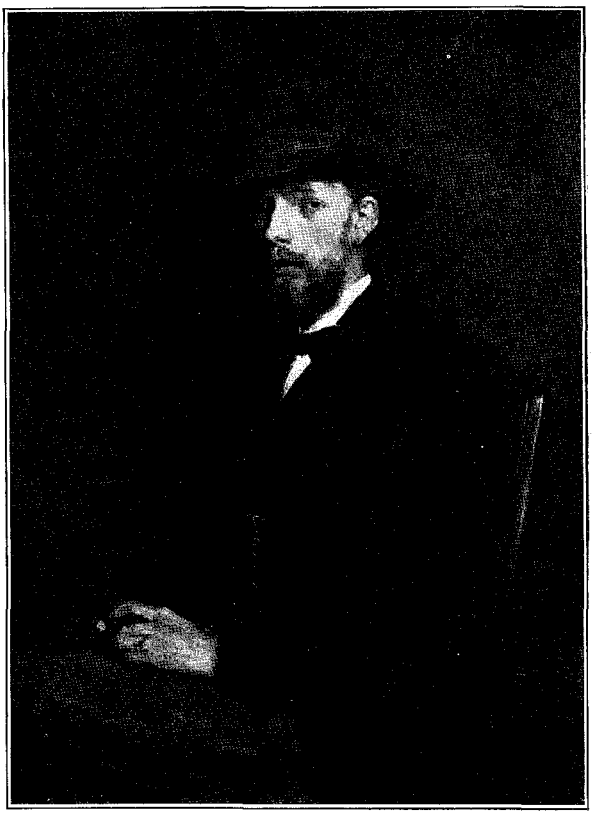
His earliest success in this country was attained by the introduction of the methods of Munich, as opposed to those of Düsseldorf or even of Paris, he having been one of the first of the American students to seek his training in that city, early in 1870. Born in Covington, Kentucky, of Dutch ancestry, in 1848, he received his first technical training from a German church decorator named Lamprecht. In the Royal Academy in Munich his rise was rapid; after about three years' work in the antique class he was admitted to that of painting under Wilhelm Dietz, and took all the Academy prizes, from that for antique drawing to that for composition. Toward the end of 1873 he returned to America, painting a number of portraits in Cincinnati; was invited by the Boston Art Club two years later to give a special exhibition in that city, where his five canvases excited much enthusiasm, and where he was urged to establish himself as a portrait-painter. In 1877 he returned to Europe, going with Chase to Venice; in the next year went back to Munich, where he opened a school of painting, having two classes of about thirty students each, one of English and Americans and the other of different nationalities. Among the Americans were John W. Alexander, Joseph de Camp, Julius Rolshoven, John Twachtman, O. D. Grover, Otto Bacher, Theodore Wendel, Ross Turner, Arthur Pennington, Charles Forbes, J. E. Hopkins, Julian Story, Frederick P. Vinton, and others. Many of these followed him to Florence and Venice.

Later he became interested in sculpture and etching; the recumbent figure of his wife, in bronze, on her grave in the cemetery in Florence is considered by Mr. Isham to contain "those deeper emotional qualities that are lacking in his youthful work." This statue was shown in the Paris Salon; the original model is in the Cincinnati Museum and a marble replica in the Boston Museum. His statue of Emerson, executed in collaboration with C. J. Barnhorn, is in Emerson Hall at Harvard; and among his other sculptures is the bust of Dr. Charles W. Eliot, executed at about the same period,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

His etchings—which have been considered by some as representing, with the figure of his wife, the highest expressions of his art—have been executed at different seasons and with different inspirations; they seem to have been begun in Venice in 1883 and 1884 with his pupil Otto Bacher. Several of them may be seen in the New York Public Library; they have been exhibited in London, at the Panama Exposition, and elsewhere.

One of his latest important paintings is a large mural decoration in the Catholic cathedral in Covington, completed in 1910 and presented in memory of his mother—a very large triptych, the central panel representing the Crucifixion and the two wings the old and the new dispensation. Across the top of all three is an arching choir of angels. Among his representative easel pictures are cited "The Whistling Boy" and the portrait of Professor Loeffts, painted as far back as 1873 in Munich; the "Turkish Page," first shown in the New York National Academy in 1878 or 1877, with a portrait of Charles Dudley Warner; the "Coming Man" and "Interior of St. Mark's, Venice," shown in the first exhibition of the Society of American Artists in 1878; "Woman with Forget-Me-Nots," and others. The "Turkish Page," which he did not consider completed, is in the Pennsylvania Academy in Philadelphia. To the Cincinnati Museum he has recently presented a hundred and fifty of his paintings, among them a portrait of his wife. His later work is marked by the absence of his earlier Munich methods, being lighter and grayer and cooler in color and tone.



From a photograph by F. Van Houten Raymond.

Portrait of Professor Loeffts. By Frank Duveneck.
Owned by Mrs. Herman Goepper, Cincinnati.

Mr. Duveneck is a member of the American Institute of Arts and Letters, of the National Academy of Design, the Society of Western Artists, and other distinguished bodies.

Frederick Carl Frieseke was born at Owosso, Michigan, in 1874; began his studies in this country at the Art Institute of Chicago and the Art Students' League of New York, continued them in Paris in the Julien Academy, under Benjamin Constant and Jean Paul Laurens, is thought to have fallen under the influence of Whistler, but soon "turned to the more turbulent sea which was bearing along Monet and Manet, finding that on it lay the way to a more desirable haven, whose light, with its myriad vibrations, attracted him; and it is the rendering and capturing of its elusive playfulness which claims his most vital interests to-day"—according to one of his biographers, Mr. E. A. Taylor.

Mr. Frieseke's pictures are well known in public exhibitions of recent years, are readily recognized, and proceed on certain definite theories and selections which probably cannot be better presented than in Mr. Taylor's words. "He is intensely interested in the subtleties and play of light on open-air subjects, and its charming elusiveness on the nude figure in sunshine and shadow is an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

endless source of joy and inspiration to him. Beauty of feature as characterlessly standardized has few painting attractions for him from that purely gracious standpoint, but, should light and subject form together a fortunate combination, the result he attains is more magnanimously appreciated by the exhibition reviewers."

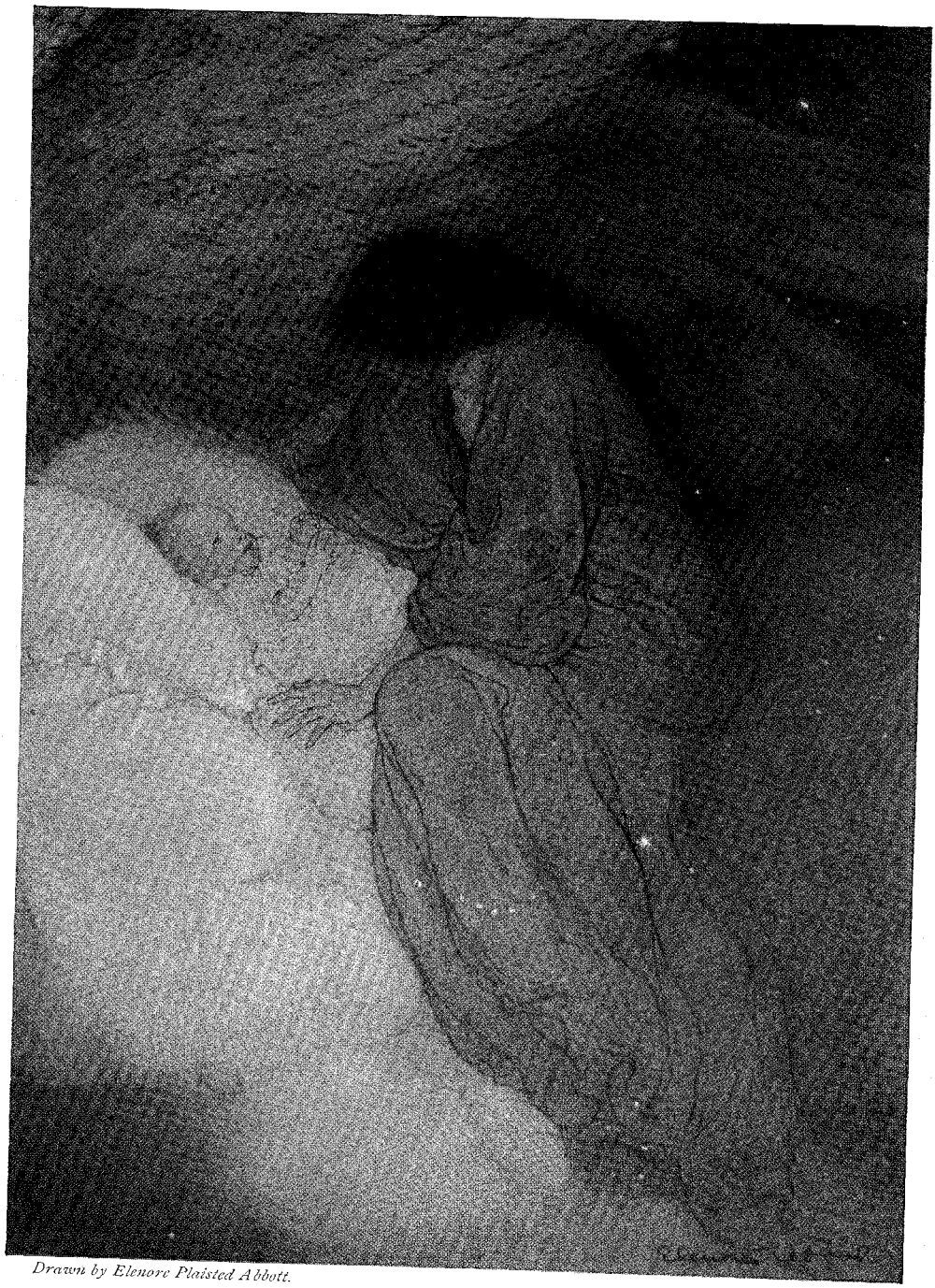
The Toilet. By Frederick C. Frieseke.
Presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art by Rodman Wanamaker, 1912.

As a painter of sunshine he naturally renders his pictures, even of interiors, very light and high in key, painted with a full brush, constantly arrested. Many of them present quarter or half lengths or full lengths of women at their toilets or otherwise occupied, as the example in the Metropolitan Museum. In the Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts of Paris in 1913 he was represented by six canvases, one of them, "Avant de Paraître," admitting us to the intimacy of the actress before her mirror rouging her lips; she has a pale-pink peignoir thrown loosely around her; the hangings of her toilet-table and the wall are apparently a spotted calico; a heavy striped drapery, perhaps her skirt, hangs behind her. Like many of the more modern painters, this one is fond of striped stuffs, "partial to cold tones of variable blue and still colder tones of violet." Another of his six Salon pictures, "Nue sur la Plage," painted in the brilliant sunshine of Corsica in February, 1913, we are told, represents the sitter seated on the sand in the middle of the beach, having all her draperies under her, and protected from the sun only by her paper parasol, the serrated edge of which is repeated by its shadow across her thighs. "A Girl Sewing" is shown at half length, seen directly from in front, bare shoulders and arms; the garment with which she is occupied is striped blue and white, and there are warmer yellows in her table and basket and in the wall mouldings. "L'Heure de la Thé," shown at the Anglo-American Exposition in London in 1914, was a picture of two girls and a man in the sunshine on a lawn, the tea-table in the foreground; "Les Perroquets," two girls, one seated on the floor and one reclining on a sofa, interested with the bird in a large gilded cage on the floor; "La Convalescente," a study of whites, sitting up in her bed, with the silver tea-service in front of her.

Mr. Frieseke's honors have been many; he has been a frequent exhibitor at the new Salon, that of the Beaux-Arts, in Paris, of which he is a Sociétaire; is a member of the International Society of Painters and Sculptors in Paris and a member of the American Art Association of the same city; received a gold medal in Munich in 1904, a silver medal at the St. Louis Exposition of the same year, an honorable mention and a prize at the Corcoran Exposition in Washington, D. C., in 1908, the fourth W. A. Clark prize in the same gallery in the following year, and the Temple gold medal of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia in 1913. His work is represented in the Luxembourg, Paris, in the Modern Galleries in Venice and Odessa, the Telfair Gallery, Savannah, Georgia, and elsewhere.

WILLIAM WALTON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Elenore Plaisted Abbott.

THE MOTHER.

Out of the sea and the stars and the flowers,
Out of the magic of life-giving spring,
Out of the peace of the dim twilight hours,
Blossomed your spirit, the God-given thing.

—"The Mother," page 663.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED